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Heroes and Heroines of Russia. . . . .

STENKA RAZIN AND THE PERSIAN PRINCESS.

From a painting by P. YAKOVLEFF.

Heroes and Heroines of Russia. . . . .

Builders of a New Commonwealth.

—— TRUE AND THRILLING ——

Revolution Stories,

With Numerous Illustrations.

By JAAKOFF PRELOOKER.

Author of "Russia—What She Was, and What She Is," "Under the Czar and Queen Victoria," "Rabbi Shalom on the Shores of the Black Sea," etc.

Editor of "THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN."

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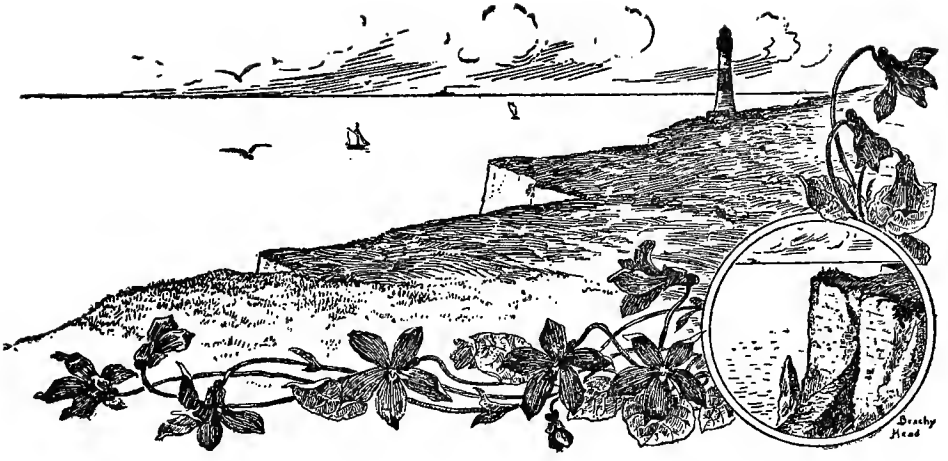

Dedicated,

With grateful affection,

to

Two English Violets

On the free and breezy Sussex Downs,
Wafting their sweetness
To blighted Russian flowers
On the dreary plains of Muscovy.

THOUGHTS ON REVOLUTION.

"Whenever any form of government becomes destructive, it is the right, it is the duty, of the people to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

American Declaration of Independence, 1776.

"Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."

Inscription on an old cannon.

"Great revolutions, whatever may be their causes, are not lightly made, and are not concluded with precipitation."

B. Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.

"Insurrection of thought always precedes insurrection of arms."

"Revolutions are not made, they come."

"Revolutions never go backward."

Wendell Phillips.

"Our government is founded on the right of revolution. The principle is as true in St. Petersburg and Moscow in 1905 as it was in Boston and Philadelphia in 1776."

Henry B. Blackwell, at a meeting in Boston, January 31*st,* 1905, *addressed by Catherine Breshkovskaya.*

"I hope that He Who gave Christ to the world and Washington to America, Who has so often sent the providential man—or the providential woman, like Deborah and Joan of Arc—will send a great leader to the Russian people."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, at the same meeting.

"As a citizen of the world . . . I thrill at the sight of the insurrection in Russia . . . The burden can no longer be borne, and the explosion, however destructive, is in the natural order."

William Lloyd Garrison, at the same meeting.

"It seems to me that those who dare to rebel in every age are they who make life possible for those whom temperament compels to submit. It is the rebels who extend the boundary of right little by little, narrowing the confines of wrong, and crowding it out of existence."

Sarah Grand.

"Those corpses of young men,

Those martyrs that hang from the gibbets, those hearts pierc'd by the gray lead,

Cold and motionless as they seem live elsewhere with unslaughter'd vitality.

Not a grave of the murder'd for freedom but grows seed for freedom, in its turn to bear seed,

Which the winds carry afar and re-sow, and the rains and the snows nourish.

Not a disembodied spirit can the weapons of tyrants let loose, but it stalks invisibly over the earth, whispering, counselling, cautioning."

W. Whitman.

RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONS
AND
REVOLUTIONISTS.

Some Reflections

An English school-girl of fifteen struck the moral keynote of this work, and a more mature critic could scarcely improve on it.

She was my guest, and I showed her my album of photographs of Russian celebrities explaining who they were and what they had done. She interested herself particularly in those who have worked and suffered in the cause of liberty, and at the conclusion volunteered the following comment worthy of a philosopher or a venerable divine in the pulpit.

"In the presence of such men and women," she said, "how little we must all feel ourselves."

Little Vera — for this is her Christian name — uttered these words in earnest tone, and I could read in the expression of her flushed countenance that new ennobling impulses were agitating her generous heart, uplifting her for the moment above the

ordinary girlish cares and thoughts. Who knows, perhaps the divine spark which fell upon her tender soul on hearing the life stories of Russian martyrs for freedom may kindle into a flame in later years, when perchance life's great problems put to a practical test her own courage, devotion and faithfulness. For such is noble and sensitive human nature, that like the Æolian harp, it must respond in harmonious tones to the vibrating elements around it, and there is no doubt that besides inheriting our natural inclinations and capacities, our characters are moulded and shaped by extraneous influences making their indelible impression upon us particularly at childhood's tender and most receptive age.

I can therefore hope and trust that the life-stories of Russian Heroes and Heroines now told here with more minuteness will have a stimulating and inspiring effect upon all readers, especially upon the young generation preparing itself for the virtues, duties and privileges of citizenship.

In saying this I do not mean to imply that my heroes and heroines are themselves paragons of everything that is good and wise, that all they did is worthy of blind imitation, or that their ideas and principles should be and could be accepted by all and everyone. No, they may have been wrong in many ways, they may have made many mistakes

and blunders, now and again even defeating the very ends they would attain and causing needless suffering to themselves and to others. But it can be stated without hesitation that the men and women of the Russian revolutions have acted throughout their life's careers in the best faith, that what they preached and did was for the good of their country, and in numerous cases they have sealed the purity of their motives and patriotism by their own blood, voluntarily accepting the crown of martyrdom. And when we see men and women laying down their lives for ideals they hold sacred, they deserve our admiration, whether we agree with their ideas or not, for they remained true to their own convictions and acted according to their own lights.

It is then the spirit of altruism and self-abnegation, and not the particular methods and acts of the Russian Heroes and Heroines, that is of an invigorating and uplifting influence, and therefore of educational and moral value.

Russia has passed through a whole series of revolutions — popular, dynastic, military — of a religious, political, and politico-economic character. With the dynastic, or "Palace" revolutions I am not concerned here. They were carried out by various pretenders to the Russian throne and had nothing to do with the welfare and progress of the

people, though each change of the occupier of the throne naturally could not remain without effect upon the destinies of the nation. The religious insurrections were marked by countless instances of martyrdom probably unparalleled in similar upheavals in Western Europe, but, with the exception of the rationalistic sects of more recent origin, they have contributed little to the renovation of Russia and the introduction of freer institutions. It is the political upheavals and revolts openly and avowedly directed against the tyranny of Autocratic Czarism that have marked the real progress of Russia on the road to representative institutions. In now giving the personal life-stories of a few of the leading actors in these political tragedies, beginning from the first popular insurrection under the Cossack leader Stenka Razin, a vivid picture I hope will be conveyed to the reader of the most interesting and instructive phases in the whole history of Russia's struggles for civil and religious liberty. Naturally the men and women of the contemporary Russian revolution are dealt with at greater length, and before the reader's eyes will pass diverse types and characters — from the peaceable reformer to the dreaded "terrorist" responsible for most of the political assassinations of recent years.

As to the Russian terrorist and political "assassin," as usual he or she have been glorified by their own party, as heroes and martyrs for the

national cause, as angels of vengeance and retribution, and condemned and anathematised by the opposite party as blood-thirsty murderers and enemies of law and order. The case of the terrorist has been put clearly before the Russian Courts by the official counsel of Mlle. Spiridonova, and by Mlle. Konopliannikova in her own speech reproduced in these pages. The reader thus has the opportunity of learning the terrorist's stand-point at first hand, and can form his opinion according to his own ideas and sympathies.

It is significant anyhow that the Second Russian Imperial Duma, which undoubtedly was a true representative National Assembly, having been elected under strict regulations elaborated by the government itself, has repeatedly and practically unanimously refused the Government's proposal to pass a resolution condemnatory of terroristic activity, and was on that very point dismissed by the arbitrary order of the still irresponsible Autocratic Czar. The spectacle of a national representative assembly convoked by a sovereign, thus morally identifying itself with a party professing and practising political assassination as a justified method of political warfare, is indeed, I believe, absolutely unique in the political history of the whole world, and should therefore give food for reflection before a final judgment is formed upon this sorest of all Russian questions.

Whatever the ethical aspect of the Russian revolutionary movement may be, any impartial observer must I think admit that there was and there still is in it more enthusiastic faith and self-sacrifice than practical business, more emotional idealism than solid statesmanlike strategy.

As is well-known, the pioneers of Nihilism began their political careers for the emancipation of Russia by the propaganda of Socialism, and this nearly half a century ago, when the population of Russia was plunged in utter darkness and ignorance, about 85 per cent. of it being unable even to write or read, and when even in Western Europe the new Socialistic theories found adherents only among a very small group of advanced thinkers. How childish this propaganda necessarily was has been told us by Prince Kropotkin in the case of his friend Kravtchinsky, better known as Sergius Stepniak, who meeting on the road a Mouzhik driving his sleigh began at once to preach Socialism to him. The bewildered peasant increased his pace, not wanting to hear anything, yet the zealous apostle persisted in his mission. The Mouzhik finally whipped up his horse and galloped away, the apostle equally running alongside the sleigh intent on forcing his gospel down the throat of the unwilling disciple, until at last the preacher was "quite out of breath." Frequently the Socialist propaganda ended even more tragically for the

propagandists, for the benighted Mouzhik, utterly incapable of assimilating the new ideas and distinguishing between friend and foe, handed over the Socialistic teacher to the police as an enemy of God and a traitor to the Fatherland.

Modern Russian revolutionists still continue to put the cart before the horse by making Socialism the first demand in their programme before ever political freedom has been secured to guarantee the very inviolability of the citizen, and liberty of speech and union. They have evidently learned nothing from the disastrous experience of their predecessors, have not learned the elementary thing, that when we find a man prostrate, with limbs tied, our first service to him must be to cut his bonds and set him upon his legs, and not to teach him how he is to carry on his business before he is able to move at all.

Equally incomprehensible and disastrous are the endless dissensions and strife between the various sections of the revolutionary party itself, amounting sometimes to actual fratricide, and always serving the best interests of the tyranny that oppresses them all. One can understand difference of opinion even among those who serve the same good cause, one can perceive that there are enthusiastic and more radical natures demanding immediately the "whole loaf," and there are more timid or modest individuals

content to get "half the loaf" or even a smaller portion to begin with. But one fails to see the wisdom and justice of an actively hostile attitude towards those who equally oppose the common foe, but cannot, from principle, conviction, or temperament, go the whole length of the Socialistic programme, or engage in practical methods of warfare demanding specially constituted nerves, such as are indispensable for the accomplishment of deeds of heroism and martyrdom.

To think differently, and accordingly act differently is quite human nature, and it will always remain so. But it is reasonable to ask that all should agree that there are ideas and ideals the realisation of which of necessity can take place only in a more or less remote future, whilst there are burning questions of the day that may be solved to-morrow or in the course of any living generation. The distant future must and will take care of itself, for we cannot do it, however much we may desire it. For us of the present generation "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Idealism is the salt of human spiritual existence, the builder of religion, science, philosophy, art, poetry, and philanthropy, the motive power of great discoveries, heroism, and martyrdom. How could civilization have evolved without men striving after higher and nobler ideals? Yet there are instances when idealism becomes almost a pathological anomaly,

a fanaticism of little or no value to humanity, and Russian revolutionists would seem to possess too large a dose of such pathological idealism.

In a number of cases, for instance, revolutionists condemned to death were offered a commutation of the death sentence if they signed a petition to that effect. But in the loftiness and pride of their moral principles, they rejected any mercy at the hands of their hated enemy and preferred to die. These and similar manifestations of the heroic spirit of Russian revolutionists are certainly very touching and startling, but a more practical warrior might say "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." For in certain cases, even in ordinary war, when victory or escape become utterly impossible, surrender is quite honorable and self-destruction is madness of no advantage to the cause. As all know from universal experience, and as the English saying puts it :—

"He who fights and runs away,
Lives to fight another day."

The famous French historical utterance says the same thing in other words :—

"Ce ne sont que les Morts qui ne reviennent plus."

The want of practical wisdom, patience and discretion, and the immaturity of enthusiastic but ill-timed insurrectionary outbreaks, have characterized hitherto

the whole Russian revolutionary movement, the revolutionists in their zeal invariably under-estimating the forces of the enemy and over-estimating their own.

In other countries, political insurrections are organised and kept in the greatest secrecy until the very last moment when everything has been prepared and foreseen as far as it is humanly possible, until the relative forces of the insurgents and of the enemy have been calculated, weighed and balanced, and there are more or less solid chances of success and triumph. In Russia, with the exception of a few special conspiracies, literally all the preparations and training of the revolutionary forces were and still are carried out under the very eyes of the police, inviting disaster from the very outset. In every district, in every town, as soon as a revolutionary circle has been formed and some dozens or hundreds of adherents acquired, their first step has been to appear in the street in an open demonstration with immediate disastrous results on the very spot, and for the whole future of the local revolutionists. For the demonstrators are invariably dispersed by force, numbers being wounded and maimed for life, or too frequently even killed outright, as no unarmed and untrained mixed crowd can ever withstand the attack of a modern disciplined police and military force armed

with quick-firing machine guns and other weapons of destruction. These demonstrations are doomed to disaster from the very outset, and besides have no practical sense either, for in any case how could the obscure local authorities of some provincial town satisfy the revolutionists' shouts for freedom or for a republic? Yet the revolutionists go on demonstrating, not looking ahead even for a few hours as to how the demonstration will end, and how of necessity it must end under the given circumstances.

But the disaster of such systematically sporadic revolutionary outbreaks by independent small groups scattered in the numerous towns of the vast empire, lies chiefly in the fact that the revolutionists at once betray their own forces and leaders to the police in a manner that could never be done by any police spy. In fact in every locality the police has only to await the first open political demonstration to learn at once who are the ringleaders and most active members, their numbers, occupation, etc. No police of any other country has such a full list of all active revolutionists as the police of Russia, and this list is supplied by the revolutionists themselves through their open demonstrations! Naturally the police as a rule succeed in nipping in the very bud any incipient local revolutionary movement, preventing its further spread by imprisoning all the most talented and

energetic leaders, without whom the movement dies or becomes paralysed at least for some years.

In this way the weeding out of the noblest and most vigorous flowers of every Russian generation has gone on incessantly until the plains of Muscovy, like the valley in Ezekiel's vision, become periodically full of dry bones waiting for new Ezekiels to arise "and breathe upon these slain that they may live."

Sure enough, the Hebrew prophet shows but historical insight into human affairs when he says: "So I prophesied as He commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army." In spite of the systematic extermination of Russia's best sons and daughters in each consecutive generation, the stillness of death lasts but a certain period, then the dry bones begin to put on flesh, the dead speak again, and the noble army of martyrs once more appears even in greater strength.

Thus hitherto Russian revolutionists have chiefly shown that they know how to die for the cause of liberty. But who can say that their sufferings were in vain and their martyrdom fruitless? In the mysterious laboratory of nature and the spiritual evolution of man nothing is ever wasted, nothing misplaced, nothing can vanish and be forgotten.

Perhaps the Russian martyrs dealt with here have not, in the narrower sense of the word, actually commenced the building of a new and regenerated Russia, but they have certainly contributed to the destruction of the old edifice, and in the process of erecting a new building they who demolish the old and clear the ground, are certainly among the builders of the new edifice, for no walls can be raised, no roofs put on, before the excavations and foundations are finished.

It will be of course understood that I do not in the least claim to give here anything like a comprehensive book of Russian Martyrs. Their names are legion, and to do justice to all of them would require a large number of volumes like this. I simply give a few specimens only, more or less in chronological order, of the heroic men and women who have been and are fighting for the emancipation of their country. These specimens are not especially chosen out, and I am fully aware of course of the life-careers of many more of my compatriots whose sufferings and sacrifices are not less edifying and of no less general interest. But I had to confine myself to those, materials of whose life-careers I had at various times accumulated for special objects. Should however these sketches be satisfactorily received by the reading public, another volume could be issued at no distant date.

Much of the information here given I have obtained from personal intercourse or correspondence with the subjects themselves, and is here published for the first time. Other facts I have gleaned from sources in the Russian language too numerous to be here enumerated.

Very likely some mistakes in dates or other facts have crept in. All I can say is that I have compared and sifted the materials and given the information to the best of my knowledge. I shall be grateful however for any corrections to be utilised for a possible second edition.

Since the following sketches were set up and printed, and the above lines written, the sad news has come that Mme. Catherine Breshkovskaya (see ch. X. p. 148), who had actually returned to Russia, has been once more arrested there and thrown into the Fortress of Peter and Paul. The aged Mr. Nicholas Tchaykovsky (see p. 260), who equally ventured to return to Russia, has also been arrested and thrown into the same prison. These two fresh instances of what one may call reckless daring only confirm my above statement that the zeal of Russian revolutionists is greater than their discretion, and that common prudence is not their strongest weapon. But in face of such exalted devotion to duty and patriotism, any criticism is out of place, for of what

avail for instance, is any argument against the impulse of a mother throwing herself into fire or water to save her child, whilst to the onlooker it is clear that she must only perish herself!

It has been said that ordinary laws are not made for geniuses. It could be equally said that no ordinary human standards are applicable in the case of heroes, and therefore, in conclusion, I can only express the hope that the reader, whatever his or her political ideals and sympathies may be, will try to approach these sketches without preconceived notions and prejudices, bearing in mind that both the faults and the virtues of my heroes and heroines were born of unselfish love for their neighbours and their country. And of love it is written:

"He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law." *Rom.* xiii, 8.

"He that loveth his brother, abideth in light." *I. John*, ii, 10.

"Everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." *I. John*, iv, 7.

"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much." *St. Luke*, vii, 47.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." *John* xv, 13.

JAAKOFF PRELOOKER.

January, 1908.

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A POPULAR COSSACK HERO.

THE INSURRECTION UNDER STENKA RAZIN.

OFFICIAL HISTORY is very frequently written, not according to facts, but according to the interest or ignorance of those who write it.

When Russian school children, in their lessons of national history, reach the period of the Romanoff dynasty they are soon taught that in the reign of Czar Alexis (1645-1676) there appeared a godless rebel and highway robber, Stepan (Stephen) Razin, derogatively nicknamed *Stenka,* who in company with numerous other outlaws and villains, committed unspeakable outrages upon innocent people, devastated large districts, but was finally captured, and, after many tortures, quartered alive in the holy city of Moscow. The Church duly anathematised his name as that of an enemy of God and traitor to his country, and orthodox Russians to this day feel a pious horror at the very recollection of that famous brigand and godless rebel.

Such is the official Russian version of the career of Stenka Razin. In reality, however, his was one of the most remarkable historical personalities, a true and noble national hero, extolled and exalted in popular songs of the period, which have come down from generation to generation in spite of every official endeavour to obliterate them from the people's memory. In fact, he was the first great revolutionary leader, who succeeded in organising a general rising of the Russian people against the yoke of the Czar, on a scale unknown before. He shook the throne of the Romanoff's to its very foundation, and when his true story is told it will be seen that his political ideals were practically the same as are still cherished by the most advanced Russian reformers of our own day.

Little is known of Stenka Razin's origin and early life, but it is certain that he was a Don Cossack by birth and a very pious member of the Orthodox Church. For in 1661 we find him making a pilgrimage to the far off Solovetsky Monastery, on the White Sea, where he spent many days in prayers and penitence. Soon afterwards he devotes himself to works of charity and establishes a place of rest for infirm, aged or wounded Cossacks, so the statement of his godlessness and inborn cruelty of character may be taken for what it is worth.

About this time general discontent was spread among the people at large as the direct result of the system of serfdom which was first legally established at the end of the sixteenth century, and which had become more and more oppressive in the course of its development. The discontent finally broke out openly when a revised edition of the Church Service Books and other minor reforms were announced by the Patriarch Nicon, and Czar Alexis decreed in 1667 that all those who refuse to accept the reforms should be excommunicated. In spite of this edict, masses of priests and people separated from the Established Church under the leadership of the famous Pope Avvakum, and formed a body of Dissenters, who are known to this day as Raskolniks (Schismatics) or Starovertsi (Old Believers).

The most inhuman persecutions and unspeakable tortures of the new schismatics then followed, and the Nonconformist movement naturally became an opposition not only to the Church but also to the Autocracy, which was identified with it. The Czar was styled by the Old Believers as the *Anti-Christ,* and masses of people, rather than surrender to the Czar's soldiery sent against them, set fire to their own houses and burnt themselves alive.

It was amidst this general ferment and upheaval that we suddenly find Stenka Razin at the head of the revolted Cossacks of the Don, who had commenced their depredations and attacks upon Government authorities as well as upon all land and serf owners.

Stenka exercised almost a magic fascination over his followers and commanded their unbounded devotion and affection. He

typified in his personality the general features of Cossack character, being himself of robust physique, sturdy and thick-set, full of energy and reckless adventure, with a native humour and eloquence in his speech, and at times cruel and merciless to his foes with true Cossack savagery. In his proclamations he promised to abolish all class distinctions; to overthrow everywhere serfdom and Czardom and establish instead free republics, where all citizens would be treated equally before the law. The people began to name him "Batyushka"—Little Father—an endearing and reverent term hitherto applied only to the Czar and still so used by loyal peasants in modern Russia.

Stenka not only organized a well-armed fighting force on land, but manned also a whole flotilla of thirty-five vessels, with which he sailed down the Volga, levying blackmail on Government and private barges alike. In the spring of 1668 he captured the fortresses of Czaritsin and Yaitsk, and his power became so threatening that the Czar offered to pardon him if he ceased his attacks and surrendered, which offer Stenka rejected with contempt. The Czar's troops were then sent against him from Astrakhan, but they were defeated by the rebels. Encouraged by this success Stenka now sailed into the Caspian Sea and attacked and plundered all the Persian coast from Derbent to Baku. A Persian fleet sent against him in July, 1669, was practically annihilated, and Stenka returned to Astrakhan as victor and master of the whole of South-Eastern Russia.

Next Stenka returned to the Don, where he was joined by another rebel chief, the Cossack Vaskolls, who had already committed a series of raids upon the central Russian provinces, notably the districts of Tula and Voronezh. Two engagements with Government troops followed, in which the latter were defeated. Meanwhile the Governor of Astrakhan, Prozorovsky, had gathered loyal troops, fortified the town, and intended even to march against Stenka. It appeared that the Governor had in his service two British officers, an Irishman, Butler, who was captain of the newly-built war vessel *Orel,* lying at Astrakhan, and the English Colonel, Thomas Boyle, who had the charge of the fortification works.

In June, 1670, Stenka moved his hordes once more upon Astrakhan, and encountered no serious resistance, as the garrison was full of fear of the redoubtable Cossack leader, and many of them were secretly disloyal. The Governor, Prozorovsky, and Prince Cherkasky were killed, but the two British officers managed to escape. Stenka now introduced a republican form of government into the town, the chief feature of which was that all appointments to the principal offices and all important public questions should be decided by a *vyetcha,* or general assembly of the citizens.

Stenka then marched towards Moscow, and captured on his way the important towns of Saratof and Samara, introducing there the same Cossack Republics. At Simbirsk, however, he was defeated in two bloody encounters with the troops under the command of Prince Baryatinski, and had to flee down the Volga. Nevertheless, the rebellion had now spread over vast regions along the Volga, Oka and the Dvina, whole villages rising against the authorities, and pillaging and butchering the landowners.

Meanwhile the patriarch Joseph had solemnly anathematised Stenka in the Cathedral of Moscow, and many of Stenka's Cossack followers left him and tendered their submission to the Government. Stenka had now entrenched himself in the fortress of Kagalnik, but in April, 1671, he was at last captured with his brother Frol and sent to Moscow. Here he was subjected to a whole series of horrible tortures, and finally quartered alive on June 6th of the same year.

With the end of Stenka Razin the Cossack Republics founded by him were suppressed one after another, but not before more than one hundred thousand peasants and Cossacks were slaughtered by the Czar's troops.

That he was not simply a greedy and drunken freebooter, as official records present him to be, is undoubtedly proved by the high estimation in which he was held by his numerous followers, and by some of his own proclamations which he issued to the people. The latter believed him to be protected by heavenly

powers, and the popular saying was that bullets and arrows were never able to reach or hurt him. In his proclamations he stated that his object was only to destroy the Court nobles and officials so that everyone may enjoy "land and freedom." As the people themselves began to apply to him one of the Czar's titles, *Gosudar* —Lord—Stenka wrote: "I want to live among you as a brother, not as a Czar."

Nevertheless Stenka undoubtedly combined with a magnanimous heroic spirit some of the savage features of his race and period, if we are to believe an incident which an eye-witness reports to be true. During his victory over the Persian fleet he captured the beautiful young daughter of the Khan Menedi, and she afterwards accompanied him on his campaigns. He was very much devoted to her, but once, while sailing down the river in his stately decorated barge with the Princess by his side in gorgeous apparel, his Cossacks reproached him with loving her more than the cause of freedom. The Ataman fell into a reverie, then suddenly seizing the Princess and, lifting her high above his head, addressed the following words to the river:

"Oh, Volga, Volga! Thou hast given me much silver and gold and other precious things, now accept from thy Ataman his own most precious gift!" And with these words he flung the unfortunate woman into the deep waters.

This incident, if true, is but a parallel to the Bible episode of the Hebrew warlike hero Jephthah, who sacrificed even his own daughter to Jehovah for having granted him a victory.

Some other romantic and tragic incidents are told of the career of the first Russian rebel leader, but they may be mostly dismissed as unreal. However, the heroic personality of Stenka Razin left a deep impression upon the popular mind and no doubt kindled and stimulated many another brave and noble spirit to follow in his footsteps.

THE ROCK ON THE VOLGA.

Around the personality of Stenka Razin there is accumulated quite a cycle of popular legends and songs, some of which have come down orally and are still widely sung all over Russia. The most favourite and characteristic of these songs, which only recently has been permitted by the Russian Censorship to appear in print, is "The Rock on the Volga," which we reproduce here in the Russian original and in an English prose translation:

Есть на Волгѣ утесъ,
  Дикимъ мохомъ поросъ
Онъ съ вершины до самаго края;
  И стоитъ онъ сотни лѣтъ,
Словно въ саванъ одѣтъ,
  Ни заботы, ни горя не зная.

На вершинѣ его
  Не растетъ ничего,
Тамъ лишь вѣтеръ свободный гуляетъ,
  Да могучій орелъ
Тамъ притонъ свой завелъ
  И на немъ свои жертвы терзаетъ.

Лишь одинъ человѣкъ
  На утесѣ тамъ былъ,
Лишь одинъ до вершины добрался,
  И утесъ человѣка
Того не забылъ
  И съ тѣхъ поръ его именемъ звался.

И хотя каждый годъ
  По церквамъ на Руси,
Человѣка того проклинаютъ,
  Но приволжскій народъ
Ему пѣсни поетъ
  И съ любовью о немъ вспоминаетъ,

Разъ ночною порой,
  Возвращаясь домой
Человѣкъ на утесъ тотъ взобрался,
  И въ полуночной мглѣ
На высокой горѣ
  Онъ всю ночь до зари оставался.

Много думъ у него
  Родилось въ головѣ,
Много думъ онъ въ ту ночь передумалъ,
  И подъ говоръ волны
Средь ночной тишины
  Онъ великое дѣло задумалъ.

И задумчивъ, угрюмъ
  Отъ надуманныхъ думъ,
Онъ поутру съ утеса спустился,
  И рѣшилъ онъ итти
По иному пути
  И итти на Москву онъ рѣшился.

Но свершить не успѣлъ
  Онъ того, что хотѣлъ,
И не то ему пало на долю.
  Ни кровавой рѣкой,
Ни расправой крутой
  Не помогъ онъ народному горю;

Не владыкою былъ
  Онъ въ Москву привезенъ,
Не почетнымъ пожаловалъ гостемъ,
  И не ратнымъ вождемъ
На конѣ и съ мечомъ,
  А въ постыдномъ бою съ мужикомъ-палачомъ
Онъ сложилъ свои буйныя кости.

И до нынѣ стоитъ
  Тотъ утесъ и хранитъ
Онъ завѣтныя думы Степана,
  И лишь съ Волгой одной
Вспоминаетъ порой
  Удалыя дѣла атамана.

Если есть на Руси
  Хоть одинъ человѣкъ,
Ктобъ съ корыстью житейской не знался,
  Ктобъ неправдой не жилъ,
Мужика не давилъ,
  Ктобъ свободу, какъ мать дорогую, любилъ
И во имя ея подвизался,

Тотъ пусть смѣло идетъ,
  На утесъ тотъ взойдетъ,
Чуткимъ ухомъ къ вершинѣ приляжетъ,
  И утесъ-великанъ
Все, что думалъ Степанъ,
  Все тому смѣльчаку перескажетъ.

Translation.

There is a Rock on the Volga,
All clad in wild moss
From the top to the base.
For ages it stood there
Callous to pain or to care;
Bare is its crown, swept by wind and storm;
Only the mighty eagle
His nest thereon has built,
There his prey devouring.
Only one man that Rock has scaled,
His footsteps on its summit impressing;
And ever since the Rock is hallowed,
The name of the great Stenka recalling.
And though the Churches of Holy Russia
Year by year that man are cursing,
The Volga folk, in hymns of praise and prayer
His memory adore and deeply cherish.
Once, in the darkness of the night,
That man the Rock has mounted,
And on its top he lonely lingered

Till daybreak, with its golden crown.
Sad thoughts into his bosom crowded:
Great deeds that night were born
Amidst the weird and gloomy stillness,
And the murmurs of the waves below.
Pensive and grave that morn he descended
With resolve in his heart great and daring
Mother Moscow, the white-walled, to save,
Too long held in the tyrant's embrace.
Alas, vain were his sacred longings,
Vain his prayers to heartless fate.
Though rivers of blood were flowing,
The People's tears and woes continued,
Their cries and moans remained unheeded.
Not like a mighty Sovereign,
Nor as a welcome, honoured guest
Or warrior lord with steed and sword,
The white Kremlin gates did he enter,
But as captive chained, by hangman led,
His noble head he there laid down. . .
So down the ages the Rock will stand
Witness and guardian of Stepan's soul,
With the Volga alone from time to time
In silent reverence to recall
Bygone deeds of the hero-ataman.
Breathes there a man in our native land
Who, from lust and selfishness free,
Never unjustly with his neighbour dealt,
Never the Mouzhik sorely oppressed,
Who Freedom, like his mother loves,
And in her name his life-path wends,
That man alone may bold the Rock ascend,
Only to him will the giant-stone
The true tale of Stepan fondly unfold.

ANOTHER COSSACK REBEL LEADER.

EMELIAN PUGATCHEFF.

About a century after the Razin Insurrection another great popular leader appeared in the person of the famous Emelian Pugatcheff, under whose guidance a new and widespread rebellion took place, of an even more serious nature than that of Stenka Razin.

EMELIAN PUGATCHEFF was also a Cossack of the Don and a Raskolnik (Old Believer), of whose earlier career we know very little. About 1770 we find him agitating among the Yaitski Cossacks and trying to make them go over to the Sultan of Turkey. At least this was the charge against him when in 1772 he was captured and put in the prison of Simbirsk and then of Kazan. Several episodes of his prison life are interesting as characterising his remarkable personality, which official accounts, of course, did not fail afterwards to depict as one of depravity and cruelty. By his modesty, kind disposition and piety he soon won the affection, not only of his fellow prisoners, but even of his jailers. He abstained from intoxicating drink, and often knelt down in fervent prayer, so that even the soldiers learned to look on him with a feeling of reverence. On one occasion he found his money gone, and on his comrades offering to make a search for the thief he declined, saying, " Let him have it, God alone can judge him. The money consisted only of alms given to me." The fame of the extraordinary prisoner soon spread in the town, and as pious people were allowed to help prisoners with money

EMELIAN PUGATCHEFF.

or food the watchmen of the prison were frequently approached by people asking, " Is one Emelian Pugatcheff here? I have brought him a rouble."

The sympathy and respect enjoyed by Pugatcheff in prison soon helped him to effect his escape, with the assistance of a sentinel, namely, when he was allowed to go to town to ask for alms accompanied by two watchmen. Once at liberty Pugatcheff went to the Cossacks of the Ural who, being also Raskolniks, readily joined him in his appeals to rise and fight for the " Old Faith " and to gain for the people " Land and Liberty." In 1773 he declared himself to be no one else than the Czar Peter III., who in 1762 was deposed, imprisoned and assassinated by order of his wife Catherine II. Pugatcheff pretended that he, as the Emperor, managed to escape and that someone else was killed in his place. This was a period when impostors claiming to be Czar Peter III. appeared frequently in various parts of the country, finding followers among the people. In 1765 alone three such impostors were captured, as among the peasantry the belief was widely spread that the Emperor was still alive and in hiding from his enemies, the nobles. In some cases the clergy even conducted thanksgiving services on receiving news of the Emperor's safety. The Mohammedan tribes forming the majority of the population of the governments of Kazan and Orenburg impatiently expected some extraordinary event that would relieve them from the plunders of officials and Russian merchants who seized their lands without redress. " Nowadays," said the Bashkirs, " we are under the yoke of a female Sovereign, and therefore we must have patience. But all say that soon the male sex will again ascend the Throne and then we may venture to ask that some kind (*kakoi ni na iest*) of justice and mercy be shown to us."

In such a state of mind of the peasantry, Cossacks, and even the Mohammedan population, it was not difficult for Pugatcheff to find numerous followers, and the insurrectionary movement soon rapidly spread, not only almost all over the eastern part of the empire, but in other provinces, and reached even Moscow, where the

lower classes only awaited the arrival of the resuscitated Czar to join his forces. Pugatcheff meanwhile entered into relations with the Khan of the Kirghiz horde, and a considerable number of the latter joined his ranks. In the autumn of 1773 Pugatcheff had already a rebel army of about 25,000, the bulk of which were Cossacks and soldiers who had deserted from military service, and not a few runaway serfs and peasants from the native tribes—Mordva, Bashkirs and Kalmuks—embittered as they all were by official oppression.

With this army Pugatcheff besieged and took Orenburg, whence he sent detachments in all directions to plunder and kill Government officials and landowners. Soon the vast territory of Kazan, Astrakhan, Nijni-Novgorod and Perm became the scenes of wholesale destruction by fire and sword. The Government in St. Petersburg, and even the authorities of the provinces where the rebellion broke out, for some time could not be stirred from their usual indolence and apathy, their pleasures and amusements, nobody realising the seriousness of the situation. Thus, for instance, when Pugatcheff was already close to Orenburg the Governor gave a ball, during which a courier arrived with the information that the fortresses around the town had surrendered to or been taken by the enemy, but the Governor did not attribute to the news much importance and did not stop the ball. One is forcibly reminded of the first attack of the Japanese on the Russian Fleet at Port Arthur, when also Russian officers were absent from their posts dancing at a ball in honour of their commander's wife's birthday.

When at last the Government opened their eyes to the new danger, the first measures resorted to were a series of red-tape "confidential" and "strictly confidential" circulars to Governors, proclamations, manifestoes, etc., in all of which the Government tried to open the eyes of the erring ones, to reveal "the whole truth" about the wicked traitors to the Throne, the Church, the Fatherland, etc. In one of these official proclamations Pugatcheff was described as an escaped ordinary convict, who has been

knouted and branded on his forehead, and therefore never takes his hat off his head, that he had also had his nostrils torn asunder, by which marks he could easily be recognised. As all these characteristics were pure fabrications the result was only to increase the confidence of the rebels in their leader and their belief that he was the real Peter III.

The military organisation in Russia at that time was on the same level as the general administration, and about the same as we have seen it in the recent Russo-Japanese War. The higher officers were ignorant even of the topography of their own country, and in the orders of the general staff directing the plan of campaign against Pugatcheff reference is made to a "certain River Laba," which existed only in their own imaginations. The Governors did not know the geography of their own provinces, and the cannons would not somehow go off, which the superstitious soldiers simply explained by saying that "the Czar's own cannon cannot shoot upon the Czar himself."

It is not therefore surprising that an ill-organised and badly armed mass of ignorant runaway soldiers, serfs and peasants shook the whole Muscovite Empire to its foundations and kept the Government forces at bay for a considerable time. At last General Bibikoff defeated the rebels on two occasions, and Pugatcheff fled to the Ural. The rebellion now seemed to be at an end, but Bibikoff died suddenly, and his successor, Prince Schtcherbatoff, was so indolent that he gave Pugatcheff time to recruit his forces. Fresh numbers of Cossacks, Bashkirs, Kirghiz and other tribes joined Pugatcheff, new guns were cast, and once more he set out upon his campaign. He took and plundered Kazan, and then started on his march towards Moscow. General Michelson, however, succeeded in barring his way, and the rebels retreated to the right bank of the Volga. Pugatcheff then took the town of Saransk, where he hanged some three hundred officials and landowners from the neighbourhood who had taken refuge in the town. Next Penza was taken, and Pugatcheff here installed a peasant serf as Governor. The rebel army

now numbered again some 25,000 men, and the whole of the south-eastern part of the Empire was swept now by the fire of the rebellion, landowners being killed wholesale and complete anarchy reigning throughout the land. Near Astrakhan Pugatcheff was defeated, about 4,000 of his men being killed and some 7,000 taken prisoners, but he himself escaped. Probably he would have again gathered a new force, but the Government bribed some of his followers, who betrayed him, and finally he was captured and sent in an iron cage to Moscow, where he was hung and quartered on January 10th, 1775.

The Government now avenged themselves with savage ferocity upon all those who were connected with the rebellion, Catherine proceeding to suppress the remnant of autonomous rights which had been secured to the Cossack communities when they first came under the rule of Czar Alexis, and which had already been considerably curtailed by Peter the Great. Catherine did not spare even the innocent Cossack girl Ustinia, a famous beauty, who at the age of 16 was taken against her will by Pugatcheff as his wife and proclaimed " Empress." Ustinia was transported from prison to prison, being everywhere interrogated, not " with impartiality " as the Russian records have it, which in fact implies all kinds of torture and outrage. But her perfect innocence of any complicity in Pugatcheff's adventures was fully established, and Catherine, sparing her life, ordered the young girl to be brought to her presence, being curious to see the " Ex-Empress " in her reputed beauty and charm. Ustinia was now 18 years old and of course her tortures in prison had obliterated her former freshness and beauty. The sight of the miserable girl did not call forth in Catherine any feeling of pity, and the illustrious friend of Diderot and the Enclyclopædists made only the following remark of a triumphant female : " She is not at all so beautiful as they all told me." Catherine then ordered the young Ustinia to be sent for life to the Kekhgalm fortress, where she could be but an easy prey to the lust of officers and soldiers.

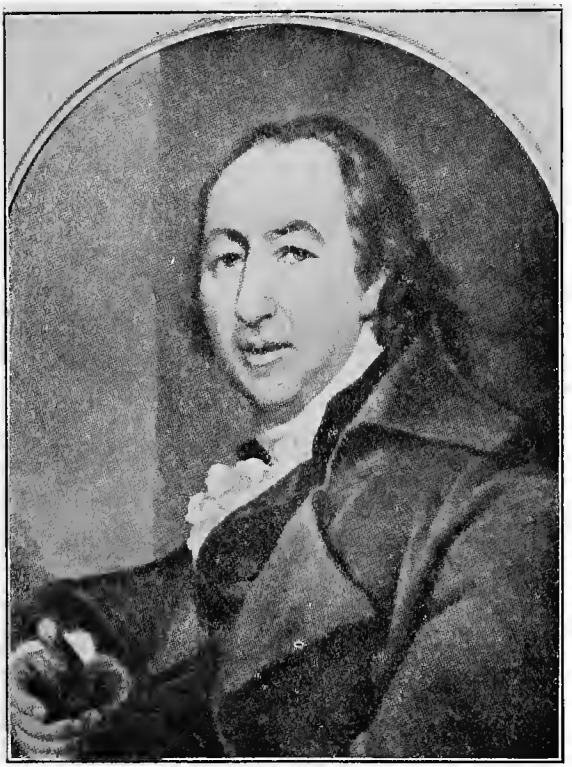
The Pugatcheff rebellion was suppressed, and at first sight it may seem that all the bloodshed and horrors produced by it were in vain. Yet it forms a red page in the book of Russian history, and if the Russian people are finally to be redeemed by the blood of their martyrs, that page will form but one of many necessary to make up the book of emancipation until its last white page is completed and closed.

TWO NOBLEMEN REFORMERS.

NICHOLAS NOVIKOFF AND ALEXANDER RADISHTCHEFF.

RAZIN AND PUGATCHEFF, as we have seen, were themselves sons of the people, and the insurrections associated with their names were spontaneous outbreaks of the oppressed masses against the oppressing classes. Simultaneously, however, in the reign of Catherine II., two noblemen appear among the higher ruling class itself who for the first time openly champion the people's cause, suffer persecution and martyrdom, and become the prototypes of a long phalanx of enlightened and humane patriots, who to this very day are fighting and laying down their lives for popular rights and liberties. These two first pioneers and martyrs for Russian freedom amongst the educated upper class were Nicholas Ivanovitch Novikoff and Alexander Nicholaievitch Radishtcheff.

Novikoff (1744-1818) belonged to a noble family, and after serving in the army for a short time devoted himself to literature, founded several periodical publications, and is considered as the father of Russian journalism. All his journals, however, were short lived owing to his energetic advocacy of reform, especially of the abolition of serfdom. He was practically the first to start in Moscow a printing and bookselling business on a large scale, with a free hospital for the workers and the free dispensing of medicine to all applicants. He joined the Freemasons, and took a leading part in all philanthropic movements. He showed in all his undertakings high business-like organising powers, as well as boundless devotion to the causes he espoused. No other of his contemporaries exer-



NICHOLAS IVANOVITCH NOVIKOFF.

cised such an ennobling and stimulating influence over Russian educated society and the country at large. On literature he looked as the best medium for the propagation of "humanity, enlightenment and social justice," and accordingly all the numerous books published by him were of high educational and ethical value. He soon, however, incurred the enmity of all the reactionaries and of the Empress Catherine herself, who, as is well known, professed most liberal ideas of freedom, but in reality even re-introduced serfdom in Little Russia, where it had been abolished by the Hetman Khmielnitski. In 1792 Novikoff was arrested by the personal command of the Empress and sentenced to death! The sentence created the greatest surprise and indignation among Novikoff's numerous devoted friends and supporters, as no crime whatever could be proved against him, and even the Metropolitan of Moscow openly declared that Novikoff was the best Christian he ever came across. Catherine, however, mercifully commuted the death sentence to one of 15 years' confinement in the horrible Schlusselburg Fortress, from which he was released only after her death by Paul I. on the very day of his accession in 1796. But the four years of confinement were sufficient to break down the health and reform the reformer. He fell into mysticism, and we hear no more of his practical work.

A still worse fate befell Alexander Nicholaievitch Radishtcheff (1749-1802). He, too, was a nobleman by birth, and received a brilliant education first at home then in the Corps des Pages.

In 1765 he was one of the twelve promising young men who, by order of the Empress, were sent to complete their studies abroad. Radishtcheff devoted himself to the study of juridical and natural sciences, and on his return to Russia in 1771 he occupied various official positions in the Senate, the War Ministry and other departments. In 1790 he published his famous book, "A Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow," in which he criticises the morals of society, the faults and vices of the administration, and warmly and strongly advocates the emancipation of the serfs.

Catherine ordered the book to be confiscated and the author to be tried, a death sentence being the result, the Court evidently being desirous, as in the case of Novikoff, firstly to please the Empress, who called the author a revolutionist "worse than Pugatcheff," and secondly to give her a chance of showing her imperial clemency. Catherine indeed commuted the death penalty to exile for a period of 10 years to the remotest parts of Siberia, from which he was released only in the reign of Paul I. Alexander I. restored to him his titles, and even invited him to take part in the work of a Legislative Commission. Radishtcheff presented a memorial to this Commission, again advocating radical reforms concerning the peasantry. He was then reminded of his former career and Siberia, and the threat so unhinged his mind that in his despair of seeing any good done in the reign of Alexander he committed suicide.

Novikoff and Radishtcheff are now honoured as the first champions and pioneers of Russian liberal thought, and it was only quite recently, when for a short period Czar Nicholas II. granted liberty of the Press, that "The Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow" was allowed to be re-published, and was rapidly spread all over Russia. But even in their own time the seed sown by these two reformers took deep root in Russian soil and ripened afterwards into the great emancipatory movement which culminated in the uprising of the "Decembrists," by which name the great military revolution of 1825 is known in Russian History.

COL. PAVEL IVANOVITCH PESTEL.

THE GREAT "DECEMBRISTS'" MILITARY REVOLT.

COLONEL PESTEL AND THE POET RYLEIEFF.

I.

ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE CONSPIRACY.

In the reign of Alexander I. (1801-1825) a new and strong political movement developed, this time amongst the upper classes of society, chiefly amongst the military, and decidedly under the influence of political ideas fostered in Western Europe by the French Revolution. Accordingly we hear no more of impostors acting in the name of the Czar, but of leaders organising attacks upon the Czar himself, disputing his autocracy, and even striving to overthrow the monarchy altogether and establish in Russia a Federated Republic of all the nationalities inhabiting the country. This political fermentation became especially intensified amongst the officers of the Army who had been abroad in the campaigns against Napoleon. In Germany they came in contact with various societies and the widespread organisation of the *Tugendbund*—the Union of Virtue—to which belonged all the more advanced elements of the Fatherland. In France they could not but be struck by the new order of things created by the great revolution. Returning to Russia these officers began to realise the degradation and despotism prevailing in their own native country, and soon formed circles in which the political situation was discussed and measures were proposed to bring about a radical change in the system of government.

The movement resulted in the formation, about 1815, of a secret society of a rather Masonic character, under the name of "Soyuz Blagodenstviya"—The Welfare Union.

Dissensions, however, soon arose between the radical and the more moderate members of the Union, and at a conference held in Moscow in 1821 the Union was dissolved altogether. The radical members then formed two new societies, "The Northern," with its headquarters in St. Petersburg, and "The Southern," with its centre in Tulchin, the headquarters of the second army.

Among the leading spirits of the new organizations were: Prince Sergius Trubetskoi, Colonel of the Preobrajenski Regiment; Prince Sergius Volkhonski, Major-General; Prince Alexander Odoevski, Officer of the Foot Guard; Colonel Baron Vladimir Schtengel, Prince Eugen Obolenski, Officer of the Finland Regiment; Michael Von Viesin, Major-General; Nikita Muravieff, Captain of the Guard of the General Staff; Alexander Van der Brigen, Colonel; The Brothers Matvei and Sergius Muravieff-Apostol, both Lieutenant-Colonels; Michael Bestuzheff-Rumin, officer of the Poltava Regiment; Andrei Entalzeff, Colonel and Commander of Artillery; Prince Dimitri Shtchepin-Rostovski, Captain of the Guard of the Moscow Regiment; Alexander Jakubovitch, Captain of the Nijni-Novgorod Dragoon Regiment; Count Konovnitzin, Officer of the Guard of the General Staff; Michael Naryshkin, Colonel of the Tarutin Regiment; Count Peter Moshinski, Mareschal of Nobility of the Government of Volhynia, and many others.

In addition to the military element the conspirators included in their ranks devoted members and sympathisers from among all the diverse branches of the administration, and even the very *entourage* of the Czar.

Two remarkable personalities soon became the soul and centre of the whole movement. These were Pavel Ivanovitch Pestel, Colonel of the Viatski Foot Regiment, and

Kondrati Feodorovitch Ryleieff, the poet. The grand figure of Pestel dominated the whole organization. Thanks to him, the rather vague liberal tendencies developed into clear aims and practical shape. Himself an ardent republican, he acts with admirable prudence and caution upon the younger more timorous noblemen, who, though heartily devoted to the welfare of their country, still were not prepared to enter upon a revolutionary career. Pestel pointed out the necessity of introducing a Constitution of the English pattern, or, better still, of the American, which was not made merely by and for "the lords and the merchants." When all seemed to agree on this point, Pestel argued that pressure of public opinion alone will never suffice to compel the absolute Czar to yield even a particle of his power as long as he has physical force on his side, that it will therefore become necessary to meet force by force, and, if so, no less force was needed to *limit* the autocracy than to *abolish* it altogether. At first frightened by the idea of doing away with the Czar, the conspirators, however, gradually consented, and resolved that in case of the success of their enterprise they would proclaim Russia a Republic, form a Provisional Government, and appoint a Dictator.

Pestel evidently saw things more clearly than his colleagues, for when they pointed out that the Dictatorship, of course, would only last a few months, he replied:

"How so? You think of changing the whole Governmental machinery, of giving it a new foundation, of getting the people accustomed to the new order; and all this to be accomplished in a few months! You would want at least *ten* years for that. It is all very well to proclaim a Republic, but it would only mean a change in name. The land question must be solved first of all; it is necessary to free the serfs and give the land to the peasants, and only then would the revolution be accomplished."

Thus Pestel has long ago forestalled the solution of the Land Question demanded by many deputies of the two first Russian Dumas summoned and dissolved by Nicholas II. at the beginning of the 20th Century.

The poet Ryleieff was an equally resolute revolutionist, and his fiery songs and popular legends, breathing exalted love for Russia and liberty, had a magic effect upon his readers. He was indeed the Schiller of the conspiracy, and, together with the novelist Bestuzheff and Prince W. Odoevski, was at the head of the literary campaign, their publications circulating in the universities, the colleges, and even in military schools. Pestel was at the head of " The Southern Society," whilst Ryleieff was practically the moving spirit of " The Northern," though Prince Trubetskoi was its formally elected head.

The conspirators soon entered into negotiations with two other secret societies—*The Polish Patriotic Society* and *The United Slavs.* The first-named consisted of Poles only, who consented to join the Russian Societies on the condition of acknowledgment of the independence of Poland. The Poles, on their part, undertook to start an insurrection simultaneously with the Russians, and to seize the Grand Duke Constantine, the heir to the Throne, who was residing at Warsaw as the Viceroy of Poland, and then to proclaim a Polish Republic. The Society of " United Slavs " consisted of Poles and Russians, and their object was to bring about a union of all Slavonic races and form them all into a " Federal Republic." *The United Slavs* would not at first agree to the measure of killing the Czar if necessary, but by and bye they, too, consented and made common cause with the Russian Societies.

II.

Preparations for Action. Russia under Two Czars.

At last the moment for action seemed to have arrived. The Society of the South having spread throughout the second army and the Society of St. Petersburg gaining ever more ground among the aristocracy, the circumstances looked propitious. In 1824 Pestel went to St. Petersburg and effected the amalgamation of the two

KONDRATI FEODOROVITCH RYLEIEFF.

societies under one executive council. He wanted to make a clean sweep of the dynasty, to overpower the Senate and the Holy Synod, and to compel these latter to proclaim the new government, and, directly that was accomplished, to dismiss all the superior functionaries, civil as well as military, and to replace them by members of the revolutionary society. However, Pestel was obliged to leave St. Petersburg before he had quite succeeded in gaining over those who were against such violent measures. He then proposed to call a general meeting at the beginning of 1826, at which the plan of action should be definitely agreed upon, as many members had become impatient, and the society had grown too numerous to remain secret much longer.

The urgent need for action was indeed evident, and in all probability, had not precious time been lost, the insurrection might have had great chances of success. At that time the formidable police institution—the creation of Nicholas I.—was not yet in existence. There was no suspicion of any attack, and the palaces and fortresses were guarded more for military show than as a serious precaution. Moreover, it must not be forgotten what exceptional social positions the leaders of the conspiracy occupied. Pestel lived at the headquarters of Prince Wittgenstein's army, and as his former aide-de-camp he was daily in intercourse with him. At the same time Pestel was Colonel of a regiment profoundly devoted to him, and among his friends who thoroughly shared his views were the General-Intendant of the second army, Youshnevski, and two active Generals, Von Viezen and Prince Sergius Volkonski. Among the most energetic members of the Southern section of the Society we also find six Colonels, to whom should be added the above-mentioned Sergius and Matvei Muravieff, both of whom were Lieutenant-Colonels.

With these elements, and having at their disposal a great number of officers, the funds of the regiments, and all the secrets of the general staff, of the administration, and of the Field Marshal's office, it should not have been at all a difficult matter for the revolutionists

to arrest the Commander-in-Chief, Prince Wittgenstein, on the day when the Vyatka Regiment was to have been on duty, to seize the Emperor Alexander at the manœuvres, also to arrest the superior generals and immediately occupy the fortress of Bobruisk, so as to have a point of support, and from there to enter into communication with Warsaw and St. Petersburg. That was exactly Pestel's idea. The Society of the North, on its part, was to attempt an insurrection among the Guard, besiege the Imperial Palace, and imprison or kill the Czar should he have escaped the plot of the Southern Society. The conspirators were well informed of all the steps taken by the Government, and were daily made acquainted with the movements of the Imperial Family. The young Prince Odoevski, officer of the Horse Guards, kept them *au courant* of everything that was being done, and even of that which was being said at the Palace. All the plans had thus been matured, when towards the end of 1825 one after another, like so many thunderbolts from the blue, came the unexpected tidings, first that Alexander I. had died at Taganrog, then that the Society of the South had been denounced, that Constantine had renounced the Crown, and that Nicholas, his younger brother, was to ascend the Throne.

A general confusion now ensued in Russia about the accession to the throne. The rightful heir was the Grand Duke Constantine, the brother of Alexander next in age, but he had married a Polish lady of the Roman Catholic faith, and Alexander had bequeathed the Throne to his younger brother Nicholas. But while dealing thus with Russia as his private property in an act of such national importance Alexander never communicated it to the State Council or to any of the Ministers, or even to those who surrounded his deathbed at Taganrog. The result was that the whole nation looked to Constantine as the coming Czar, and even the Governor-General of Moscow, at the head of the Senators, went to take the oath of allegiance to him. On the other hand, the Metropolitan of Moscow refused to take part in this ceremony, declaring publicly in the Cathedral of the Assumption that he had secrets of his own regard-

ing the accession, and that the oath of allegiance to Constantine would be only a comedy.

At the same time Constantine himself abdicated his rights and took in Warsaw the oath of allegiance to Nicholas, whilst the latter, pretending that he is no claimant for the Throne, took in St. Petersburg the oath of allegiance to Constantine.

Thus Russia had, for a time, two Emperors, and the conspirators decided to seize the opportunity to break out in open rebellion. What exactly they definitely wanted at this moment is not quite clear. The idea seems to have been to force Nicholas to summon a Constituent Assembly, and in the meantime to proclaim a Provisional Government. Some of the conspirators wanted simply to force Nicholas to grant a Constitution, the scheme of which, however, does not seem to have been formulated, unless we take into consideration the " Russkaia Pravda "—Russian Justice—a programme elaborated by Pestel, but being more of an ideal philosophic character of what may be in the far away future, than of what could be accomplished immediately at that time.

III.

The Tragedy of December, 1825.

On the 12th December Prince Troubetskoi was still somewhat irresolute. But Ryleieff drew from his pocket a letter informing him that they had been betrayed to Nicholas by a young officer, Rostovtseff, and they must therefore act immediately. " We are lost anyhow," said Ryleieff, " then let us better die arms in hand."

It is evident from various accounts that most of the conspirators did not count much on success, yet they felt that their protest would remain of historical significance and influence, which indeed it proved to be. Thus we learn, for instance, that on the 13th December, when the last arrangements were fixed for the open

revolt on the following day, young Prince Odoevski, the poet, taking leave from and embracing friends, exclaimed enthusiastically:

"We are going to our death; but what a glorious death!"

On the morning of December 14th the order had been given for the troops to take the oath of allegiance to Nicholas. During the night Prince Rostovski and Alexander Bestouzheff, with a number of other officers, aroused part of the Moscow Regiment, the Marine Guards, Grenadiers, and other troops, and led them to the square of the Senate with instructions to refuse the oath to Nicholas, but to demand the accession of Constantine and the introduction of a Constitution. The latter word was but slightly modified into the Slavonic form of *Constitutsia,* and it is recorded that some of the soldiers so little understood its meaning that they shouted "For his Imperial Majesty Constantine and *her* Imperial Majesty Constitutsia," taking the latter to be Constantine's wife. When the insurgent troops assembled on the Senate Square they waited in vain for Prince Troubetskoi, who was to take the command. He did not appear the whole day, and great confusion ensued, the civilian Ryleieff practically assuming the leadership. The old Metropolitan Seraphim tried hard to persuade the insurgent officers to acknowledge Nicholas as the Czar, but without result. General Miloradovitch, who distinguished himself in the war against Napoleon, and was certainly the best of all the men surrounding Nicholas, also addressed the insurgents, but was shot dead by Kakhovsky. Nicholas then personally took the command of the loyal troops and the cavalry made three successive charges, which were all repelled. Artillery was then employed, and numbers of the insurgents were mowed down, the Senate Square running red with blood. The insurgents could not hold out much longer, the revolutionists were dispersed, and by the evening of the same day Nicholas was master of the situation.

Some time before this sanguinary conflict took place in St. Petersburg, Colonel Pestel, the two Muravieffs, and other officers at the head of the Southern Society, were arrested, and the military leaders of the *Society of the United Slavs* on hearing this raised a

few companies of soldiers, attacked the prison, and liberated the Muravieffs only, Pestel having been previously transferred to another place. Sergius Muravieff and Bestouzheff-Rumin thereupon, with the assistance of some insurrectionary troops, attacked and took the town of Vassilkoff and then joined other friendly regiments, and together moved to meet the Government troops. Near Bielaya Czerkoff a battle took place, the Government troops were victorious, and the " December " Revolution was at an end.

Nicholas now avenged himself on his enemies with a ferocity that characterised his whole reign. The High Court before which the prisoners were arraigned condemned them all to death. At the trial Pestel and Ryleieff conducted themselves with dignity and tried to exonerate their comrades in the conspiracy. Ryleieff said: " I could have stopped the whole movement, but, on the contrary, I have urged everyone to action. I am the principal person responsible for the events of the 26th December, and on me alone you should inflict the death punishment."

This noble declaration, however, was treated by the Court simply as a confession of guilt.

The condemned were presented to the clemency of the Czar, who ordered the death sentence to be carried out on the following leaders of the insurrection: Pestel, Ryleieff, Bestouzheff-Rumin, Sergius Muravieff-Apostol and Peter Kakhovsky. All others who had in any way participated in the conspiracy or simply been associated with it, were exiled, mostly for life, to the Siberian Mines, their existence there leaving us a record of tragedies and pathetic incidents that still thrill with horror the heart of every Russian.

With the suppression of the December revolt and the accession of Nicholas a savage reaction and despotism commenced, under which Russia was groaning all the thirty years of the reign of this " Iron Emperor." But even Europe felt the fateful régime of Nicholas, who constituted himself a universal gendarme, helping to stamp out

any manifestation of liberty, not only at home, but also abroad. Thus he helped to crush the Hungarian struggle for independence, and supported all reactionary tendencies at the Courts of other countries. Yet the December revolt had an enormous influence upon the whole successive course of the struggle for freedom in Russia. It was for the first time in Russian history that an open and resolute demand for a Constitution was made by the best and influential elements of Russian society, supported by force of arms and meeting the autocracy in sanguinary conflict face to face. This first attempt failed, but the memory of these earlier martyrs for freedom continues to be cherished and held sacred by all Russians having the welfare of their country at heart, inspiring generation after generation to deeds of enlightened patriotic zeal and self-sacrifice.

THE POEMS OF RYLEIEFF.

Kondrat Fedorovitch Ryleieff, one of the executed leaders of the " Decembrists' " Revolution, was a friend of the famous Russian poet, Alexander Pushkin, under whose influence he began, while yet a boy, to write poems breathing fervent patriotism, as well as compassion for the oppressed and downtrodden. The best of his poems are: " Voinarovsky," " Ivan Susanin," " The Citizen," " Civil Virtue," and " The Confessions of Nalivaika." From the latter we reproduce the following extract as reflecting the poet's own lofty sense of civil virtue and duty and his anticipation of the martyrdom before him.

" Извѣстно мнѣ: погибель ждетъ
Того, кто первый возстаетъ
На утѣснителей народа;
Судьба меня ужъ обрекла.
Но гдѣ скажи, когда была
Безъ жертвъ искуплена свобода?
Погибну я за край родной,—
Я это чувствую, я знаю,
И радостно, отецъ святой,
Свой жребій я благословляю!"

Translation.

" I know, destruction awaits
Him who first rises
Against the oppressor's yoke;
My fate is sealed and closed.
But tell me, where and when
Without victims, was ever Freedom won?
For my native land I perish,
I feel it, and I know it.
And in my heart, oh, holy father,
My fatal star I bless."

PUSHKIN'S MESSAGE TO THE "DECEMBRISTS," AND THEIR REPLY.

The great Russian poet, Alexander Pushkin, deeply sympathised with the Decembrists, who, however, would not involve him in their conspiracy, considering his genius too precious to be risked in such a dangerous enterprise. His attitude towards them is best seen in the noble and beautiful message he ventured to send to them in Siberia, a message to which they replied with even more touching pathos. The English versions have been rendered by Elizabeth Gibson, and are reproduced here by permission of the Editor of *Free Russia,* in which journal they originally appeared :

The Message.

My brothers ! let proud patience shine
  In dread Siberia as a beacon :
Your work of sorrow in the mine,
  Your deeds, your thought, no force shall weaken.
And sorrow's sister, Hope, shall cheer
  Your hearts and strengthen courage failing :
Love's voice in mid-earth you shall hear
  To bring release at last availing :
No bolts shall bar our friendship's way,
  'Twill fly to you, as speeds my singing,
And turn the pit's deep gloom to day,
  All light and glory with her bringing.
The heavy chains from you shall fall;
  Freedom as captain shall command you;
Prisons shall totter at her call,
  And brothers back your swords shall hand you.

A DREAM OF WIFE AND CHILD.

The "Decembrist," PRINCE S. VOLKHONSKI in the mine.

From a Painting by K. P. BRULOFF.

The Reply.

Thy fiery lyre's prophetic strain
  Has reached the ears of us, thy debtors;
Our hands sought for our swords again,
  But found, alas! nought save our fetters.
Yet, do not doubt us, friend: our fate,
  Our galling chains we're proudly bearing:
Deep in our hearts, behind the grate,
  To mock the tyrant's rage we're daring.
Our work of sorrow shall not die;
  A flame shall from the spark come leaping:
They'll haste where'er the flag shall fly—
  Our Russian people, roused from sleeping.
We'll forge our fetters into swords,
  And Liberty, defying death,
Will fall with us on tyrant-lords—
  And peoples take, at last, free breath!

WESTERN BREEZES IN THE EAST.

ALEXANDER IVANOVITCH HERZEN.

The revolt of the "Decembrists" was suppressed, and Nicholas I. ascended the throne over the graves of Russia's noblest patriots who laid down their lives in the attempt to secure for their countrymen citizens' rights and liberties. Others were spared from immediate death on the gallows, but only to be condemned to a more torturous lingering death in the mines of Siberia. The reaction was now in full swing, raging in all departments of public life. The hand of the "Iron Emperor" pressed heavily upon the nation at large, which lay prostrate and crushed under his feet, not daring to utter a sound of protest or of sympathy with its martyred sons and daughters. All warm hearts were chilled and paralysed with fear, and there seemed to be no ray of hope anywhere of speedy deliverance from this national nightmare.

Yet through this benumbing atmosphere and gravelike silence, gentle whispers soon made themselves heard, tender shoots pierce the frozen ground, and here and there flashes of light break through the darkness of the night. Many weary hearts, worn out with despair, revive with new longings; hope, the comforter, enters into them, and a spring-like breath is again wafted through the air. Nicholas had fetters and gags enough to manacle the limbs and close the lips of his fellow-men fallen into his iron grip, but no earthly power availed him to stamp out the divine spark latent in the soul of even the fettered slave. Moreover he could not build on the frontiers of his empire fences and barriers high enough to stop

ALEXANDER HERZEN.

winds and breezes blowing from Western Europe into the plains of Muscovy, nor cover the face of Russia with an iron roof wide enough to prevent the sun from shining upon the good as well as upon the evil.

Thus no sooner has a young generation sprung up and Russian society somewhat recovered from the effects of the stunning blow inflicted by Nicholas's accession, than new vigorous forces appear on the scene, and once more demands are made for a new life of liberty and progress, demands which the despot believed had been buried for ever along with the bones of the heroes of the " December " revolt. St. Petersburg, however, as the very seat of the Autocracy, and its faithful Bureaucracy, was evidently a too cold, unfavourable soil for the development of new social and political movements. It is ancient Moscow, a little distant from the immediate zone of the newly-created lynx-eyed political police, that becomes now the birthplace and centre of a renewed reforming spirit, of a circle of talented and devoted men who by their lives' work opened a new chapter in Russian history. Alexander Ivanovitch Herzen was the most illustrious of them, the central figure around which the new forces gathered, and his life's career stands out prominently as a link between the generation of the now remote " Decembrists " and that of the " Nihilists," who still live and move among us.

Incipient Conspirators and Arrests.

The natural son of a rich Moscow landowner Ivan Yakovleff, Alexander was born on March 25th, 1812, and was given the surname of his German mother, Herzen. The boy received a splendid domestic education, having liberal-minded tutors, Russian, German, and French, who familiarised him with the best works of Western European literature. His Russian tutor brought him clandestinely the proscribed poems of Ryleieff, the martyred bard of the " December " revolt, while his French master, himself a re-

publican and exile from his own country, fired his imagination by stories of the French Revolution. At the age of 18 we find Alexander writing a philosophical essay on Schiller's Wallenstein, the young author showing not only a brilliant literary style, but also his own enthusiasm for the ideas of liberty and his longings for a career of suffering and self-sacrifice in the service of humanity. About the same time Herzen entered the Moscow University, and joined a circle of students who organized readings and debates on German philosophical systems and their application to practical social questions. This circle numbered among its members several who afterwards became famous writers and leaders of thought, such as the brilliant critic Bielinsky, the poet Ogareff, and the universally famous revolutionist, Michael Bakunin, the last two remaining Herzen's most intimate friends all their lives and being practically identified with his whole political career.

In 1833 Herzen graduated and received a silver medal for his dissertation on "The Historical Evolution of the System of Copernicus." Meanwhile the revolutions which had just taken place in Western Europe exercised their influence upon the Moscow University circle, the members of which indulged in singing revolutionary songs at their private gatherings. On one such occasion, when an entertainment was organized in some hall containing a bust of Nicholas, the young enthusiasts went to the length of smashing it, the alarmed police immediately made numerous arrests, and "a political process" commenced. In 1834 Herzen and Ogareff were arrested in connection with this affair, though they proved that they were not present at this incident and had nothing to do with it. During the domiciliary search the police found papers and books showing that Herzen and Ogareff were studying French Socialistic writers, and for this offence the first was exiled to Perm and the second to Penza. Shortly after, however, Herzen was transferred to Viatka, and received an appointment at the office of the Governor of the province. Through the intercession of the poet Zhukovsky, the tutor of the heir-apparent, afterwards Alexander II., Herzen

was transferred to a better post in the Government of Vladimir. These few years spent in Government Service were most important for our reformer, who afterwards was able to expose all the abuses, venality, and rottenness of the administrative system from personal knowledge.

THE SLAVOPHILE SCHOOL THEN AND NOW.

In 1840 Herzen received permission to return to Moscow. Here he found most of his former comrades carried away by the famous doctrine that "Everything that exists is rational." Pursuing this doctrine to its extreme logical deductions, and applying it to Russian national questions, they held that Russia exists by and for herself, has her own peculiarities, her own historic past, and has nothing, or very little, to learn from the evolutionary process and experience of the nations of Western Europe. These ideas became the foundation of a Slavophile and Pan-Slavonic propaganda, which commenced there and then and is maintained to this very day in certain circles. Herzen and Ogareff could not agree with the opposition to Western civilization which the Slavophile theory entailed, and formed a new circle which became known as "Zapadniki," or "Westerners," and which was soon joined by Ivan Turguenieff, afterwards the famous novelist.

Writing in after years, while already abroad, on the young Slavophile party of that time, Herzen says:

"We saw in their doctrine a new oil with which to anoint the Czar, a new chain imposed upon thought, a new subordination of conscience to the servile Byzantine Church. The Orthodoxy of the Slavophiles, their historical patriotism, and exaggerated irritating feelings of nationality were provoked by extremes in the other direction. The idea of nationality is in itself a conservative idea, based on the exclusiveness of its rights and the clannishness of its associations; there are in it the Judaic conception of the superiority of race, and the aristocratic pretensions of purity of blood and entailment. Nationality, as a banner, as a battle-cry, is then

only justified and surrounded by a revolutionary halo, when a nation is attacked and has to fight for its independence, when it throwe off a foreign yoke. . . Slavism, or Russism, not as a doctrine and theory, but as an offended national feeling, as a resistance to an exclusively foreign influence, has existed since the shearing of the first beard by Peter the Great. . . . The war of 1812 developed a strong feeling of national consciousness and patriotism, but the patriotism of 1812 had no Orthodox Slavic character. In proportion as the war became gradually forgotten, this patriotism cooled down, and finally deteriorated into cynical flattery and triviality. . . . In the reign of Nicholas I. this patriotism became identified with the 'knout' and the 'tchinovnik,' especially in cosmopolitan St. Petersburg, where this uncouth tendency resulted in the invention of a 'national' hymn, with music from Sebastian Bach, and a text by Prokopi Liapunoff, borrowed from Schiller!

To cut Russia off from Europe, from enlightenment, and from revolution which had kept him in a state of terror ever since the 14th (26th) of December, Nicholas I. on his side was only too happy to raise the banner of 'Orthodoxy, Autocracy, and Nationality,' worked out on a Prussian pattern, and supported by anything and everything—by the crude novels of Zagoskin. the uncouth iconography, the architecture of Uvaroff, the persecution of the Uniates, and generally by 'The hand of the Almighty that has saved the Fatherland.'"

In the light of modern events in Russia, of the massacres of Jews and "intellectuals" by "The Union of Russian Men," commonly known as "The Black Hundreds," who fight under the same Slavophile banner of "Orthodoxy, Autocracy and Nationality," it will be interesting to relate an incident recorded by Herzen from the incipient stages of the development of Panslavism in Russia.

At the end of the thirties of the last century there arrived in Moscow a certain Panslavist agitator, Gaj, who in a few days collected a large sum of money for the suffering Greek Orthodox brethren in Dalmatia and Croatia. Gaj became the hero of the moment, and a gala dinner was arranged in his honour by the Moscow Slavophiles. The speeches, of course, were full of the virtues and greatness of the Slavonic races, and the toasts were in honour of "The Great Bosnians, the Great Bohemians, the Great Slovaks," etc. Finally one speaker raised his glass, and improvised a poem, concluding it with the following words:

"Gentlemen, I shall now drink to the blood of Magyars and of Germans!"

The distinguished assembly, however, were not all *red* Orthodox, and the witty savant Androsoff present jumped up from his chair, grabbed a fruit knife, and ironically exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, pardon me, I shall leave you for a moment; it has just occurred to me that my landlord, the old piano-tuner, Diez, is a German. I'll just run down to cut his throat, and I'll be back immediately."

Alas! what was a joke of the Russian Slavophiles of that period has become a too grim reality in these times of ours. For comparing Russian Orthodoxy under Nicholas I. in the first half of the 19th Century with the same under Nicholas II. at the beginning of the 20th, one cannot help noticing the immense progress it has made since—in the direction of cutting wholesalely the throats of the unorthodox, Germans, Jews, Poles, Letts and others, as well as of Slavs themselves, if they have the misfortune of belonging to "The Intellectuals."

Peaceable and harmless as Herzen's Western ideas were at that time, the Russian Government nevertheless could not stand his presence in Moscow, a university city and centre of various educational and intellectual movements. In 1841 he was once more exiled, this time to Novgorod, where he remained only a year, a period the authorities evidently considered sufficeint to cool down the ardour of our reformer and bring him back to the orthodox fold. On returning to Moscow Herzen found any further activity practically impossible, and made up his mind to leave Russia for Western Europe, there to start reform propaganda without let or hindrance. In 1847, soon after the death of his father, who left him an enormous fortune, he was at last enabled to realise his heart's desire and carry his plan into effect.

Herzen in Paris. Relations with Proudhon. A Domestic Drama. Activity in London.

The French Revolution of 1848 attracted Herzen to Paris, where he at once entered into intimate relations with numerous political leaders, becoming himself a centre and impetus for the advanced political thought of the time. The famous Proudhon became his particular friend. He was at the time a member of the National Assembly and Editor of the revolutionary journal, "Representant du Peuple," afterwards named "Le Peuple." For strong articles against the newly-elected President of the Republic, Louis Napoleon, the paper was suppressed and Proudhon sentenced to three years' imprisonment. Then from prison he undertook to start a new paper under the title of "La Voix du Peuple." But the new Press regulations demanded a deposit with the authorities of 24,000 francs. Herzen advanced the whole sum, and the new organ made its appearance on the 20th of September, 1849. It advocated the reconciliation between the proletarian and the bourgeois classes, pointing out that their antagonism served only the interests of the reactionary monarchists, a lesson which the Russian revolutionists of to-day have not yet learned. The Government imposed heavy penalties on the new paper, of which there appeared 223 issues, until it was suppressed on the 14th of May, 1850. The reaction was now in full swing, and in June of the same year Herzen was expelled from France

During Herzen's stay in Paris Ivan Turguenieff, the famous Russian novelist, became his most devoted friend and a constant visitor to his house, which indeed was the hospitable rallying meeting place for the distinguished reformers of many nations. Of Herzen's influence at that time, of his liberality, and delicate kindness of heart, we find an interesting description by the Austrian journalist, Gustav Rasch, which appeared in the Vienna "Neue

Freie Presse " in 1870 in an obituary on the death of the famous reformer :—

"I made Herzen's acquaintance in December, 1848, in the house of the poet Herweg. Herzen was a fine looking man of about 35, with pleasant and refined manners, and with a rich store of scientific knowledge. He possessed at that time a large fortune, which yielded him an annual income of about 15,000. His house was open to exiles of many nations, as one could meet there Germans, Italians, Roumanians, Serbs, Hungarians, etc. Every day the table was laid for some 20 guests, for most of whom the hospitality was a real boon. To get accession into Herzen's house, no recommendations or introductions were necessary. He spent thousands in helping the exiles. Considerable sums passed through my own hands for certain refugees whom Herzen knew only by name. Some of them were entirely supported by him. The wives of two Austrian emigrants passed through their confinement in Herzen's house, offered to them because their own home was too uncomfortable for such purpose. The well-known German author, Friedrich Kapp, arrived in Paris, as a political exile, without any means of livelihood, and was in a most desperate condition. Herzen, fearing to offend him by a gift of money, offered him the post of resident tutor to his children, which Kapp accepted. But his duties were only nominal, as the children had already other tutors. I could relate many another similar trait in Herzen's character."

After his expulsion from France Herzen resided for some time in Switzerland and in Nice, then not French territory. When in November, 1852, Louis Napoleon was elected Emperor and the Monarchy was re-established, Herzen became disheartened and disenchanted with Western civilization, and at one time he seriously thought of returning to his beloved Russia, but matters in the latter country were, of course, still worse under the iron rule of Nicholas I., and Herzen decided to remain abroad.

During this period Fate inflicted one of her heaviest blows upon Herzen and his family. Herweg, the German poet so fashionable at the time and Herzen's intimate friend, fell in love with the latter's wife, the beautiful, gentle, and romantic Nathalie Alexandrovna, who could not withstand the poet's charms, and finally eloped with him. As it frequently happens in such cases, when

the first romantic idyl had passed misery began, and the repentant wife a couple of years later sought the forgiveness of her husband, who readily received her back. Herzen was a pioneer and strong advocate of the emancipation of women, and it is noteworthy that this tragedy in his personal life did not alter in the least his views as to the justice of the women's cause. In writing on this subject, he only makes the following philosophical remark, evidently dictated by his personal experience :—

"What broad, humanly strong and beautiful culture must a woman possess in order to jump over safely the hedges and snares placed in her way for her catpure!"

This ideal altitude from which Herzen gazes with forbearance and forgiveness upon woman's weakness, even after he had been personally so cruelly wronged, will be the more appreciated when we take into consideration the Russian morals of the time, and the attitude towards a wife, as belonging to the goods and chattels of her husband, whose right, duty, and honour it is to wreak vengeance, even unto death, upon the faithless betrayers. Even as these lines are being written, the world's Press is filled with cablegrams, telegrams and other correspondence, telling sensational details of the elopement of the wife of a Russian General with his subordinate captain, and of the pursuit by the husband across the Atlantic and back to Europe with the avowed object of killing the treacherous captain and restoring the wife by physical force. And this savage thirst for bloody vengeance is even supported in a leading English newspaper by an eminent man of science, who argues that a faithless wife and her lover do deserve death at the hands of the injured husband, the learned doctor evidently remembering that formerly slave holders had the right of pursuing and shooting their fugitive slaves.

In the autumn of 1852 Herzen settled in London, and here started the first Russian printing works for the publication of uncensored literature in the Russian language, and its clandestine

distribution in Russia. London then became a veritable Mecca for numerous Russian political reformers, who came to seek the advice and co-operation of their famous countryman, as well as to keep him abreast of events and tendencies in Russia. Of the series of publications of that period, the most important are : Two volumes of " Poliarnaia Zviezda "—*The Polar Star;* two volumes of " Golosa iz Rossii "—*Voices from Russia,* and " The Memoirs of the Empress Catherine II." In 1857 Herzen started the famous periodical, " Kolokol "—*The Bell,* which at once exercised an extraordinary influence upon the trend of Russian events, being widely read among the educated classes, in Court circles, and even by Czar Alexander II. himself. The secret of its success is explained by the fact that a number of personages of high position and of liberal tendencies contributed anonymously to Herzen's journal information as to the intentions of the Government and doings at the Court, the abuses of various officials, and various other subjects which could not be openly discussed in Russia. *The Bell* thus exposed the reactionaries who wanted to prevent the emancipation of the serfs and other reforms, and the journal became indeed a *bell* awakening the public conscience, and calling all the vigorous elements of Society to common work for a new regenerated Russia.

Herzen and Garibaldi.

In London, as in Paris, Herzen's house became a meeting place for the leading spirits of the period, and among the visitors there we find Garibaldi, Mazzini, Orsini, Saffi, and others, all of whom became attached to Herzen on most affectionate terms of friendship, as witness their voluminous correspondence. With Garibaldi Herzen became acquainted in 1854, after the former's return from his battles in Southern America. The famous General brought to London from Boston his battleship, " The Commonwealth," and it

was here that he invited Herzen to lunch, henceforward maintaining a warm correspondence with the Russian exile on every suitable occasion. Of the many letters of Garibaldi to Herzen we reproduce only the following two, as not only of historical importance, but as having their application to modern events.

The first of these was written on the 13th of April, 1861, on the occasion of the massacres in Warsaw, and was addressed to Herzen from Turin, where Garibaldi had just arrived to take his place in the newly-created Italian Parliament as the deputy for Naples:

"Dear Herzen, only recently the Czar's emancipation of the serfs has been hailed with delight and admiration all over Europe. The sovereign, who conceived and accomplished this great deed, has thereby placed himself amongst the greatest benefactors of mankind. Now—I say it with sorrow—the good work has become stained with innocent blood. It is now the duty of all who have acclaimed the great act of emancipation, to raise a voice of condemnation against the perpetrators of the horrible atrocity. Let your journal, so deservedly appreciated in Russia, convey to the unfortunate, but heroic Poles, the sympathy of the Italian nation; also convey our thankfulness to those brave Russian soldiers who, like Popoff, have broken their swords that they may not become reddened with the people's blood. Proclaim at the same time the cry of indignation of all European nations, against the author of this revolting butchery."

This letter was communicated to the world's Press by the telegraph agencies before it reached Herzen, and everywhere produced a strong effect.

The second letter was written by Garibaldi to Herzen at the end of 1863, when the horrible wholesale executions in Poland by the Russian punitive expeditions were at their height. Herzen in a long letter had explained to the emancipator of Italy how the Russian Government had succeeded in its devilish design to stir up the hatred and fanaticism of the peaceable Russian people against the Poles by spreading information that the Polish rising was only the work of the Polish nobility and the Roman Catholic Clergy and was directed against the Polish peasantry and working classes; that the Russian Government was therefore only defending the poorer people and the Greek Orthodox Faith.

To this letter Garibaldi sent, on December 23rd, 1863, the following remarkable reply:

"I have duly received your precious letter, which has in my eyes the authority of a document. Yes, Herzen, I believe you and I know that the Russian nation is unfortunate and has high aspirations like all other nations, that the Russian people are innocent of the tortures in Wilna and of the hangings in Wareaw. I know that in your native country too, hovers the spirit of liberty, the spirit of the future. I remember how many officers preferred Siberia and death to the crime of becoming executioneers of Poland. The holy names of Popoff and Arenholt are deeply impressed upon my memory, and history will repeat them along with the names of their other martyred comrades. But it seeme to me that Poland, whose womanhood is so outraged and whose youth is handed over to the hangman, should have evoked the compassion of the Russian people, at least, of that noble section to which you yourself belong, and that a protest should be uttered in a more solemn form than mere words."

Herzen published this letter in *The Bell* of February 1st, 1864, and, commenting on it, stated that when he read it he could not refrain from tears of pain and shame for his countrymen, so true was Garibaldi's rebuke to the Russians for their heartless attitude towards the Poles in their life and death struggle for independence.

What would Garibaldi have said if he had lived to witness the massacres of the Jews in Russia at the beginning of the 20th Century, massacres organised by the same Government of the Czar, against which Russian Society has uttered no more solemn protest than mere words now and again, or indeed has not done even that much, but practically connived at unspeakable horrors perpetrated upon helpless women and children?

HERZEN AND MAZZINI.

When in April 1864 Garibaldi arrived in England, he visited Herzen and met at his house, by previous arrangement, Mazzini, the two great Italian patriots having hitherto been estranged on

account of their different views as to political tactics. Now they became reconciled in the house and by the efforts of their mutual Russian friend.

The acquaintance of Mazzini Herzen had first made in Geneva in 1849, and it quickly ripened into an intimate and touching friendship, which strengthened particularly during the years both spent as exiles in England. They differed widely in their views, Herzen being practically a Socialist at heart and religiously a free thinker, whilst Mazzini was of a deeply religious nature, and considered Socialism only a hindrance to the unity necessary for the overthrow of political tyranny, in Italy as well as Russia. But both were ardent seekers of truth, righteousness, and liberty for the masses of humanity, and on this common ground they met and worked together with the greatest respect and devotion one to another. A beautiful letter of Mazzini to Herzen, written on the 27th of May, 1852, on the occasion of the death of the latter's wife, throws a vivid light on their mutual relations, as well as on the character of Mazzini himself, and should besides be welcome and uplifting to all similarly stricken with grief on parting with their dear ones.

"My brother,—wrote Mazzini—I have only just learned from the newspapers of your fatal bereavement. I do not write with the object of comforting you. Only God and your own children can bring you the needed solace. I only want to tell you how I suffer for yon and with you, for I can understand your grief, indeed, I feel the irreparable void formed in your life, and can see the shadow which, so to say, has sent your soul into exile, just as the Czar has exiled your body. When we are smitten not by the hand of inexorable fate, but by the hand of a worthless man, that which could have been prevented, but which only hastened the fatal ending—then indeed our grief becomes a hundred times more bitter, and the religion of despair threatens our whole existence. I feel all this, and yet I wish to say to you: Be courageous! Suffer, but let not your spirit be broken. Whatever your beliefs may be, suffer, but only as she would have it. It always seemed to me that the death of our beloved ones should tend to make us better men or women. It seems to me impossible that we could indulge in sin, in apathy, in selfishness, when an angel is uniting this our existence, to that of the world beyond the grave. Whether this

angel exists only in memory, according to your beliefs, or in reality and watchfulness, according to mine, your duty remains just the same, namely, to do everything that would have been greeted with her smile, and to do nothing what would have been condemned by her. This is all I wanted to remind you of, my friend, whilst pressing your hand with respect and affection. I do so as a man well acquainted with life and its sorrows, who himself, longing for reciprocity and love, invariably saw them ruined, who has suffered much himself and can feel the sufferings of others. What do you intend to undertake now? I heard that you meant to emigrate to America should the misfortune befall you. Do not do that! Remain in Europe, with us, with the old warriors. What can you find in America? Freedom? But do you not already possess her? The problem is to create freedom where she is absent. Help me in this work, for you and I pursue the same great ideal, not in a contemplative Oriental fashion, but in a European active and persistent way to the very end until victory is ours. Come and settle in Switzerland, where you could be useful and where we could meet. Farewell, my friend, and love me, as I love you."

Herzen and Mazzini did really actively work together for a number of years, both in the Italian and in the Russian emancipation movements. On one occasion alone Herzen handed over to Mazzini 10 per cent. of his income, the donation amounting to £200, the donor adding, "The Italian cause is my own." Mazzini, on the other hand, helped Herzen in various ways, and became the intermediary between him and the Hungarian leader, Kossuth, the latter having helped to organise the distribution of Herzen's proclamations to the Russian Army just before the outbreak of the Crimean War.

The last letter of Mazzini to Herzen is somehow not dated, but was probably written in 1868 or 1869, when the great Italian patriot began to feel the weight of his age and of the lifelong battles for Italy's independence. This letter, like all his writings, reveals the soul of the teacher, and may be recommended to modern Socialists, who see the meaning of life only in materialistic aspects, and pursue chiefly the ideal of the economic triumph of the masses in their struggle against the classes.

"My dear friend, I have received your kind letter from Nice. . . . Whatever they may do, we are approaching nearer and nearer to an Italian Republic, and I must do everything in my power to help to put the engine

on the rails; when once it is on the line, there will be found sufficient workers to push it further along. My health is ruined. Like an undermined tree, I still continue standing, but one breeze of wind will suffice to overthrow me. If I live to see something accomplished in Italy, one week of work would kill me, and it is time too. Every year carries away some one of my friends, and I am frequently reminded of one verse of Ossian in the translation of Cæzarotti:

E sento gli anni bisbiliar passando,
Perche canta costui?*

We widely differ in our religious, and partly even political views, but I know you and have never doubted your personal character. . Say what you like, but all the great revolutions in Europe will be accomplished in the name of the national idea. You know that under nationality, I understand the idea of a collective mission, a common duty, and nothing more. Without this idea there can be only slave riots, or Spartan wars. You, on your part, see only the socialistic question. I, not less than you, can see that the fundamental problem is the emanicpation of labour. But the object is not commensurate with the means for attaining it. The social question alone has never yet caused any great revolution, thank God. I say, "thank God" because in such a movement the predominant stimulus would be only material gain, and would bring us as a result a bourgeois class in blouses, a new egotism instead of the old one. From the time of Marathon, all great events have taken place in the name either of the national or of the religious idea, such for instance, were the English revolution, the North American, the Netherland rising against Spain, or of Spain against Napoleon in 1808, the Greek Revolution, etc. But let us put aside these differences of opinion, and embrace one another in the name of Liberty.

"Write to me from time to time that I may know your whereabouts in your wanderinge. I am always anxious to read your writings.

Yours,
GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

Of other celebrities who were Herzen's intimate personal friends or have corresponded with him in terms of affectionate regard we will only mention the names of Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, Michelet, Kossuth, Adam Mickiewicz, and Carlyle.

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*And I hear the yeare whispering as they pass,
Why still sings this one?

Herzen was a prolific and brilliant writer, and he wrote with almost equal fluency in Russian, German, French, and English. Many of his works were translated into several languages. Those of his writings which have exercised a powerful influence upon the Russian and the general European public are:

"*Who is responsible?*" a novel dealing with individual liberty and the position of woman in the family.

"*The Thieving Magpie,*" a criticism of those educated Russians who defended serfdom;

"*Letters from the Avenue Marigny,*" dealing with the stormy events of the period 1847—1852;

"*The Development of Revolutionary Ideas in Russia.*" Of this work Michelet wrote: "I have read it with admiration ten times, and it seemed to me that the old heroes of the North have unsheathed here their pitiless sword in condemnation of this miserable society. Alas! It is a condemnation not only of Russia, but also of France and Europe generally."

"*From the other Shores.*" These impressions of Western Europe have become particularly popular in Russia, showing as they do the author's disenchantment with Western civilisation and the bourgeois morality as the foundation of the State.

"*The Past and Reflections.*" This work presents a series of more or less autobiographical sketches, at the same time giving brilliant pictures from Russian life.

All these works have been forbidden in Russia, and only since 1905 have they been allowed to be published openly.

Herzen died in Paris on the 29th of January, 1870, and was subsequently interred in the family grave at Nice, an artistic monument having been since erected there, subscribed for both by his Russian compatriots and foreign friends. The famous Russian poet

Nadson, on visiting Herzen's grave, was moved to write the following touching poem in Russian, of which we give both the original and our own feeble and rather free prose translation:

Среди саркофаговъ и урнъ погребальныхъ,
Среди обветшалыхъ крестовъ
И мраморныхъ женщинъ, красиво-печальныхъ
Въ оградахъ своихъ цвѣтниковъ,—
Тамъ ждалъ меня кто-то, какъ я, одинокій,
Какъ я, на чужихъ берегахъ
Страдальческій образъ отчизны далекой
Хранившій въ заѣтныхъ мечтахъ.
Отлитый изъ мѣди, тяжелой пятою
На мраморный цоколъ ступивъ,
Какъ будто живой, онъ вставалъ предо мною
Подъ темнымъ наметомъ оливъ. . . .
Въ чертахъ—величавая грусть вдохновенья,
Раздумье во взорѣ нѣмомъ,
И руки на мѣдной груди безъ движенья
Прижаты широкимъ крестомъ. . . .

Такъ вотъ, гдѣ, боецъ, утомленный борьбою,
Послѣдній пріютъ ты нашелъ! . . .
Сюда не нагрянетъ жестокой грозою
Душившій тебя произволъ.
Изъ скорбной отчизны къ тебѣ не домчится
Бряцаніе позорныхъ цѣпей.
Скажи-жъ мнѣ: легко ли, спокойно ли спится
Тебѣ межъ свободныхъ людей?
Тебя я узналъ: ты въ минувшіе годы
Такъ долго, такъ гордо страдалъ!
Какъ колоколъ правды, добра и свободы,
Съ чужбины твой голосъ звучалъ.
Онъ совѣсть будилъ въ насъ, онъ зналъ на работу,
Онъ звалъ насъ сплотиться тѣснѣй,—
Но былъ ненавистенъ насилью и гнету
Языкъ твоихъ смѣлыхъ рѣчей! . . .

MONUMENT ON HERZEN'S GRAVE IN NICE.

Translation.

Amidst graves and mournful crosses,
Amidst marble women beautiful and sad,
Within wreaths and garlands of flowers,
There I beheld someone lonely,
Who like myself on strange shores
The dolorous image of our native land
Has reverently cherished in loving thoughts.
Forged of bronze, with firm step
On the marble pedestal resting,
Like a living being he appeared to me
Under the shadow of dark olive trees.
His features bear the Seer's noble sadness;
In his eyes meditation's stillness,
And his arms are folded in a cross—
Resignations and long-suffering's symbol.

Here then, Warrior, exhausted in the battle,
Thy last resting place hast thou found!
Here no tyrant's arm can reach thee
That so long thy breath has stifled,
Nor the clank of fetters that with shame
Our fatherland covers as with night.
Tell me, then, is thy rest easy and light
Amidst comrades free in a free land?
Thy image dear I easily discerned
As the image of pain and suffering proud.
Thy voice sweet I still can hear
As when from afar thy *bell* chimed
The music of freedom, of justice, and of love.
Our conscience stirring, to labour it called us
For brotherly union and neighbourly peace.
How could then oppression not hate thee,
Nor shun the gift of thy wonderful tongue.

Herzen's life career stands out prominently as a separate chapter in the history of the Russian liberation movement. From the West he wafted the spirit of freedom into the plains of Muscovy, and during several decades ceaselessly and lovingly poured balm upon the wounds of the corpse-like Russian body until he saw it resuscitated into a new life and giving vigorous, at times indeed too vigorous, signs of activity. For Herzen lived to see from the seed he had sown a new Russian generation of reformers spring up who have since astonished the whole world by their unbounded devotion, self-sacrifice and martyrdom in their struggle for Russian regeneration, though frequently straying from the path of practical wisdom and expediency in their impatient choice of weapons of warfare. This new Russian generation became known to the world at large under the name of " Nihilists," and such most of them undoubtedly were. For they strove with a zeal frequently exceeding discretion to annihilate by all possible means the existing order of things, and to uproot established law and authority which in their eyes, and indeed in the eyes of the whole civilised world, were but foul and inhuman, designed only to keep a whole nation in constant ignorance, slavery, poverty and misery.

We shall now give our readers a series of life-stories of some of the most active spirits of the generation partly contemporaneous with and succeeding Herzen, with all their virtues and faults, wisdom and follies, heroic endeavours and romantic and sensational adventures. A new feature of the so-called Nihilistic period is the appearance of woman on the political battlefield, without whose active participation, and frequently even initiative and impetus, the Nihilistic movement would have scarcely ever accomplished the achievements it did. *Place d'honneur aux dames* therefore, the following story with its ideal heroine and hero being typical of the whole Nihilistic movement, and instructive in many ways, as showing how the two sexes co-operated for their mutual ideas and as repudiating at the same time the reproach of lax morality frequently hurled at the woman Nihilist.

SERGIUS SILYITCH SINEGUB.

FOR KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM'S SAKE.

THE TRUE STORY OF A NIHILISTIC MARRIAGE.

SERGIUS SINEGUB AND SOPHIE TCHEMODANOFF.

I.

THE "NEW WOMAN" OF RUSSIA.

The great political awakening in Russia, brought about by the disaster of the Crimean War, and resulting in the liberal reforms of Alexander II., including the emancipation of the Serfs in 1861, led also to an intellectual fermentation among all classes of society unprecedented in Russian history and scarcely paralleled in any other country. The masses of the people were almost absolutely illiterate, few elementary schools existed, and a noble consciousness ripened in the hearts of the rising generation, both among the aristocracy and the middle classes, as to their supreme duty towards their lower disinherited brethren so long kept in ignorance and darkness. But to teach and be helpful to others, one must first of all learn oneself. This became the battle-cry of the Russian youth of the time, and with such a pure and noble ideal in view, the young generation, in the pursuit of knowledge and freedom, started on its career with a determination and zeal that knew no bounds, no barriers, social or economic. From the remotest parts of the Empire poor young men, sons of village priests, or lower provincial

tchinovniks, frequently without a kopeck in their pocket in the literal sense of the word, flocked undaunted to the seats of learning, to the university towns, in the enviable self-assurance that somehow, in one way or another, they would succeed in becoming doctors, lawyers, civil engineers, literateurs, professors, etc., and thus be better able to serve the cause of the benighted people at large. In numerous cases these young heroes have bravely and triumphantly fought their battle to the end, and many a distinguished Russian savant, author, or public worker of to-day can look back with pride upon his early incessant struggles with poverty, hardships and privations that would have quenched the ardour of any ordinary mortal.

This insatiable pursuit of knowledge that seized the Russian youth of the time as with a contagious fever naturally could not fail to involve also the young generation of the more tender sex, equally resolved to make an independent career and one of useful service to down-trodden humanity. But while the road to success was open to the young man, and he had poverty alone to combat on his way, the road was practically closed to the young girl by a whole code of conventional, social and moral notions, not always wholly without justification, and also by the system of domestic tyranny practised over women in all ages and in all countries. Nor were parents to blame for their objection to allow their young and inexperienced daughters to leave the paternal home and wander about in distant towns, first in quest of a livelihood, and then of studies, in the pursuit of ideals which to the older generation could not appear anything else than sheer whims and fantasies. Like all parents, they saw the best careers for their daughters in a happy marriage to a man approved of, or even chosen, by the parents themselves. My son may go wherever he chooses, but my daughter must stay at home and do her domestic duties, until her star appears on the horizon, and then we shall let her go "with mirth, and with songs, with tabret, and with harp," as old Laban said to Jacob. Such was the parental verdict dictated undoubtedly by sincere affection and care for the welfare of their offspring.

However, the girls began to have their own ideas and ideals about their life's destination, and irresistibly strove to emancipate themselves from the dull and oppressive domestic yoke. The " New Woman " made thus her appearance in the noblest and highest sense of the word. As far as Russia at least is concerned, we do not find her striving after " bloomers " or cross-saddle riding, or a gentleman's front and collar, or the smoking of cigarettes, etc., though occasionally she would cut her hair short as a protest against the long plait symbolising an inferior sex subjected to a special code of conduct. The Russian " New Woman," then and now, seriously strives first of all to acquire knowledge so long denied to her, then to become an independent factor in life, not for her own selfish ends and comforts, but in order to better serve her country, humanity and the cause of freedom and progress generally. And since her first appearance she has sufficiently shown, in the cause she has at heart, her earnestness, devotion, self-sacrifice and faithfulness even unto death, in a manner surpassing all we know of in the history of other nations, and raising her to the pure height of the first women-martyrs for the Christian faith. The Russian woman has yet to wait for the future historian to do her full justice and honour. At the time we speak of she was sincerely misunderstood by some, wilfully misunderstood by others, and most tragically misunderstood by her own parents, who could not perceive and enter into the new life, or reconcile themselves to the new ways. She was, however, appreciated and valued by her young brother, who, himself a pioneer of progress and reform, saw in her an equal human being, a helpmate willing and capable, sharing his labour of love and self-denial; nay, an inspiring, guiding and ministering angel when he, with open wounds, lay prostrate in the unequal struggle. He, of all others, resolved to stretch out to her a helping hand and to save her, if necessary, from parental tyranny at any cost, even by the extraordinary step of making her his fictitious wife, without any claims whatever on her person or property, only in order that she may become free in the choice of her own career.

Such was the origin and essence of a unique Russian social phenomenon which became known to the world at large as a "Nihilistic Marriage." In some cases the young couple, not necessarily even previously acquainted, separated immediately after the wedding had taken place and on her leaving the paternal home, and they had nothing more to do with one another, except meeting as ordinary friends. None of them thought anything of the mock wedding ceremonies they passed through, nor of the law which considered them now as husband and wife. For the Czar's Church and the Czar's Law they both felt nothing but a defiant contempt. In other cases, however, the young couple would prove kindred spirits and congenial partners, and then gradually husband and wife would really fall in love with one another, conceal their feelings for a time, being ashamed of their weakness, and then "not being able to stand it any longer," would confess their love and be accepted one by the other!

No wonder that novelists and dramatists have since utilised the Nihilistic Marriage as a subject for their sensational productions, frequently embellishing the romance and distorting the characters by traits and episodes invented by their own imagination. The true story, therefore, we are going to relate of one of such marriages will prove of a double, even treble, interest. Firstly, it will characterize the political creed and doings of Nihilism in its incipient stages; secondly, it is full of general human interest as a tale of true and exalted love between two noble pioneers and martyrs for the cause of Russian freedom; and, thirdly, it will give some delightful family pictures from the life of a Russian village priest, the father of our heroine. The hero, Sergius Silyitch Sinegub, is a prominent leader of the revolutionary movement in Russia, has suffered years of confinement in the Fortress of St. Peter and Paul and other prisons, and has only been recently liberated, with evidently as unbroken a spirit and faith in the triumph of the revolutionary cause, as in the days of his youthful romance. He has now told the latter in a series of articles in the "Builoe," written with a simplicity and candid

sincerity that leave no room for doubt of the veracity of any of the details given, even had we not known the high personal character of the hero himself. The story, however, is told by the latter with too much minuteness, which might be acceptable to Russians, but might rather try the patience of other readers. We shall, therefore, slightly abbreviate the narrative, and let the hero tell his story in his own words only where this seems to us to be the best, supplementing the whole with some particulars we have gathered from our personal correspondence with Madame Sinegub.

II.

The Priest and his Fugitive Daughter.

In 1871 there lived in a remote village in the Government of Viatka (East of European Russia) Father Vasili Tchemodanoff, the priest of the local church, with his large family, his eldest daughter, the beautiful and clever Sonia, having just finished her education with much distinction in the Ecclesiastical School for Girls in Viatka. Sonia was only 16, but was already imbued with the ideas of the time, the duty of the educated classes towards the people, and the right of women as well as men to a higher education and an independent career of useful public service. These ideas were imparted to Sonia, as well as to other pupils by a teacher of the Viatka Ecclesiastical School, Mlle. Kuvshinskaya, who was the idol of her pupils, many of whom she helped in every possible way to realise their hearts' desire for a higher education. Father Vasili, when visiting his daughter in Viatka listened sympathetically to her enthusiastic talk about the poverty and ignorance of the peasantry and the sacred duty of devoting one's life to their enlightenment, and the young girl eagerly looked forward to the possibility of her leaving for St. Petersburg, there to enter the medical institute then recently opened for women.

However, on returning home Sonia soon discovered that her father had not the slightest intention of letting her go to the capital. He and her mother saw her happiness quite in another direction, as the local Justice of the Peace, a middle-aged, but well-to-do man, began to pay their child-daughter serious attentions, and in their eyes would be a most desirable husband. Sonia then at once decided to run away from home, whatever might happen.

One day her parents left to visit friends in a village some twelve miles distant, and took with them all the children except Liuba, a girl one year younger than Sonia, who confided to her the plan of escape, and found in her sympathetic support. Later on Liuba herself ran away from home, and arrived in Moscow disguised as a boy with a man's passport in her possession. Sonia now quickly packed up a few things and hired a peasant to drive her to the little town of N. (Nolinsk?), a distance of some 70 miles, for which she was charged some twelve roubles (about 25 shillings), both for the driver and his troika—three horses abreast. Sonia had no money of her own, but in N. she found her schoolfellow, Anna Ovtchinnikova (afterwards the well-known lady doctor), and some other friends, who supplied her with the means not only for paying for the past journey, but also for the far longer journey still ahead.

The interview with her friends was a very short one, as it was necessary to hurriedly cross the river Viatka, on the other side of which there was a post station where she could hire horses to take her direct to Kazan.

It was November, and the ice on the river was moving in such quantities that the ferry boat could not work, and passengers had to hire fishermen to take them over in their little canoes. Sonia arrived at the river when it had already become dark, and no one would venture to cross in a small canoe, it being too dangerous. Sonia was compelled to stay for the night in the log hovel of a fisherman, who, with his wife and children, slept on the oven, whilst she lay down on a hard wooden bench, her parcel serving her as a pillow, and her fur coat as a cover. The light was put out, and

soon the snoring from above the oven testified that all were fast asleep. But Sonia's nerves were too much excited, and she lay awake thinking of the events of the day and the unknown future before her. Tired nature, however, at last asserted her rights, and Sonia too, soon fell fast asleep, but only to be awakened about midnight by a loud knocking at the window. Sonia, trembling with fear, listened. Another knock, and a loud voice shouting:

"Ei, khoziain, otvori"—Master, open the door!

It was the voice of Father Vasili, and with horror in her heart Sonia tried to hide herself under her cover, as a faint chance of escaping attention.

The knocking continued; at last the door was opened, and the tall figure of the priest appeared in the hovel to the utter amazement of the stupefied fisherman.

Father Vasili cast a glance around the room, dimly lighted by the burning lutchina (pine wood splinter), and in a moment noticed the corner where his daughter lay huddled up like a bundle of some clothing.

Approaching her, he said in an excited, but none the less gentle tone:

"Sonetchka (endearing term for Sonia), get up and let us return home."

Sonia sat up and looked at her father in a half dazed condition.

"Come, dearest, let us return home. Oh, my God, to what a pass we have come! What are you about, darling?"

The priest tenderly took his daughter's hand in his own and tried to make her come down.

Sonia at last realised the new situation, and her heart became full of despair. Sobbing loudly, she threw herself on her knees before her father, embraced him and, kissing his hands, implored him to let her go to St. Petersburg, stating that she cannot bear staying at home, and that she preferred death to such an enforced existence.

But all her entreaties were in vain. The priest firmly, though tenderly and affectionately, continued to repeat:

"No, no, I cannot let you go. Come home!"

The scene in the poor hovel was, of course, an extraordinary one, and all the occupiers watched it as silent and bewildered spectators.

Sonia finally realised that her escape was a failure. She got up, stood for a few seconds in a meditative attitude, and then said in a decisive tone, "All right, then, let us return."

A priest's daughter of such tender age, running away from home and being brought back, would create a scandal anywhere, and the talks about Sonia's wickedness became, of course, universal and widespread. For the first few days, however, Sonia's parents treated her kindly and cautiously, but gradually they began to tyrannise over her even more than before. On every occasion she was reproached with her escapade; especially when guests were in the house, and vodka had been drunk abundantly. Father Vasili would give vent to his eloquence about the depraved girl Nihilists, who cut short their hair and in whose society his daughter wanted to enrol herself. He would use particularly insulting language in regard to Mdlle. Kuvshinskaya, Sonia's former teacher in Viatka, knowing well enough how this would hurt the feelings of the latter. Father Vasili, even on previous occasions, had intercepted the letters of Mlle. Kuvshinskaya to his daughter, and knew the former's influence on Sonia. Her mother, of course, looked on everything with her father's eyes, and she, too, would constantly worry Sonia with reproaches and complaints. The servants and the younger children were instructed to watch Sonia and report her doings, and altogether life became a real misery to the poor persecuted girl, who could not see a way out of it.

On one occasion Father Vasili and his wife had to visit Viatka, and took Sonia with them, probably fearing she might run away again during their absence. Her younger brother was a pupil in the Viatka Gymnasium, and he was told to watch his sister, who

SOPHIE VASILIEVNA SINEGUB,
née TCHEMODANOFF.

was not to go out alone. Sonia, nevertheless, managed to escape his vigilance, and had an interview with her adored Kuvshinskaya, to whom she described her utter wretchedness in the paternal home. Teacher and pupil there and then decided to arrange a fictitious marriage as the only means to secure Sonia's freedom to go and study in St. Petersburg, and Kuvshinskaya undertook to find a suitable bridegroom for that function among her numerous Nihilistic friends!

With a new hope in her heart Sonia returned home, and, to the great joy of her parents, began to conduct herself as a good girl should. She entered now with zeal into domestic duties, went regularly to church, received the visitors to the house with due courtesy, and showed a more conciliatory attitude to the Peace Magistrate, so that her parents began to hope that his offer of marriage would be finally accepted by her. Sonia, however, began to give hints that if she is to marry there is someone else on the horizon, that she is not quite without a sweetheart of her own choice, so that her parents began to think that after all she had perhaps run away from home for an object other than that of pure study. In this way Sonia partly prepared them for the appearance of the perfect stranger who was to play the part of her chosen one, and who, she felt sure, would not fail to come to her rescue, since her adored Kuvshinskaya promised to see that the plot should at least be started.

And now we must leave for a while our youthful heroine, with her rosy dreams of the future, near the sluggish Viatka, and turn our attention to the swift flowing Neva, on the banks of which, namely in St. Petersburg, a band of young and enthusiastic Nihilists had just started their patriotic plots for the emancipation of Russia by all and every means from the yoke of Czarism, and were eager to find as many helpers in their cause as possible, irrespective of creed, race, or even sex.

III.

Among the Early Nihilists in St. Petersburg.

In 1872 Russia was already seething with Nihilistic conspiracies, all having for their object the overthrow of the hated autocratic régime, but differing as to the ways and means of attaining this end, also as to the political and social forms the future State should assume—constitutional-monarchial, republican, democratic, or socialistic.

The first practical outcome of this agitation was the formation in St. Petersburg and in other University towns of some kind of loosely organised communes, in which the young students of both sexes made experiments in arranging their own lives on socialistic or communistic lines. Needless to say, there was in the "communes" more enthusiasm and haranguing than solid practical business arrangements, and none of these settlements proved of any duration. For the time being they, however, served some good purpose, simply as meeting places for reform pioneers, who here improvised lectures, discussed various plans of work, and hatched plots for sending out clandestine literature, keeping up communications with confrères in other towns, etc.

In one of such "communes" in the Izmailovskia district of St. Petersburg there lived at the time three male students, each having a room to himself, and two lady students—Nadezhda Kupreyanova and Maria Nagorskaya—both sharing one room. One evening an inmate of the commune, the student Sergius Silyitch Sinegub, the son of a hereditary nobleman and landowner in the Government of Ekaterinoslav, was reading aloud to the ladies "The history of a certain town," by Shtchedrin, and made his audience roar with laughter as he proceeded to the humorous passages. But the appearance of another inmate of the "commune," the red-haired student Tcharushin, with "clever forehead and the blue

mysterious eyes of a conspirator," suddenly put a stop to the merry mood of those present, who, from the serious expression of his face, guessed that he brought some important news. Neither were they mistaken, for he told them that he had just received a long letter from his intimate friend, Mlle. Kuvshinskaya, a teacher in Viatka, who had already converted to the people's cause a number of her girl pupils. She was now pleading on behalf of her former pupil, Mlle. Sonia Tchemodanoff, the daughter of a village priest, who would not allow her to continue her education, and from the tyranny of whom she had even once attempted to run away, but unsuccessfully. Sonia now wrote that her rescue can be effected only by means of a fictitious marriage, and the sooner the better, as she is no longer able to stand the persecutions of her own people. Kuvshinskaya, on her part, strongly recommended Sonia as " a most worthy and promising candidate for the cause," and therefore appealed to Tcharushin to use his influence with " the circle " and help the girl to come to St. Petersburg.

The audience listened to the story with the serious attention due to the occasion, and Tcharushin told them further that he himself and other friends whom he approached on the subject, did not feel themselves equal to the undertaking of such a delicate and risky mission. What followed, we reproduce in the words of Mr. Sinegub, who, like the others present, had never even so much as heard the name of the lady in question.

" Among the objects of our circle," says he, " was the rescue of people persecuted for their convictions, by arranging their escape, either from exile and prisons, or from domestic tyranny, which latter equally prevents the persecuted, person from serving the people's cause. I, therefore, without hesitation, immediately offered my services in the present case. Tcharushin who did not expect such a speedy solution of the dilemma, gladly accepted my offer, and there and then it was decided that he will inform to that effect Kuvshinskaya, and that at the latter's first request I should start for the field of action to carry out the plan."

Thus, in principle, the fictitious marriage was decided upon at once, and young Sinegub, who was only just twenty, was to be the acting bridegroom. But the village in the Viatka Government, where the fair lady was practically imprisoned in her own home, was far away, and it was evident that some considerable time must elapse before she could be communicated with through Kuvshinskaya, and all the details of the plot settled. Sinegub, therefore, not to waste his time, started on a preparatory propaganda tour among the Don Cossacks, and visited with that object Taganrog and Rostof. Then, with his elder brother, Vladimir, who, as a "political," had already done two years in the Kieff Prison, he made arrangements for the escape from home of another young girl from Ekaterinoslav, who, however, at the last moment, refused to run away, as in the meantime she had fallen in love with someone and accepted his offer of marriage. Just at this time a " rebellion " broke out among the pupils of the Royal Gymnasium in Ekaterinburg, in the province of the Ural Mountains. They were discontented with the director of the establishment, Vladimiroff, to whom they gave a good thrashing. The " circle " in St. Petersburg, on learning of these disorders, which were, of course, even less than a storm in a teacup, commissioned Sinegub to proceed at once to the disturbed town and utilise the excitement for revolutionary purposes. But on his arrival on the spot all was over, the gendarmerie had already " suppressed the revolt," and Sinegub himself had to run away for safety to a friend who lived at the Nevianski Iron Works in the Urals. Needless to say, he did not remain idle here either, for he brought with him some clandestine literature and started at once a propaganda among the workmen. The appearance of the new agitator very soon attracted the attention of the local gendarme officer. Sinegub was summoned to give an account of his opinions and beliefs, also of the object of his staying in that locality. The answers were not quite satisfactory to the suspicious official mind, but Sinegub was dealt with leniently, being ordered only to leave the place within 24 hours, which order, of course, he had to carry out without further protest.

Returning to St. Petersburg at the end of August, 1872, our hero at once threw himself heart and soul into the propaganda work among the factory hands. As a result of a two hours' visit to a spinning mill, which he left " dazed and with a headache," Sinegub composed a beautiful and touching poem, " Duma Tkatcha '—The Spinners' Longings—which was soon put to music, and became very popular, the author years later, when himself an exile in North-Eastern Siberia, having had the satisfaction of hearing it sung by exiles and working men, even in the arctic regions .

He had already almost forgotten the promise he made in March to save the daughter of the village priest in the Government of Viatka, not hearing about it any more, when one day in September of the same year (1872), while visiting his brother Vladimir, Tcharushin called on the latter, and noticing Sinegub junior, exclaimed :

" You here ! and I have been searching for you everywhere on an important matter."

It transpired that Kuvshinskaya had arrived in St. Peterburg from Viatka in August and entered the medical college for women. She had just received a letter from Sonia with an urgent request to send the promised bridegroom without delay, and Sergius was asked whether he was now ready to start.

" Of course, I was ready," writes the hero in his diary, " as there was decidedly no reason whatever to decline the enterprise."

And now the preparations for the departure of the " bridegroom " began in all earnestness, and there was indeed much demanding forethought, planning, plotting, and, of course, material means, as the reader will see for himself or herself in our next chapter, to use the language of writers of tales of mere fancy.

IV.

An Unparalleled Love Scene.

At a general "war" council held in St. Petersburg by our hero and his friends, the following plan of campaign was elaborated and adopted.

Sinegub was to pretend that he had made the acquaintance of Sonia while she was yet a pupil at the Ecclesiastical School at Viatka, had fallen in love with her, made her an offer of marriage and been accepted. He was to present himself to Father Vasili as the son of a hereditary nobleman and landowner, which was really true, and to show himself off as a young man in good circumstances with still more brilliant prospects; in a word, in every way as a most eligible suitor for the priest's daughter. While Sinegub was thus expounding his position and plans to Father Vasili, Sonia was to enter the room and immediately throw herself into the arms of her supposed sweetheart, with the exclamation, "Sergius, at last thou art here!" and then they were to passionately embrace one another. This scene was to be enacted only in case some outsiders were present in the room, or in the adjoining hall, so that they would spread the news about the arrival of Sonia's fiancé, and Father Vasili would thus be constrained in a way to reconcile himself with and accept the new situation. In the absence of strangers, Sonia was to abstain from making this demonstration, and Sinegub was simply to ask the father for the hand of his daughter, and let matters take a quiet course. But the journey to the far away village and the equipment of Sinegub as a rich man, with necessary presents for the bride, meant a large sum of money, which he did not possess. "In the circle of our friends," says Sinegub, "with the exception of my brother, nobody even wore starched shirts, or modern boots, or fashionable coats and trousers. We had to borrow all these things

from our friends among the " bourgeois " class. The ladies of our circle supplied me with a golden watch and chain, as a present for my " bride," of course to be returned to their owners after the wedding, but, certainly, there was the risk of their losing them, in case the conspiracy was unsuccessful, and I had to run away in haste. At last, after all preparations were made, on the very day of my departure, Kuvshinskaya handed over to me a photo of Sonia, explaining that it does not do her full justice, and that the original is far more beautiful. I was supplied even with a plan of the town of Viatka, which I studied diligently, as pretending to having resided there and made there the acquaintance of Sonia, it was, of course, necessary to know something about the place and not blunder in case I was asked about it in the course of conversation. Thus equipped seemingly with everything wanted, I started on the romantic journey."

Sonia, of course, was informed of all the particulars of the plot, and was ready for the occasion. The village of U——, where Father Vasili resided, was a pretty large one. He was the chief priest of the beautiful local church, having two other priests as assistants. He was a tall, fine looking man, clever, fond of music, and of a rather litigious character, being considered by his parishioners an authority even on civil law, his advice often being sought in legal cases. He was a favourite of the Bishop of Viatka, and a member of his council.

Sinegub alighted at the village inn, and there immediately after the " samovar " was put on the table and he had partaken of a couple of tumblers of tea, the proprietor and his wife, in true Russian fashion, began to interrogate him as to where he is travelling, and on what business. Sinegub replied that he is not travelling any further, having come only to see Father Vasili on an important matter.

" Aha!" exclaimed at once the worthy couple. We can guess what that matter is. You are a zhenikh; yes, a zhenikh!" (an intending bridegroom).

"I neither denied nor confirmed their guess," says our hero, "but in order to further nourish their curiosity, I smilingly said, 'Well, we shall see, who will be the bridegrom.'"

Encouraged by the good nature of their visitor, the hosts at once started to tell him all the gossip about Father Vasili's family, how his eldest daughter had run away from home, and what a scandal it was; dear me, what a scandal!

To their surprise, Sinegub told them that he knew all about it, and knew even better than anyone else why and where to she had run away from home.

"Aha!" exclaimed the hostess, "now it is quite clear that you are the bridegroom, and we can now guess also to whom she had run away."

"Everything is possible," philosophically replied our hero, secretly pleased to think that even before he saw Father Vasili the news of the arrival of Sonia's bridegroom would spread like wildfire, and that the priest would have to reckon with this fact.

"Six o'clock, the appointed hour for my visit to the priest, was approaching," says Sinegub, "and having already put on my best garments, I asked the proprieor of the inn to take me to the house. I cannot say I went there undisturbed in my innermost soul. My heart palpitated tremendously. The hour was approaching of what might turn out a big scandal. According to all reports, Father Vasili was not a man to be lightly dealt with, and for an affront to his family he would avenge himself mercilessly. But the lot had been cast, and the Rubicon crossed. There before me was the two-storied house of Father Vasili. Ascending the few steps, I entered the hall, and there, standing in the doorway of the drawing-room, behold the priest himself, gazing at me with an expression of surprise in his large intelligent eyes."

"Are you Father Vasili Tchemodanoff?"

"Yes, at your service."

"Allow me to introduce myself—Sergius Silyitch Sinegub, a hereditary nobleman, son of a landowner in the Government of Ekaterinoslav, and a student of the St. Petersburg Technological Institute."

"I am very pleased to make your acquaintance," replied the priest, shaking hands with his visitor, inviting him to the drawing-room and offering him a chair.

They sat at the opposite ends of the table, the priest proceeding to fill up a cigarette, saying:

"Won't you have a cigarette? I will prepare it in a moment. I have not a single one ready."

"In such case, allow me to offer you one of my cigarettes."

And Sinegub took out his fine silver cigarette case, which he had borrowed from a friend only for such an occasion. For some time the conversation was of the usual character, about the journey and the weather. Then Sinegub said he would like to speak with the priest upon some important subject, the real object of his visit, but Father Vasili proposed that they should first have tea and then talk over the business.

"Strange to say," relates our hero, "as soon as I saw Father Vasili in the hall, all my nervousness passed away at once, and I felt as calm as if I had to accomplish one of the most normal and natural things of everyday life. I took to the priest at a glance, and we talked and joked in the easiest manner. In the hall there was sitting on a sofa another priest, who, on my entrance, partly rose and bowed his head. The landlord of the inn also remained in the hall, and, no doubt, some of the domestics assembled there also out of sheer curiosity to have a peep at the unexpected stranger. All this was favourable to the scheme before me. From the drawing-room there was a door leading to some other room, wherefrom came sounds of whispering and movement. Suddenly that door opened, and a young girl of striking beauty, rather tall, of distinguished bearing, and with wonderful eyes, but a pale face, made her appearance. Impetuously I rose from my chair, and in another moment

that young, charming beauty, with the exclamation, 'Sergius, at last thou hast arrived!' threw her arms round my neck, and then our lips met in such a passionate kiss, as seldom takes place in ordinary circumstances. The effect was indescribable!"

Father Vasili sprang up from his chair, and, retreating to the corner of the room, seemed quite stunned, as if by an unexpected blow. The other priest, a giant more than six feet, jumped up too from his seat, bewildered and stupefied, with an air as if preparing to fly for dear life's sake. A number of figures moved about aimlessly in the hall as if thunderstruck, and finally there resounded a hysterical cry in the adjacent room, uttered by the priest's wife, who was on the point of following her daughter into the drawing-room.

Sonia, in the meantime, seizing my arm and leaning affectionately towards me, took me to her mother's room, where the latter had already thrown herself on the bed and was weeping hysterically. I took her hand and, kissing it, begged her to calm herself and listen to my explanation. But she only stared at me with a look of amazement and fear, repeatedly exclaiming:

"Who are you? Who are you?"

The lady at last became more collected, and, seeing how Sonia was clinging to me so affectionately, tore her away from me, exclaiming in an irritable voice:

"Now you must separate, please."

Turning back, Sinegub noticed Father Vasili standing in the door, pale, and with a perplexed expression in his eyes.

"My Lord!" exclaimed the poor priest, "what is the meaning of all this? I cannot understand anything! What is it?"

"I will give you an explanation immediately," replied Sinegub, "but for heaven's sake calm yourself. You will see that there is nothing terrible in what has just happened."

Father Vasili and his intended son-in-law returned to the drawing-room, where the latter began to give an account of himself, which was pretty accurate up to the point, when he said that about a year

ago, while staying in Viatka, he had made there the acquaintance of Sonia, and they both fell in love with each other, swearing fidelity even unto death. Sonia's previous escape from home was explained by her desire to join him. Sinegub told that his elder brothers were all settled in Government service, that he is the youngest son, and his father, whom he left in St. Petersburg, was now awaiting there for his return with his young wife, so that they could proceed all together to their estates in the Government of Ekaterinoslav, where young Sinegub would now take over the management of the property.

The story was told smoothly, and sounded all right. Yet Father Vasili was on his guard, and, to the great dismay of the young man, replied:

"It sounds all right, if the story is true. But, you know, I am very much afraid that you are plotting a fictitious marriage."

"An enormous power of self-control was necessary," tells Sinegub, "to enable me to conceal the confusion which arose in my soul at that moment. Fortunately I possessed such power, and not only did I not betray my inner confusion, but exclaimed, even with an expression of inimitable indignation:

"'You are insulting me, Father Vasili; you are attributing to me heaven knows what.'"

It appeared that in one of the letters to Sonia, intercepted by her father, he had read some suggestion of a fictitious marriage, but this was long ago, and the priest could not remember clearly all the contents of the letter. Still, the chief point lingered in his mind, and made him now suspicious. Sinegub, however, made personally a very favourable impression, and by-and-bye Father Vasili became more trustful and conciliatory. Soon Mother Vasili recovered from her hysterics, and, joining her husband and the young man in the drawing-room, began a severe cross-examination of the latter, wanting to know every particular, what had happened, how, and when. Sinegub could now perceive very well that the parents began to yield and to reconcile themselves to the new situation. Father and Mother Vasili then left the drawing-room to hold a family council, and Sinegub was left alone.

"Sonia came in," he tells, "pale, but triumphant. We sat down at the window and began in whispering tones to discuss our affairs. Sonia was short-sighted, but possessed eyes, which, according to the testimony later on of the well-known litterateur Flerovsky, 'were created for others.' She examined me very closely. I was yet quite beardless, with only the first tender down of a moustache. My appearance was that of a lad of eighteen, though in reality I was nearly 21. Sonia had only passed 16. She whispered to me:

"So far everything goes on well. It looks as if we shall succeed."

Of course, we agreed to address each other "thou," and generally to play the part of sweethearts.

To tell the truth, this very first evening I could not sufficiently feast my eyes on Sonia. I had not the slightest notion that I should meet with such a beauty in my fictitious bride. Her photo did not give any idea of what I found in reality. Leo Tikhomiroff, the famous revolutionist, who was my dear friend, but who afterwards changed his political views, describes Sonia in his Memoirs in the following terms: "To say that she was beautiful is not enough. She was simply of rare beauty, worthy of the noble race of the north which has preserved so well the old Slavonic type. The features of her intellectual face were strikingly regular, and betrayed a quiet indomitable spirit, which is frequently characteristic of women of extraordinary charm. At the same time her eyes struck every observer with their expression of almost childish innocence."

During a whole month I had to play the part of the sweetheart of this young beauty, I, in the prime of youth myself, and had occasionally to caress and kiss her. Everyone will admit that such a part was not without its dangerous side; and, ah! the cunning demon more and more took possession of the heart of the poor fictitious bridegroom!

The family council did not last very long. Father and Mother Vasili returned to the drawing-room and declared that they could not decide the marriage question at once, but that to-morrow they would

send for their nearest relative, the priest, Father Michael, who was married to the sister of Mother Vasili, and together they would discuss and decide the important problem.

The hour was already late, and Sonia and her mother soon went to bed. But Father Vasili remained, intent on a more thorough interrogation of the young man. In this way they talked till three o'clock in the morning, when both became at last very tired, and Sinegub, in addition, also very hungry, as the exciting scene made the hosts forget to offer their guest any refreshment.

They parted, evidently on the best of terms. Father Vasili sent a man to accompany Sinegub to the inn, and saying to the latter, " Do svidania "—au revoir—added :

" And to-morrow morning you will, of course, bring over your luggage and come and stay with us."

Awakening next morning at nine o'clock, Sinegub found that Father Vasili's man was already waiting at the inn to take his luggage. Thus, so far, everything went on well, but there was yet the principal event to come, and with it a host of preliminaries, which presented dangers capable of wrecking the whole enterprise. For marriage preparations in Russia are a very complicated affair, especially in the case of a daughter of a priest. But Sinegub had no choice but patiently to wait and anxiously to watch further developments.

V.

Preparations for the Wedding and Unforeseen Difficulties.

Once installed in Father Vasili's house, Sinegub immediately became a general favourite. Sonia's four younger sisters and her baby brother began to play with him, and he did everything to amuse them, to the delight of Mother Vasili. On the third or fourth day Father Michael arrived with his young and pretty

wife, Elizabeth, and family councils commenced at once, with the result that on the third day the supposed lovers were called into the drawing-room, placed on the carpet before the Holy Icon, and there and then, in the presence of the whole family and the domestics, Father Michael solemnly pronounced a prenuptial prayer, and declared the young couple engaged to be married. "Sonia and I," says Sinegub, "now got the permission to indulge in kisses on legal grounds."

The preparations for the wedding now commenced in earnest. These included a journey to Viatka, as Father Vasili wanted to present his future son-in-law to the Bishop and to get his blessing for the union, Sonia having enjoyed a scholarship from him during her training at the Ecclesiastical School. Father Vasili also insisted on having the blessing of Sinegub's father, by wire, if the wedding was to be performed without delay. The journey to Viatka presented serious dangers for the whole enterprise. A few years ago Sinegub's eldest brother had resided in that town as a political exile, and there married the daughter of the local governor, who was an acquaintance of Father Vasili. Should these two happen to meet, Father Vasili would no doubt tell him of the engagement of his daughter to one Sinegub, and then things might transpire as to which Sinegub preferred to be silent. In fact, he never mentioned that his brother had married the daughter of the governor of Viatka. Besides, Father Vasili might have in Viatka other friends who knew the older Sinegub as a political exile. But there was no choice for the young bridegroom, and he decided to join the family in the journey to the dangerous place, hoping somehow to get out of a likely difficulty.

Another embarrassment presented itself in the demand for the blessing of Sinegub's father, an eventuality which had not been foreseen by those who had plotted the campaign in St. Petersburg. Sinegub, sen., was at home in the Government of Ekaterinoslav, and, of course, had not the slightest idea of the romantic adventures of his son, who had told Father Vasili that his father was just then

in St. Petersburg, there impatiently awaiting the arrival of the newly married couple. However, Sinegub decided to send a telegram addressed to his father, but to the residence of his brother in St. Petersburg, feeling almost certain that the latter would grasp the situation, and wire back the blessing in the name of their father.

The party thus started for Viatka, consisting of Father and Mother Vasili, Sonia and Sinegub. The latter says:

"On the journey Father Vasili became quite familiar with me, initiating me into all his family secrets, his quarrels with other priests, who were intriguing against him, etc., etc As to Mother Vasili, she surrounded me with truly motherly tenderness, took care that I should be warm and comfortable in my vehicle, and at every halting place insisted on my eating and drinking more than was good for me. It was clear that I had quite won her heart, and on my part I began sincerely to like her. This naturally made me all the more conscience-stricken, feeling, as I did, that I was a perfect stranger to them both, and, in fact, a merciless enemy."

In Viatka the whole party were received at once by the Bishop, and poor, irreligious Sinegub had to kiss the latter's fat hand, according to orthodox fashion. The Bishop invited the whole party to come again as soon as the blessing of Sinegub's father had been received, but this did not arrive until the fourth day, causing in the meantime the greatest anxiety to the whole party. At last the laconic mesage was received by wire: "I send you my blessing, Thy Father, Sila Sinegub." This was sent by Sinegub's elder brother in St. Petersburg, without the knowledge of their father, the "circle" of young revolutionists who hatched the whole plot evidently acting on the principle that "All's fair in love and war."

The party now went again to the Bishop, who took the young couple into his private chapel, and, making them kneel down before the altar, he then blessed Sonia with the Icon of the Holy Sophie, and Sinegub only with the ordinary pastoral formula. Before parting, the Bishop gave Sonia a present of ten Tchervontsi coins, a Tchervonetz being an old Russian gold coin, each equal to three

roubles, but in reality more valuable on account of its antiquity. The Bishop also advised Sinegub to call Sonia in the future by the name of Sophie, for, explained he, "Sophie means wisdom." By this name, indeed, in its diminutive form of Sonia, our heroine was commonly called, but Sinegub insisted on calling her by her baptismal name—Larissa.

Mother Vasili now ordered Sonia's trousseau, and began to make various purchases for the great occasion. The plan was that she and Sonia should return home at once to commence the cooking, baking, cleaning and all other domestic arrangements for the wedding, whereas Father Vasili and Sinegub were to remain in Viatka to wait until all the articles were ready. This plan was suggested by Father Vasili, but his spouse was rather afraid of letting him remain in town without her personal supervision, as in such cases it was his wont to visit old friends and carouse with them to such a degree as to make him return home almost ill. Sonia and Sinegub found it most imperative for themselves to leave Viatka as quickly as possible, lest something untoward might turn up and spoil the whole enterprise. They, therefore, joined Mother Vasili in her desire that the whole party should return home at once and together, and the priest had to give in, all the more so, as another priest from their village arrived just then in Viatka for a couple of weeks, and he promised to bring all the things ordered on his return.

VI.

The Wedding, and after.

"On our return to the village," says Sinegub, "I had to don an under-cassock, presented to me by Father Vasili, and spend whole days in dulness. The women busied themselves with the sewing of linen for the bride, and various other articles most necessary, in

PRIEST VASILI TCHEMODANOFF AND HIS WIFE.

their opinion. I had brought with me from St. Petersburg a luxurious fata (bridal veil) and beautiful artificial flowers for the bride's crown, and on presenting them it transpired that Mother Vasili had bought the same articles in Viatka, but much inferior to mine, so that she was much annoyed at having wasted her money. I also made a present to Sonia of the golden watch and chain borrowed from my friends, and all these things delighted all the women, and quite established my prestige as a rich bridegroom. Special invitations were sent out to all relatives and connections, mostly clerical families, scattered in various districts of the Province of Viatka, and soon the priests began to arrive with their wives and children.

Father Vasili started to train two deacons for the singing of the nuptial hymns, himself taking the part of the first tenor. This choir was occasionally joined by the Church Psalm-Reader, a man of gigantic proportions, and at least for a whole week the house every day, from early morning, resounded with the singing of "Isaiah, rejoice," "Come forth, thou bride of Lebanon," "The crowns placed on their heads," etc. Of course, the singing was intermingled with a vipivka and zakuska (a snack and a sup at the vodka bottle), in which the priests not belonging to the choir heartily participated. From the early morning I did not know what to do with myself. I had nothing to read, if even reading were possible. Sonia began now and again to forget her part as my sweetheart, and neglected me for hours, so much so that Mother Vasili more than once remarked to her: "Will you not now go and talk with your betrothed? You have not said a word to him since early morning."

The 12th of November, the day of the wedding, finally arrived, and put an end to Sinegub's weary waiting. The following description of the chief event is given by the hero himself:

"At five o'clock in the evening the pretty village church was lighted up in festive fashion. Practically all the local inhabitants and many from neighbouring villages, flocked from all directions to the temple. I put on evening dress (for the first and, I hope, the last time in my life) and a white shirt and tie, but left my silk hat,

and put on instead an astrakhan cap. I entered the carriage with Father Michael, and we were the first to leave the house.

In the church the crowd of people divided on our approach, making a path for us. Curious eyes stared at me from all sides. I could hear whispers: "Oh, what a youth!" I felt confused, but did my best to assume an easy air. The last act of the play had now commenced, and in my impatient anxiety it seemed to me that the bride was fearfully slow in coming.

In the house of Father Vasili in the meantime, took place the ceremony of robing and blessing the bride, at which was present her schafir (best man), that very Justice of the Peace whose offer of marriage she had declined. He looked at this remarkably beautiful girl, now even more fascinating in her bridal attire, and also because she was agitated and pale, and he could not help shedding silent tears.

Finally the bride arrived, accompanied by her schafir and bridesmaids. She was so pale and her hands so ice-cold that I feared she might faint. But not looking either on me or anyone else, she followed me to the appointed place.

The choir thundered forth: "Come forth, thou bride of Lebanon!" Then the priest, a brother of Father Vasili, performed the wedding rites, finishing by making me and Sonia exchange rings. At this moment, I heard someone saying in the crowd: "Noo, teper, znatchit—shabash!"—Now they are done for. During the whole wedding ceremony I felt dreadful. The crown which was placed on my head was too large, and repeatedly slid over my eyes. Someone, I believe it was Father Michael, had the good sense to pad the crown with his handkerchief. It was a great exertion to me to hold out till the end of this torture.

Arrived at home, the guests commenced eating and drinking, drinking and eating. All at the table repeatedly sang "Mnogolietie" —Many happy years—the deacon particularly making merry and haranguing at the top of his voice. Numerous times the audience shouted the usual "Gorko!" (bitter), to which Larissa and I had to respond in the orthodox fashion by kissing one another.

After the feast, Father and Mother Vasili accompanied us to the bridal chamber. We locked the door, and remained *tête a tête* in intolerable confusion. Having put out the light Larissa undressed and disappeared in the luxurious feather bed, whilst I had to spend the night on a large box containing her things, improvising it as a resting place. In the morning, we had properly to arrange everything so as to avoid creating any suspicion. In this manner we spent three nights.

In accordance with custom, Larissa and I paid visits to all the more important inhabitants of the place, and, finally, in the evening of November 15th, we started on our way to St. Petersburg.

The parting scenes were of a most cordial nature. My mother-in-law, weeping, blessed us with the sign of the cross, and kissed us both many times. I ardently kissed her hands, which were crossing me with such tender affection.

At last the village disappeared behind us, and, stretching out my hand to Larissa, I said:

"Now, I can congratulate you upon your freedom!"

She replied nothing, but warmly shook my hand.

"Well, are you satisfied with me?"

"Yes, yes; I am deeply thankful to you," she now replied.

We arrived in St. Petersburg at the end of November, 1872, and there I placed my fictitious wife in the Women's "Commune," situated in the Baskovi Lane, "handing her over" to Mlle. Kuvshinskaya. The news of the successful issue of our enterprise spread rapidly, and for some time I was the hero and topic of conversation in various circles.

I had now two cares, one of a personal, the other of a public character. My fictitious wife had seriously touched my heart, but to confess this to her I considered almost criminal. I must somehow free myself from this weakness, and seek assistance in my public work. I must devote myself entirely to the public cause, and then no nonsense will enter my head."

VII.

As School Teachers. A Wife's Confession of Love. Orgies of a Village Autocrat.

Sinegub and his fictitious wife did not, however, remain long in St. Petersburg.

The Nihilistic movement had just entered upon the period of "going to the people" with the object of spreading new political ideas among them. The young enthusiasts of both sexes tried to find various positions in the villages as common farm labourers, artizans, clerks to the commune, teachers, midwives, etc., etc. Sinegub and Sonia were among the first pioneers of this movement, and they succeeded in getting appointments in the same school in the boot manufacturing village of Gubin-Ugol in the Government of Tver.

This school was opened and supported by a peasant of the same village, Martinoff, who had become immensely rich from his boot trade, and had a large shop in St. Petersburg, where he enjoyed the special patronage of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaiewitch, the Elder, who occasionally honoured his protegé by borrowing money from him. This circumstance, apart from his personal wealth, made Martinoff a kind of autocrat in his village, which he used to visit now and again, indulging there in debauchery and treating the villagers to feasts in a right royal manner. Everyone was subservient to this parvenu, who, however, in many cases became the real benefactor of the place. The salaries he appointed for the schoolmaster and schoolmistress were really generous in comparison with those ordinarily paid to village teachers, for they amounted to respectively £20 and £12 annually, besides a free residence, which consisted of two rooms and a kitchen. A comrade of Sinegub, Zhukoff, who settled in a neighbouring village as schoolmaster with the same political object, received a salary of £8 a year!

The villagers soon began to look with admiration on their schoolmaster and schoolmistress, seeing that their children, in the course of some three or four weeks, have really learned to read aloud from printed pages, which were a mystery to grown-up people. Sinegub was soon asked by the parents to teach them too the art of reading and writing in his and their spare hours, especially on festival days. It goes without saying that their demand was gladly satisfied, and the young teachers even organised popular readings on various topics, during which the real causes of the people's poverty were vividly brought to the minds of the audiences.

Everything went on well, and our teachers were in high spirits. The relations between the fictitious husband and wife continued to be platonic, though they were in constant close intercourse, spending the evenings together and sharing each other's joys and sorrows, all occasioned by their triumphs or disappointments in connection with the arduous work of educating and enlightening the ignorant peasants. But, says Sinegub in his diary:

"One evening our conversation touched upon moral and social topics, and through the association of ideas passing to the question of love, ended in Larissa's (Sonia's) sudden confession that she loved me, and that she had no longer the strength to conceal her feelings. I went nearly mad with happiness that evening. My own tongue would never have moved to tell her how madly I loved her, as I considered such an act would be simply a crime on my part, an encroachment upon her freedom, and an abuse of my position as her legal husband. But now she herself made the confession of love, and in a moment destroyed the barrier that checked the outburst of my intense feelings. . . Yes, there was at that moment something to make one mad with joy! . . . "

The personal happiness of our hero and heroine was, however, soon marred by conflicts with their patron, Martinoff. The latter proved to be a profligate and a real scoundrel, to whom the villagers, nevertheless, showed the greatest respect, being much dependent on his favours. On one occasion, in a fit of temper, he

even killed his own clerk for an alleged impertinent reply, but a peasant voluntarily took upon himself the responsibility for the murder for a certain sum of money; the police and the judges were bribed too, with the result that the substitute was exiled to Siberia, while Martinoff was left scot free.

During one of his visits Martinoff had all the girls and men of the village awakened at one o'clock in the morning, ordering the former to start a khorovod (procession with songs and dances), and the latter to go out fishing in the lake by the light of lanterns. Next he sent as a present to Sinegub and his wife some material for an overcoat for him and a dress for her, and the recipients, to their disgust, found it best not to return the gifts in order to avoid an open rupture with their patron. But Martinoff's visits to the school and his behaviour there became unbearable. One day he appeared there in a drunken state in his nightgown, slippers and morning frock, in the company of a young woman, his mistress. Sinegub, unable to turn them out, at once sent away all the boys, and Sonia, equally sent away the girls of her class, fearing that Martinoff would make an appearance in her department too. Martinoff was in a rage, and swore and insulted the schoolmaster, who found it necessary the next day to take lodgings for himself and his wife in a peasant's cottage and to transport their belongings. Martinoff sent for the starshina (village elder) and next day also for the stanovoi (district head of police), who began composing a formal protocol of the scandalous proceedings, intending to forward it to the Governor. Before doing that he, however, said to the schoolmaster in a friendly tone:

"You know, Mr. Sinegub, I desire you to go into the room, shake hands with Martinoff and apologise. Life's rule teaches us that the weak must yield to the strong."

"I have nothing to apologise for," replied Sinegub. "I believe it is Mr. Martinoff who owes me an apology."

The Stanovoi then proceeded to compose the protocol, and gave it to Sinegub for signature. The latter wrote out his version

of the affair, and signed it. The document was then handed over to Martinoff for signature. The room was full of witnesses and others who assembled to hear the official proceedings, and all sat or stood in solemn silence, the two adversaries sitting at the table opposite one another. Martinoff, holding the document, suddenly rose from his chair, and said to Sinegub:

"Noo, tchort s nim!" (Well, the devil take it). We have had enough of it, Sergius Silyitch; now let us become reconciled. Well, are you agreeable?"

With these words he stretched out his hand to Sinegub, who replied:

"All right, so let it be; you know that it is not me who began it."

"Hei, Gorshkoff" (the name of his servant), now shouted Martinoff, excited at the sight of the Stanovoi tearing up the document, "Quick with vodka and refreshments. Bring ale, quick, also my gun from my bedroom. I shall fire through the window and let everybody know that I have made peace with the schoolmaster."

The firing attracted a crowd of people, who were all treated to drink and refreshments. The scene took place in the evening, and Sinegub and his wife soon left for their quarters, but the company inside remained and were feasted by Martinoff until daybreak.

VIII.

Jail, Jailers, and a Kissing Letter-Post.

Sinegub and Sonia, however, decided to leave Gubin Ugol altogether, and soon returned to St. Petersburg, where they recommenced the political propaganda among factory workers until Sinegub was arrested in November, 1873.

After three weeks' detention in the prison of the Third Section, Sinegub was incarcerated in the Fortress of Peter and Paul, where he spent nearly two years in solitary confinement. Then he was incarcerated in the prison of Preliminary Detention for about two years, after which he was sent back, in 1877, to the fortress. In December, 1873, Sonia had been arrested too, but she was soon liberated, and at the end of March, 1874, she received permission to visit her husband in prison every Friday. This was a great joy to him, and he writes:

"Oh, my Lord! With what impatience I looked forward to Friday, and with what bitterness I returned every time to my cell after her visit, having before me a whole week of separation from her whom I loved so intensely! On awakening Friday mornings, I could find no rest, pacing to and fro in the cell, jumping on the chair and counting the chimes of the fortress clock, and seeking in every way possible to relieve the tormenting feelings of waiting. I tried to read, but could not, every moment my hearing was strained in the direction of the door, listening to every sound of footsteps and wondering whether they were coming in the direction of my cell. At last I was taken to the visiting room, and there I could press her to my bosom, kiss her, and caress her hand to my heart's desire."

The interviews were, of course, in the presence of gendarmes, nevertheless, Sonia managed to communicate to him brief news. The kissing proved a specially favourable channel for transmitting one to another written notes, hidden in the mouth, though the difficulties were great owing to the constant watchfulness of the officers. Besides, whispering was not allowed, the talking had to be aloud, and with a little roll of paper in the mouth the pronunciation, of course, might easily have betrayed the trick. Nevertheless, by this method Sonia not only managed to convey to him her written notes, but also to supply him with paper and a bit of pencil, without which he could make no communication. The little rolls of paper that passed between them were wrapped up in a piece of

lead paper, so that they should not get moist and be obliterated in the mouth. In this way they corresponded during a whole year, when another prisoner practising the same method of correspondence with his relatives, was caught in the act, and then the parties were separated at the interviews by a table, " And I was allowed only to kiss the hand of my wife stretched out across the table."

Of the Commander of the fortress, Colonel Bogorodsky, Sinegub gives rather a good account, telling how he would frequently enter his cell and, sitting down, begin a friendly conversation, trying to cheer up the prisoner. A few years later the son of this same Bogorodsky, a young military officer, assisted the imprisoned terrorists in opening communications with their friends outside, but was found out and exiled to Eastern Siberia as a political offender, his father at the same time being dismissed from his post.

The military warders and guard were not allowed of course to speak to the prisoners, but Sinegub tells of several sympathetic soldiers who, nevertheless, during their watch hours, would manage to converse with him through the little window in the door. The sound of the steps of the next watchman approaching to take the place of the kindly soldier would put an end to this intercourse, and then, exclaims Sinegub, " Oh, how unwillingly I left the door and the human being on the other side!"

IX.

A Flogging, and a Prison Riot.

The Russian police are never in a hurry to do anything in favour of the Russian subject, and still less so when the subject has become a political prisoner. Thus Sinegub was kept in solitary confinement awaiting his trial for fully four years and eight months!

During this time several stirring events happened in the prison which we can mention here only briefly. Several of the warders were in sympathy with the prisoners, and arranged communications between them, and also with their friends outside. One of the warders, Baranoff, even undertook to arrange the escape of the prisoners, and supplied them with keys to open their cells. Amongst those who took part in the attempt to escape were Prince Peter Kropotkin and Felix Volkhovsky, both of whom years afterwards found a safe refuge in England. On this occasion, however, the attempt failed at the last moment, owing to the chief warder, who was drugged with a narcotic, unexpectedly awakening and noticing the group of prisoners on the point of leaving the prison walls. He received 500 roubles for his silence, but the prisoners had to return to their cells.

A second attempt of two political prisoners to escape equally failed, the fugitives being noticed by a passing military officer whilst already outside the prison walls. This officer of liberal tendencies was afterwards in great distress when he discovered that the fugitives were "politicals," and one of them even his personal friend.

The most stirring event, however, during Sinegub's imprisonment was the flogging of the student Bogoliuboff, by the order of the Prefect of Police, General Trepoff, an event which led to an attempt on the life of the latter by the famous Mdlle. Vera Zassoulitch, and to the commencement of the terroristic campaign. Bogoliuboff was condemned to fifteen years' convict labour for participating in the peaceful students' demonstration in front of the Kazan Cathedral, St. Petersburg, on December 6th, 1876. He was confined in the Prison of Preliminary Detention awaiting his deportation for Siberia. Sinegub was, at the time, kept in the same prison, transferred there from the Fortress of Peter and Paul. Altogether at the time of the incident there were confined in this prison about 300 prisoners, each of the "politicals" being kept in a solitary cell. From their windows most of them could watch

what was going on in the prison yard, where they were taken out, singly or in batches, for a walk. On the 13th of July, 1877, Trepoff visited the prison, and noticed Bogoliuboff standing in the courtyard with his cap on his head. He approached him and shouted:

"How darest thou stand in my presence with covered head?"

With these words Trepoff raised his hand and knocked off the prisoner's cap. The other prisoners who witnessed this scene from the windows of their cells, being convinced that Trepoff had struck Bogoluiboff, began to shout:

"Scoundrel, executioner. Leave this place, Trepoff!"

Prisoners in other cells hearing these shouts and learning of the insult to their comrade, joined in the chorus of threats, and began to knock at the doors or window bars, and in a moment the prison became a scene of general indescribable uproar. Trepoff, angrily looking at the threatening faces in the six-storied prison building, turned to the governor of the prison and, pointing to Bogoliuboff, said:

"Take him away to be flogged."

In about half-an-hour the governor informed the "politicals," with a boast, that Bogoluiboff had received thirteen blows with the rod.

The "politicals" then commenced rioting and breaking everything in their cells. Trepoff sent an additional force of policemen, who, together with the prison warders, commenced beating the demonstrators and dragging them to the special punishment cells. Guilty and innocent alike were tortured without discrimination. Thus Felix Volkhovsky, who was stone deaf that day and knew nothing of the occurrence, was dragged out from his cell and beaten unmercifully, chiefly on his head, he being already subject to frequent and acute pains in the head. Sinegub escaped the punishment simply because, having destroyed everything in his cell, he was lying exhausted and silent at the moment the executioners passed his cell.

The prisoners on that day had nothing to eat from early morning, and many of them were in a horrible condition and in need of hospital treatment, which, however, was not forthcoming. That day was a visiting day for the prisoners' relatives and friends, but this time they were not admitted. From the street, however, they could hear the uproar in the prison, and they soon learned what had happened there. The news created a sensation in the city, and messages from friends were sent to the prisoners imploring them to stop rioting and promising that the dastardly atrocity of Trepoff should soon be avenged. And, indeed, shortly afterwards a young girl, who had never known Bogoluiboff personally, Vera Zassoulitch, came to St. Petersburg from Southern Russia, and, pretending to present a petition to General Trepoff, fired at him point blank, wounding him severely, and even dangerously, as it was thought on the first examination. This was practically the first shot which became the signal for the whole terroristic campaign of the Nihilistic period, but the full story of Mdlle. Zassoulitch and her trial by jury, who pronounced the astounding verdict of "Not Guilty," must be told in more detail in a special sketch of the life of this first pioneer of Russian women Nihilists.

X.

A Famous Trial, a "Hunger Strike," and the Assassination of General Mezentzeff.

At last, on the 18th of September, 1877, the famous trial of 193 political prisoners began, among whom was the hero of our story. The special department of the Senate forming the Court at first had all the prisoners present in the hall together, but after the reading of the long indictment was over, the Senate resolved to divide the accused into seventeen groups and try each group

separately. This called forth the indignation of the accused, as, in consequence, they could not hear all the proceedings at the Court, whereas they were all brought to trial on the same charge, as belonging to the same secret organisation wishing to undermine the fundamental laws and order of the Autocratic régime. The prisoners then resolved to protest against this decision of the Court, and elected Sinegub to declare in their name at the next sitting, that they do not acknowledge the authority of a Court which has infringed their right of being present at the proceedings all of them together, and they ask the Court, therefore, to dismiss them and try them in their absence. The president of the Court, Senator Peters, on hearing this declaration, shouted to the gendarmes: "Take him out!" Before the gendarmes disappeared with Sinegub, Peters called out to him: "Will you at least answer questions?" "No," replied Sinegub, "before such a court I do not want to speak." For several days the accused were brought into Court by force, the soldiers carrying them literally in their arms, but the prisoners hurled insults at the judges, who were finally compelled to leave them in their cells and try them in their absence. Part of the prisoners, however, by mutual consent agreed to appear at the trial. Amongst these was the famous Hypolite Muishkin, who delivered the most eloquent and fiery speech ever heard in a Russian Court, and of whose extraordinary personality and tragic career we tell in another sketch. Among the politicals tried in this case was also Catherine Breshkovskaya, to whose career, too, we have devoted a special sketch.

At last, at the end of March, 1878, nearly eight months since the trial began, the prisoners were officially informed of the sentences passed on them. Sinegub was condemned to nine years' hard labour in the Siberian mines, the other prisoners to the same or various terms of punishment. The Court resolved to petition the Czar personally to substitute, in many cases, simply exile to Siberia instead of convict labour, and all were convinced that Alexander II. would show clemency, as well as political sagacity, in granting the

petition of the Court, as was usually the custom. But in this case the Czar was more severe upon his political antagonists than was his own appointed Court, and, in the case of twelve of the condemned, reported to be the most energetic and talented, the Czar left the petition of the Senate without result. Among these excluded from any clemency was Sinegub, from whose sentence, however, was deducted the term of four years and eight months spent in prison before the trial, and one month necessary for the journey to Siberia.

After the sentence Sinegub and his comrades were kept in the Fortress of Peter and Paul awaiting their deportation to Siberia, which took place early in the following July. During this period Sinegub participated in a "hunger strike" resolved on by those "politicals" who were still awaiting their trial, and who demanded the same relaxation of the rigorous prison régime as was accorded to those who had already been tried. Sinegub and his comrades resolved to join the hunger strike simply to support the other politicals awaiting trial. For three days none of them took any food, and the tragedy becoming known to the prisoners' relatives and friends, the latter in large numbers hurried to the Chief of Gendarmes, General Mezentzeff, imploring him to make the slight concessions demanded by the prisoners and not allow them to starve themselves to death. The reply of this tyrant was characteristic: "Let them die; I have already ordered coffins for them all," he said to the distressed mothers, fathers, wives, sisters and betrothed of the prisoners.

Mezentzeff, however, did not have his way. The next day the authorities found that to allow a couple of hundred "politicals" to starve themselves to death was dangerous, as their relatives and friends were sure to wreak vengeance on the responsible officials. The chief demand of those awaiting trial, viz., to transfer them from the fortress to an ordinary prison with a less rigorous régime was conceded, and the long fast was broken. In a day or two, however, it was found out that the authorities had deceived the prisoners,

having transferred them only to another department of the same fortress. Negotiations were then commenced to once more resume the hunger strike. but information was received that preparations were being made to kill General Mezentzeff, and the prisoners gave up their intended second fast.

The execution of General Mezentzeff for this and many other atrocities was undertaken by a young Artillery officer, Kravtchinsky, who afterwards resided many years in England and became known in the political and literary world under the name of Sergius Stepniak. When Sinegub, an intimate friend of the latter, learned his intention he wrote him a long letter opposing this terroristic act, but Stepniak did not agree with his arguments, and, as is well known, stabbed Mezentzeff to death, himself succeeding in making good his escape.

IX.

A Constitution Worse than Autocracy. Exiled *from* Siberia. More Heartrending Tragedies.

On July 22nd, 1878, Sinegub was at last deported to Siberia.

At the expiration of his term of convict labour he was granted permission to return to European Russia, but he preferred to remain in Siberia, and for the last six years has been residing with his family in Tomsk. Here he held the post of Controller of the Government Savings Bank, devoting his leisure to literary work. He abstained from active participation in political affairs, and, broken down in health and aged before his time, hoped to be left in peace and security for the rest of his days. But the proclamation of the Czar's "Constitutional" Manifesto in October, 1905, granting religious and civil liberty, brought on Sinegub, as on many others, only ruin and misery, instead of greater relief and comfort. During the preparations for the elections to the first Duma, the authorities in Tomsk, as in other places, began to "clear" the town from

politically unreliable elements, and in March, 1906, Sinegub, who was ill and in the hands of a doctor, was suddenly seized and thrown into prison. Here he was kept for four days, and then ordered to leave "immediately" the frontiers of Siberia, without allowing him any time not only to settle his private family affairs at home, but even to hand over his office in the Government Savings Bank. A curious event thus happened of a "political" being exiled from Siberia to European Russia!

The whole of the summer Sinegub wandered about not being able to fix his abode, as he did not know for what crime he was exiled *from* Siberia, nor for how long he would not be permitted to return. At last, in September, 1906, the Governor General of Tomsk, wrote personally upon Sinegub's petition the following resolution: "I see no obstacle to Sinegub's return to Tomsk and his resuming his former post."

Sinegub then returned, but up to the moment of writing the Government Director of the Siberian Railway, Ivanowsky, in whose jurisdiction the savings banks are, refuses to receive him again into service, on the ground that he wants no politically unreliable officials.

Such is the "change" produced in this and in numerous similar cases by the Czar's Constitutional Manifesto! To conclude with one example more, we may mention here the fate of the sister of our heroine Sonia, Liuboff Vasilievna. She, too, in her youth was a girl of remarkable ability, and assisted her sister Sonia in escaping from home in pursuit of knowledge and liberty, herself afterwards similarly escaping for the same purpose. She became in turn a schoolmistress and nurse, was implicated in the trial of the famous Vera Figner, and exiled to Siberia, whence she escaped only to be recaptured and exiled again to a more remote place in the government of Irkutsk, Eastern Siberia. There she married a political exile, Alexander Kirchner, who afterwards became the editor and proprietor of the prosperous "Amur Gazette," published in Blagoveshtchensk. After his death his widow continued the publication until the promulgation of the Constitutional Manifesto,

when the paper was suppressed. Liuboff Vasilievna was ruined there and then, having lost her printing establishment and even her private house. Her health, which had already given way during her Siberian exile, has become even more impaired, and she is now mentally affected, living with her two children in poverty and misery in Chita, Eastern Siberia.

The last letter we received from Mme. Sinegub from Tomsk tells of more heartrending tragedies in her family. Her son Anatoli was an officer of the Chita Regiment, which was one of the first sent to Liao-Yang against the Japanese in the recent Russo-Japanese War. He was opposed to the War, as not being demanded by any national interests, but had to take part in several skirmishes, and never returned from a night encounter with the enemy. As he was not taken prisoner, it is evident that being wounded he was simply left on the field without any aid, and there expired, as was the case with so many others.

Her daughter Natasha, a charming and highly cultured girl of 17, committed suicide, her nerves having become unstrung from the constant tragedies she had to witness in her young life in their own family, as well as among friends. Her eldest son Sergius, a youth of 16, also committed suicide in a fit of melancholy developed during his training in a Government classical gymnasium. This was a direct consequence of the cruel educational system inaugurated in all Russian middle schools and universities at the beginning of the reactionary reign of Alexander III. It was declared that students and gymnasia pupils read revolutionary literature and occupy themselves with politics simply because they have too much leisure at their disposal. The Ministry of Education has therefore enormously increased the programme and scope of subjects in all educational establishments with the express object of depriving the young generation of any leisure hour they may have left. Students and pupils of both sexes were thus at a tender and growing age deliberately overworked by the diabolical design of the Government for its own political purposes. Having every day to learn by heart an

overwhelming mass of dry subjects, and smarting besides under an iron discipline and constant fear of punishments, the young organisms in numerous cases broke down, developing various diseases, melancholy and despair becoming a frequent occurrence, leading to suicide, the case of young Sinegub being but one example. Mme. Sinegub concludes her letter with the following pathetic words:

"My two sons, in spite of their youth, have already had their share of the torture which is the common lot of a Russian, suffering constant persecution as students, and experiencing even imprisonment and exile. At present we still have four children alive, but as you know, what Russian parents do not look on their children as doomed from the very dawn of their life? My own children are of nervous constitutions and extremely sensitive natures, while the conditions of Russian life do not allow the development of healthy organisms and well-balanced minds. Will my children live to see better days, without deportations, prisons, gallows and shootings? How I envy the English youth! What a happy childhood they seem to enjoy, what happy school years!"

Of her husband Mme. Sinegub tells us that he is aged before his time and quite broken down. The photo here reproduced was taken some fifteen years ago.

Whose heart will not ache with pain and bitterness against so cruel a despotism in reading this sad story of the tragic ends and broken lives of those who entered upon their youthful careers so full of hope and self-sacrifice for the good of their fellow men, but who have to undergo an endless lingering martyrdom in order that a potentate may keep his throne and power at the expense of a nation's perpetual agony of existence. Alas! we can only send our hero and heroine the expression of our affectionate sympathy and of our admiration of their lives consecrated to duty, and trust that our readers join us heartily in this message.

PROF. PETER LAVROFF.

A LEADER OF LEADERS.

PROF. PETER LAVROVITCH LAVROFF.

I.

In Russia.

Humanity will no doubt always consist of the few who lead and the many who are led, of the shepherds and the flocks. A few chosen ones, however, have the high distinction of leading the leaders, and to such belonged the subject of this brief sketch.

Peter Lavrovitch Lavroff was born in 1823, in the village Melekhovo, Government of Pskov, where his father possessed a patrimonial estate. Thus, like many other famous Russian revolutionists, this future implacable enemy of Czarism and ardent friend of the oppressed, belonged by birth to the very class of the oppressors. For the Russian nobility, itself oppressed by the autocracy of the Czar, in its turn exercised an almost equally unlimited despotism over the peasant-serfs of their estates.

His father, although a man of despotic temper, who required submission from all the members of his family, was nevertheless a man of culture and well-educated for his time. Peter, as a boy, became a voracious reader of books in Russian, German and French, which three languages he early knew almost equally well.

It is said that Alexander I., going to Southern Russia in 1824, condescended even to have a rest in Lavroff's Manor, and occasionally caressed with his own majestic hand the future revolutionist, then only a baby of one year.

The works of Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alambert and others became familiar to Peter in his early years. In 1837 he entered the Artillery School, and here at the age of 16 began his first experiments

in literature, one of his poems having appeared in a review. However it was not in poetry that his chief vocation lay. Scientific, historic and philosophic questions began from early days to interest his active and inquiring mind. At school "The History of the French Revolution," by *Thiers,* was one of the books which he read over and over again with passion. A little later he made his first acquaintance with the Socialistic writers of the beginning of the last century.

In 1842 Lavroff left College with the rank of an officer, and in 1844 was appointed professor of mathematics in the Artillery School. In 1852 he was appointed lecturer in the Constantine Military School, and remained professor in both these institutions till the time of his arrest.

He wrote different articles on mathematical and other scientific questions, but his literary activity proper commenced later in the beginning of the reign of Alexander II.

The first literary work of Lavroff that attracted public attention was his article on Hegel's Philosophy (1856). But a greater sensation was produced by his articles on "Individuality," republished in 1860, and dedicated to A. H. and P. P. *i.e.*, A. Herzen and P. Proudhon. Here we find the keynote to the author's guiding philosophy and action through life. He held that every man, instead of blindly following tradition and conventional opinion, should work out his own convictions for himself by means of the most severe criticism of prevailing ideas, taking as his guide the principles of positive science, and then act accordingly in practical life. To think and live just "as our fathers and forefathers did," does not form the *moral man.* He who thinks independently, has formed his own convictions, but makes no effort and sacrifice to carry them out, is *an immoral man.*

These principles practically became the foundation of incipient Nihilism as an ethical school, and it was for the enunciation of such purely theoretical views that Lavroff had subsequently to flee from his own much loved country. He, however, during the last three

decades left no important fact of Russian life without having fully outspoken himself about it, with the profoundness of a thinker, with the ardour of a man of conviction, with the courage of the true seer.

In proportion as the dawning light of Alexander II.'s liberalism faded into the darkness of despotism, Lavroff advanced more and more on the way from loyal to revolutionary radicalism. Almost on the eve of the Polish insurrection of 1863, after which the Russian Government decidedly threw off their liberal mask, Lavroff entered the Revolutionary Society "Land and Liberty," and became intimately associated with the famous Tchernyshevsky, who was soon afterwards arrested and exiled to the Siberian Mines.

Lavroff for his outspoken honesty had by this time acquired amongst officials the reputation of a "non-trustworthy man." From this to an arrest there is only one step. Then came the 4th of April, 1866, when Karakosoff made his attempt on the life of Alexander II. A reign of terror began, especially at St. Petersburg, and perquisitions, arrests, deportations followed without number. Lavroff was finally arrested and tried by Court Martial in August, 1866. He was charged with the authorship of four poems "disrespectful to Nicholas I. and Alexander II.;" with sympathy and intimacy with persons of criminal "tendencies;" also with the propaganda of "subversive ideas" by means of the Press. He was found guilty on all these points, and on February 27th, 1867, after nine months' preliminary detention, was taken to Totma, a tiny town in the north, whence he was transferred some time after to an even more miserable place—Kadnikoff.

In this remote northern semi-savage spot, in distressing loneliness and hardships, the moral strength of the author of the treaty on "Individuality" showed itself most brilliantly. As soon as he arrived there, he started to work, the result of which was a series of articles in different Russian reviews. The most important of them were those on "Civilization and Savage Tribes" and on "Morals." But what made Lavroff really famous were his celebrated "Historical Letters"—a series of articles treating again of

the rôle of " Individuality " in history, of the aims of morals, of the duty of an intellectually and morally devoloped person towards country and people, etc. These essays became a kind of revolutionary gospel, on which was educated the generation of Nihilists, who have begun a new, as yet not finished, phase in Russian progress, by going as political missionaries " to the people," into the midst of peasants and factory labourers. However, when this movement attained its height, Lavroff was already far off from Kadnikoff, and in fact from Russia.

II.

Activity Abroad.

In February, 1870, with the aid of Herman Lopatin, who long afterwards was arrested in his turn and immured in the casemate of Schlüsselburg, Lavroff escaped from the place of his exile, and in March of the same year was already in Paris. Since then, for a period of nearly thirty years, he lived the life of a proscript dividing his labours between science and revolution.

Soon after his arrival in Paris Lavroff was elected a member of the Anthropological Society, and then was invited by the eminent savant Broca to the editorial staff of the " Revue Anthropologique." At the same time he intimately connected himself with Varlaine, the future communard, and was introduced by him into the organization of the " International." Meantime came the Franco-German War. The Empire collapsed, and soon after it followed the Insurrection of Paris under the banner of the Commune. Lavroff offered his services to the revolutionary government for the organization of their schools. As is well known, that Government did not hold out long enough to be able to undertake such enterprises. All its energies were directed to the struggle for its very existence, and in this struggle it fell. Lavroff tried to organize support from other countries; with this aim in view, he went to Brussels and

London, but his efforts came to nothing, and the insurrection was drowned in the blood of the Parisian proletariat. Later on Lavroff wrote a brochure on the revolution of 18th March, one of the remarkable works on the history of the Commune. But, of course, his principal activity was devoted to the struggle for liberty in Russia. In 1873, on the proposition of a group of comrades in Russia, he started in Zurich a non periodical review, " Vpered " (Forward), the publication of which was transferred next year to London; there it was transformed into a fortnightly gazette, which existed in such form till 1876, when Lavroff resigned his editorship, and the gazette was turned again into an occasional review. The cause of his disconnection with the paper was that the Russian Constitutional Movement at that time entered upon a course of extreme Nihilism. Lavroff did not approve of violent methods, but at the same time considered that the workers *in* Russia were more competent judges as to the choice of means for the struggle than an exile living abroad and separated from the ever changing Russian actualities. He could not agree with them, and therefore stood aside, at least for a time.

In February, 1880, the dynamite explosion in the Winter Palace took place, in connection with which Hartmann was arrested in Paris, his extradition being demanded by the Russian Government. The affair excited a universal sensation, and it was owing to the energetic representations made by Lavroff to the French Government that Hartmann was released.

Next, Lavroff took part in the organization of the Foreign Section of the " Red Cross Society of the Party of Narodnaya Volia " (The People's Will). For this he was expelled from France in February, 1882, and went to London. This expulsion, however, created such energetic protests on the part of Lavroff's French friends that, although the decree of expulsion was never formally annulled, he was nevertheless permitted to come back to Paris. Here in the following year the Party of Narodnaya Volia resolved to publish their official journal in Paris, and Lavroff was chosen as one of its editors. This publication, however, was discontinued in

1885. In 1892 he contributed valuable articles to the publication "Materials for the History of the Revolutionary Movement in Russia." His other literary productions are numerous, but his largest and really monumental work is his "History of Thought." While yet in Russia Lavroff began his studies on this subject, but it was long after his arrival in France that he finally commenced the publication of the results of this vast research. The work in substance is a philosophic and scientific treaty on the evolution of the world, which Lavroff follows in its cosmical, geological, anthropological and historic phases, working up through all these changes and preparations to the history of human thought in its modern stage. The author sees in the past evolutions of life and thought the surest guarantee for a future triumph of the highest dreams of rational social reformers, thus breathing hope into each and every present day worker. Two large volumes of about sixteen hundred pages of this work have already been published, but they do not by any means include the whole. The author had yet many enterprises planned, but in the midst of them he was taken from us. He died on February 11th, 1900.

It is generally the case that we show more appreciation and affection for our friend the moment he is dead than we do during his life. Lavroff's death and funeral were one more illustration of this peculiarity of human nature. Numerous tributes to his memory came even from many who did not share his radical principles, but could not help honouring and admiring the man.

In England, papers like the *Times, Morning Post, Globe,* not to speak of the Radical Press, honoured his memory with appreciative obituary notices. All Paris knew Lavroff, if only by name, and many French celebrities were his personal intimate friends. As regards Russia, his influence there, especially upon the young generation, was widespread and deep. When visiting Paris Russians of every position and age eagerly sought to make the acquaintance of the gentle elderly exile, upon whom they all looked as upon their intellectual and moral teacher.

MARIE ZEBRIKOFF.

A VETERAN LADY LITTERATEUR AND PATRIOT

MARIE CONSTANTINOVNA ZEBRIKOFF.

The life of this noble, brave and gifted woman is not only interesting and instructive in itself as that of one of the most prominent of Russian authors and journalists, but also serves to illustrate Russian conditions and intellectual development fifty or sixty years ago. Her works and efforts besides form a landmark in the history of the emancipation of the Russian woman.

Whilst yet in Russia we received the data here given from Mdlle. Zebrikoff herself for an article we contributed to the well-known German work "Die Frauen des XIX. Jahrhunderts," published in Berlin by the famous leader of the Woman's Suffrage Movement in Germany, Frau Lina Morgenstern. Some additional facts are now given here which have taken place since the appearance of the German publication.

I.

An Honest Official's Family.

Constantine Zebrikoff, the father of our heroine, was a naval officer and manager of the Imperial workshops at Cronstadt. Strictly orthodox, and of unimpeachable probity, he gained from his colleagues the derisive nickname of "Sobaka na Sene," or, "The Dog in the Manger," on account of his not taking bribery

and preventing others from doing so. Her mother, too, was very orthodox, and thoroughly imbued with the notions and ideas of the oppressive Russian system of that period.

Marie was born in 1835, and her education was carried on at home. Marie's ideas in her early years were greatly influenced by her father's orderly, Pankoff; he it was who inspired her, even at this early age, with that love of the people and of liberty, which subsequently formed the basis of all her opinions and efforts, and became the dominant passion of her life.

It often happened that, for some childish fault, Marie and her younger sister were condemned to remain indoors on bread and water fare. On such occasions Pankoff surreptitiously brought them dinner, manufactured playthings for their amusement, and told them fairy tales from the popular folk-lore.

Marie was naturally very fond of the old soldier, and subsequently he served as the original of the hero, Old Panfnuty, in a story which Marie wrote in a literary miscellany, *The Ant.* In this early effort she paid a faithful tribute to her old friend.

About this time an incident occurred which made a deep impression on Marie's childish mind. On the arrival of a large quantity of hemp for the Marine workshops, her father refused to receive the consignment, as the hemp proved to be rotten. Zebrikoff's superior officer, however, who had received a bribe, blustered and threatened to dismiss him for his scrupulousness in the matter, but Zebrikoff remained steadfast in his resolution to reject the hemp. His superior then threatened to bring him before a Court Martial for insubordination, but the conscientious official was not to be intimidated by any such menace. To the entreaties of his wife and his eldest daughter, who implored him with tears to spare his family, he replied:

"If I lose my situation, it is the will of God; I can, if need be, earn my living as a common sailor; but when my children are grown up they shall never be able to reproach their father with having been guilty of a base action."

This incident led to Zebrikoff's dismissal from the Government service, and from that time forth he became the object of Marie's veneration and hero-worship.

The family now sank into very straitened circumstances. In one respect, the difficulties against which the family had to struggle at this time exercised a salutary influence upon Marie.

When she heard her parents lament their inability to engage a tutor for her, she commenced trying to teach herself, and thus, unaided, managed to make considerable progress.

Being very fond of listening to the conversation of her elders, she was greatly vexed when she heard her parents speaking together sadly, and under their breath. This generally happened when her father had received tidings of his brother Nicholas. The latter took part in the " Decembrists' " revolt, and had passed several years in banishment in Siberia. Marie's father was a stern opponent of this party, which he regarded as deluded. But he still considered the Czar had punished them too severely, and behind closed doors, within the sanctity of his own home, did not hesitate to condemn the harshness of such measures. After thus unburdening his feelings, he would hasten to the Icon, there to confess his sinfulness in having uttered a word, or harboured a thought against the Lord's anointed. Zebrikoff's whole life was an inward struggle between the upright and humane dictates of his own heart and the demands of the orthodox Church—a struggle which he bequeathed to his daughter Marie.

When the position of the family began to improve, owing to the father obtaining a post even better than the one he had lost, Marie enjoyed the advantage of being instructed by good masters. In studying general literature she obtained an insight into the falsity of the ideas and principles that prevailed around her.

During the preliminary fermentation in favour of the emancipation of the serfs, Marie's tutor at times expressed himself frankly against the bondage endured by this section of the population, but no sooner did his pupil besiege him with questions, than he hastened

to withdraw his unguarded utterances and to justify the existing condition of things as a necessary and beneficent tutelage over the untaught, ignorant masses. These opinions and expressions gave Marie food for painful and anxious reflection, and also for futile questioning, to which she could get no satisfactory answer. She perceived that her parents and teachers hid many things from her, and that it was impossible for her to learn the truth. She had become very much attached to an English family from whom she took lessons in the English language. This friendship was all the more delightful to her from the fact that their mode of life and whole tone of thought were new and strange to her, differing entirely from anything that had hitherto come under her notice. Here, for the first time in her life, she heard such words as Parliament, Election, Franchise, Liberal and Conservative Parties, trial by jury, etc., all of which greatly interested the impressionable young girl, and drew out her dormant powers, revealing to her a new life and a higher range of thought.

All regular instruction ceased for Marie as soon as she had attained her fifteenth year, as it was considered she had acquired all that was necessary for the mental development of a young girl of good family.

She now began a course of general reading, and, as she expressed it, " devoured " various poetical works and classics. Her favourites were Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, and Byron.

She kept a diary, and wrote songs and poems, although her mother considered these first attempts at composition a foolish and unsuitable occupation for a young girl, and when she could find them she invariably threw them into the fire. This disparaging estimate of Marie's powers, however, was not shared by her maternal uncle, a man of considerable talent, but unfortunately addicted to drink. He at once recognised the future writer in these first attempts. " My little Marie," said he, and his heartfelt words made an indelible impression on her mind, " this is a gift of God; watch over it and

preserve it in all its purity as long as you live." Though delighted with this encouragement, Marie did not as yet allow herself to dream of a literary career.

II.

The New Reign and the Reform Movement: Marie's Literary and Political Activity.

In the year 1855 the whole family removed from Cronstadt, and took up its abode in St. Petersburg, where a new life began for Marie. The circle in which she moved consisted almost exclusively of Naval officers, with their wives and families. Her parents were very cautious and strict in their choice of acquaintances, and in this narrow sphere Marie at first found life a dull and wearisome affair. Soon, however, great changes took place in Russia, which exercised an influence even on private life. Czar Nicholas I. died, and his political programme was buried with him; the milder government of Alexander II. began, and brought with it many reforms; the old order of things passing away and everything was in a commotion, as innovation succeeded innovation. Many "Decembrists" also were pardoned and returned from banishment.

Among these was Marie's uncle, the above-mentioned Nicholas Zebrikoff, who now came to St. Petersburg, and henceforth exercised a powerful influence over his niece.

She had pictured him to herself as a wicked, godless man; an enemy of the Throne and of the Church, and a disturber of his country's peace. She was at first afraid of him, and tried to bring him back into the right way, and to rescue his soul from what she believed to be error; but a brief interchange of ideas sufficed to make her his most devoted adherent, and she was completely carried away by the goodness and kindness of a disposition which was in such entire harmony with her own.

Meanwhile the great movement tending towards greater freedom had begun.

Literature brought its forces to swell the stream of public opinion, a new school arose, which threw a halo of poetry and romance over the life of the people, and represented the peasant in his long, coarse linen tunic as a patriarchal and highly moral figure. The rising generation enthusiastically espoused the new ideas, dreamt of throwing in its lot with the people, and of establishing the equality of the sexes. Both in St. Petersburg and Moscow, Sunday and evening schools were opened, to which women and girls were allowed access. Naturally all these innovations fired the enthusiasm of the gifted and freedom loving Marie. She assiduously attended the lectures of different professors and studied many scientific works. She was a great admirer of Herzen's "Bell," published in London. While reading his work, "From the other Shore," she writes: "It thrilled through me, and I was seized with an ardent longing to aid in the good work of raising the people from the dismal slough of ignorance and wretchedness in which they had been hitherto immersed." Another of Herzen's works which had a beneficial effect upon her was *Du Développement des Idees Revolutionnaires en Russie.* Her uncle borrowed this book to lend to his friend v. Brycheney; the latter read Marie's critical annotations in the margin and exclaimed with surprise: "Even young girls now read, understand, and are inspired by such works. You will see that within twenty years or so we shall have effected quite an intellectual revolution in Russia." Marie's Conservative mother could not, however, reconcile herself to the new ideas and the spirit of the age, and raised many obstacles and hindrances to her daughter's studious pursuits.

In that section of society where the new order of things found no favour, a hundred disparaging anecdotes circulated about the young man and the young girl of the period, more especially about the latter. People made themselves merry over the intimate footing on which elegant cultivated women put themselves with peasants,

cooks and washerwomen, and assumed that this amalgamation of ranks and the frequent meeting of the sexes at lectures must be dangerous for young girls. It was this prejudice that impelled Madame Zebrikoff to forbid her pretty daughter to teach in the Sunday Schools, which were principally intended to provide gratuitous instruction for women and young girls. She therefore continued to work out her own intellectual development, read many books, and formed her opinions and convictions under the guidance of her uncle Nicholas, whose pupil she was proud to call herself. At last, in the year 1868, her first article appeared under the title *Nashi Babushki,* "Our Grandmothers," and made a sensation, but chiefly because people were mistaken as to the identity of the author, and supposed the anonymous article to be from the pen of another lady who was well known in literary circles. Encouraged by the favourable reception of her work by the cultivated public, Marie now began systematic work as an author, a career which the rigorous censorship of the Press renders one of no little difficulty and trial in Russia.

In the year 1862 she had the advantage of foreign travel in the capacity of travelling companion to her aunt.

"What chiefly attracted me abroad," she writes, "was the beauty of nature. I prized the high degree of culture that prevailed, but was painfully impressed by the narrowness, the egotism, and the meanness of society; it is true, however, that I only made the acquaintance of tourists."

She described her travelling impressions in the story *From Bingen to Cologne.*

In the year 1872 she translated from the French *Les Memoires d'une Idealiste,* the original of which was written in German by Frl. V. Meysenburg, a work in which several touching chapters are devoted to Herzen and his family, the authoress having been governess to his children for several years.

When this translation appeared, the Censorship confiscated it and commenced an action against Marie. At that time there still existed in Russia a form of public trial and particular rules for literary cases. The Public Prosecutor found nothing illegal in the book; the Court sent back the work to him for a fresh perusal, but again he could find nothing to bring it under the condemnation of the law.

A new law was then promulgated, according to which works confiscated by the Censorship were no longer privileged to come before the public courts, but came under the direct control of the Minister of Public Enlightenment, from whose verdict there was no appeal. Marie personally visited the principal administrative department for matters of the Press, and inquired of one of the officials when she may have her book back.

"The book will be sent to the Minister's Council," was the reply.

"But you have no right to do that; my book appeared while the former regulations were in force, and, as is well known, the present law has no retrospective effect."

"We live under an autocratic form of Government."

"That is very sad for me; then my book will not be given up?"

The official's only reply was to cast a reproving glance at her. The Censorship was always particularly hard on all the writings of Marie. Nevertheless, all her articles, critiques and other literary works made a great sensation, were sympathetically received, and she was soon regarded as the most talented female writer in Russia. She was always dissatisfied, however, with her own achievements, and was her own severest critic. Her æsthetic taste and moral sense revolted against everything that was distorted, faulty, or false in art, literature, or social ideas. A Liberal to the backbone, she directed the arrows of her criticism with particular energy against the conservatism of the ruling classes. For that reason alone she was always specially marked out for disapproval by the Censorship, and suffered great pecuniary loss by the prohibition to print several of her works, and the confiscation of others.

On one occasion she asked the editor of the famous magazine, *Patriotic Memoirs*:

"Can you explain to me why I am so persecuted? Others are more talented, and can do more than I, and yet it is I who suffer the most."

"Mademoiselle," he replied, "it is the venom in your pen which must account for it."

Marie was, however, by no means a revolutionist. She desired reforms that could be brought about by legal and peaceful means, and bent all the powers of her mind to influence the Socialistic youth and turn them away from terrorism. Whilst she was residing in Switzerland in 1872, the agitation there of Russian students of both sexes was at its height. Revolutionary writings were despatched thence to Russia, and many plots were hatched. As the agitation increased, the Russian Government demanded the extradition of the well-known revolutionary Netshaeff from Swiss territory. Marie went about from one to another of the students' quarters to warn young people against this agitation, and against any fruitless attempts at revolution, which would only injure instead of serving the cause. But the high-flown, over-wrought students would not listen to her, and mocked her with the nick-name of the "clucking hen" on account of her frequent visits to the nests of the different students of both sexes. Some even allowed themselves to tell her insolently to her face, "The class to which you belong only occupies itself with the pen, and does nothing for the cause; go your ways, and write at your ease for so much the sheet."

Towards the end of the seventies the agitation in favour of the higher education of women grew apace. It had been initiated by another Russian author, Frau Eugenie Conrady.

She it was who presented a petition to the Congress of Naturalists in 1866, in which she claimed the help of the members of the congress for the admission of women to the Universities. When, however, Count Tolstoy, Minister of Public Enlightenment, rejected the proposal, and private evening classes for women were formed in

St. Petersburg, in which lectures on natural science, mathematics, and history were delivered, Marie took the liveliest interest in their development until, with the co-operation of other women she at last succeeded in establishing a regular society with suitable *locale,* for carrying on the so-called " Higher Lecture Classes for Women." Marie remained a member of the committee of this society from 1878 till 1888, that is until its abolition, and translated and published for its benefit the following works: *The History of the Nineteenth Century, The Emile of the Nineteenth Century,* and several novels.

Marie was for years on the staff of the most important newspapers, such as *Patriotic Memoirs, The European Messenger,* etc. She conducted the Bibliographical paragraphs in the *Nedelja* for a number of years, and for four edited the *Kindergarten,* which since 1877 appeared under the title of *Education and Mental Development.* Her free version of the English work, *The Women of the American Republic,* is written in a highly attractive manner, and is deservedly popular. Among smaller works are her articles on foreign literature, such as *Types of Womanhood by Spielhagen,* articles on Shelley, Georges Sand, Auerbach and Ackermann, on *The Female Characters in the Works of Tolstoy,* and on those of Gontcharoff. Marie states that she herself particularly prizes her articles on " The Question of Love in its Moral Aspect " (which appeared as a separate *brochure*), and on the well-known work, *The Woman Question in Europe.* In 1889 she published a series of very remarkable pamphlets on the labour question, and on *The Institutions for the Higher Education of Women in Russia: Their Rise and Development*—a subject which she was especially fitted to treat, as being one of the earliest and most active initiators of the women's educational movement. In fact, her articles on a variety of social questions evince throughout considerable learning and an intimate acquaintance with her subject, together with such broad and comprehensive judgment that one might almost be ready to attribute them to some clever and experienced statesman. Both in her life and in her writings she stands forth as a firm adherent of

progressive ideas and as a friend of the unfortunate and oppressed. It is this which renders her so popular among the young and ardent minds of the rising generation.

III.

Exiled to the Arctic Regions.

The crowning act of Marie's career, was, however, her noble and spirited letter to the Czar Alexander III., which with characteristic courage she hesitated not to hurl forth against him, though at the risk of her own punishment and imprisonment.

It is here given verbatim :—

"Your Majesty,—The laws of my fatherland punish free speech. Everyone worthy of honour in Russia must see how thought is persecuted by an arbitrary administration. We are witnesses of the moral and physical slaughter of our youth, of the robbing and flogging of a nation which stands in dumb helplessness. Freedom, sire, is the first necessity of a people, and sooner or later the hour will strike, in which the citizen, when his patience has been exhausted under this persecution, will, once for all, raise his voice, and then your authority will have to give way. The Russian Emperors see only what the Tschinovniki allow them to see. The latter form a thick wall of separation between the Czar and the Zemstvo (i.e., the millions who are not officials of the Government).

The fearful end of Alexander II. threw a shadow over your accession to the throne. You were told that his violent death was a consequence of the prevalence of Liberal ideas, and therefore they inspired you with the determination to let Russia sink back into the dreary condition of the epoch of Nicholas I. They terrify you by conjuring up the phantom of a revolution, which may overturn your monarchy, and yet at present, and in such a land as yours, such a revolution is a simple delusion.

After the catastrophe of March 1st, the murderers of the Czar no longer hoped for a return to constitutional institutions. The enemies of the Czar have been executed. Everyone blindly follows the will of the monarch.

Why, then, does the Government destroy every vestige of the reforms planned by Alexander II.? It was not these reforms which created the terrorists, but the want of such reforms, or their inadequacy. The policy of Nicholas I. is commended to you, because it favours the arbitrary administration of your ministers and officials. There is no longer any punish-

ment for official exactions and oppression. Every governor is an autocrat in his district, every ispravnik is the same. If, like the Caliph in the *Arabian Nights*, you could pass invisibly through the towns and villages, and learn to know the life of the Russian people, you would see its misery. You would understand that the order maintained by thousands of soldiers, by legions of officials, and by an army of spies, is not order, but administrative anarchy. The poorer nobility and the commonalty are embittered against the late edicts, by which the High Schools and Universities are closed against young people without fortune. All such measures aim at the extinction of education. They, however, only put fresh weapons into the hands of the terrorists. Every child must perceive the opposition between the action of the Government and the teachings of the Holy Scripture.

The experience of the last reign must have shown your Majesty that a policy of persecution fails to attain its object. The day will come when persecution of freethought will appear like an evil dream. I fear, however, that that day may be heralded with fire and flame and streams of blood. Your whole system throws the discontented into the arms of revolutionaries, even those who have a natural repugnance to violence and bloodshed. For an unguarded word, for the possession of a revolutionary writing, acquired perhaps out of idle curiosity, a young man, almost a child, is declared a political offender. Boys of fourteen are condemned to solitary confinement as political criminals. In Russia people are banished to Siberia for offences which in Austria are punished by a fortnight's imprisonment. I have a horror of the shedding of blood. When, however, one perceives that bloodshed on the one side is rewarded by honours and decorations, and on the other by the gallows and the rope, one can enter into the views of these enthusiastic and heroic young men. Side by side with the draconian punishments of the courts is the form of banishment by "administrative process," by which means the Government gets rid of those enemies against whom nothing can be proved. Orders for banishment are couched in the following terms:—"Although there is no proof for the conviction of ——— he is nevertheless banished to ———." It is said that your Majesty's signature adorns such orders.

The political prisoners are the victims of the official's caprice. Every attendant, every etape (officer) has the power to rob, beat, and torture the unfortunate prisoners, including women and children, complaints being of no avail. And yet all these terrorising measures, which begin by banishment, by administrative process, and end in the gallows, fail in their object. They only increase the number of political offences. The imagination of the young generation becomes accustomed to banishment and execution, and perceives that the cause of these political offences remains deeply rooted in the political and social state of things.

Your rescue depends on a return to the reforms of your father, Freedom of speech, personal liberty, right of free assembly, public trials, universal instruction for the people, suppression of the tyranny of officials, and the summoning of the Zemski Sobor (National Parliament)—herein lies your salvation. A word from you, and as by the waving of a magic wand we shall have a peaceful revolution, which will make a bright page of history. You, sire, are the most powerful monarch in the world; I am but an atom among the millions of human creatures whose fate, like my own, is in your hands; and yet my conscience, my right, and my duty as a Russian force me to speak out of a full heart the truth that lies in me."

Marie was well aware of the danger to herself in what she had written. Before despatching it to the Czar she wrote to the Danish author, Brandes, that she felt an overwhelming necessity to reveal the truth to the Czar, although she well knew the fate she was probably incurring. She requested Brandes to place her letter, if possible, before the King of Denmark, in the hope that the latter would use his influence with his son-in-law to bring about the necessary official and administrative reforms in Russia. As a matter of fact, the letter did reach the Czar, and was read by him very attentively. Full of rage, he threw the epistle on the floor, and exclaimed:

"It may be all true what she says; but what business is it of hers to meddle with the Government?"

Such was the private report of those who were present at the scene, which is but in keeping with the whole despotic character of Alexander III., and indeed with the attitude of all Czars towards free and patriotic expression of opinion by their "faithful and beloved subjects."

However, the Czar did not content himself simply with giving vent to his wrath in mere words. By his personal order, Marie was arrested, and without any form of legal procedure whatever, she was exiled to the wretched little place of Yarensk, in the Arctic regions, some 1,500 versts from St. Petersburg, a settlement quite isolated and shut off from the rest of the world, communications with which are possible chiefly during the winter months over frozen ground and snow.

Such was the reward for a long career of ardent literary and humanitarian work, which Marie carried on openly within the limits of the Russian law, always opposing, as we have seen, any revolutionary and violent methods of the Nihilists. One is forcibly reminded by this arbitrary and barbarous atrocity of Alexander III. against a noble, aged and helpless woman, of the still greater horror enacted by his son and successor, Nicholas II., on January 22nd, 1905, when peaceable and loyal men, women and children, led by the orthodox priest, George Gapon, were shot in their hundreds for simply wanting to present him a petition asking for the redress of their grievances. After these and innumerable similar facts of the cruellest punishment meted out to Russian citizens for simply daring to express their opinions, who can still conscientiously condemn the Russian citizen who finds physical force and violence the only means, under the autocratic régime, for opposing and tempering the violence of the Government.

For several years Marie had to undergo all the hardships and agonies, physical and spiritual, of her exile in the Arctic settlement. In 1892 the wrath of Alexander III. began to subside, and Marie was allowed to settle in a village in the government of Smolensk, under police supervision, without the right of leaving it except by special permit. Here she continues to contribute articles to various periodicals, writing mostly under the pseudonym of "Nicholaieva."

Marie's name is now one of the most popularly revered in Russia. Throughout her life her voice was a trumpet call to her fellow citizens, waking and stirring them to active and unwavering labours for enlightenment, progress and reform. In all her own labours she gave a personal example of civic virtue, always having the courage of her convictions, and speaking boldly the truth where thousands sharing her views preferred to be silent. Marie can truly say of herself:

> "I went where our brothers moan,
> Where misery reigns and eternal toil."

LEO DEUTSCH.

A HERO OF MANY PRISON ESCAPES.

THE THRILLING CAREER OF LEO DEUTSCH.

The name of the subject of this sketch has long been familiar in Russia as that of one of the most active and daring figures in the Nihilist movement. Outside Russia his fame has become more widely spread since the publication in English, by John Murray, of his book, " Sixteen years in Siberia," which was quickly translated into eight other languages. In this sketch some details are added, communicated to us by the hero personally.

I.

THE TCHIGRIN AFFAIR AND THE FIRST ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

Leo Deutsch was born at Kieff in 1855, and already at the age of nineteen, in 1874, joined the revolutionary movement, which at the time carried away practically all the most vigorous and noble elements amongst the young students throughout Russia. He went to live and work amongst the peasants, and distinguished himself, along with two other comrades, Stefanovitch and Bohanovsky, in trying to stir up to open rebellion those of the Tchigrin district of the province of Kieff. These peasants at the time underwent numerous arrests and executions for insisting on keeping in common the land allotted to them instead of dividing it up into private property as the Government desired. They thus presented a fertile soil for the assimilation

of any anti-Government propaganda. The conspirators resorted, however, to a method, upon the propriety of which even revolutionary circles were divided. They issued proclamations to the peasants in the name of the Czar himself, who, it was alleged, wished to distribute the land among them, but was prevented from doing so by the nobles. The Czar therefore appealed to the peasants to organise a rebellion against his and their own enemies, and to take away the land of the nobles by force. Stefanovitch pretended to be the Czar's personal secret Commissioner, and the peasants who joined the conspiracy were required to take the oath of fidelity and organize themselves into fighting detachments prepared to break out openly at a given signal. The movement spread in many villages, and soon came to the knowledge of the authorities. The conspirators had to fly, and Deutsch returned home disenchanted and discouraged by the failure of his first revolutionary experience.

Soon, however, he was again thirsting for activity, and resolved to enter the army as a volunteer, thus getting an opportunity of continuing his propaganda amongst the military, and also getting a military training that might be of use to him afterwards. Now, in Russia, a so-called " volunteer " does not mean one who freely and voluntarily joins the army, as compulsory conscription is universal, and nobody has a choice in the matter. It only means joining the army without previously drawing the lot at the recruiting office, in which latter case those drawing high numbers may be left in reserve to be called out to active service when wanted. These so-called " volunteers " enjoy a reduction in the time of service, also better treatment whilst in the army. As they all must possess a certain educational standard, they would not submit resignedly to kicks, blows, or simply insults, as does the helpless and forlorn recruit from the ranks of the illiterate peasantry or working classes. Deutsch, for instance, objected to an officer addressing him with the derogatory " thou " instead of the polite " you," and answered the insult with the same insult; he besides absented himself without leave for five days from the barracks, and was suspected of aiding in the escape

of a political prisoner, Luryé. For all these transgressions Deutsch was arrested, committed to trial by court martial, and serious consequences awaited him. He therefore decided to attempt to escape, and the only possible way to accomplish this was through the medium of a bath!

Here we must make another explanation. A Russian bath is a historical and national institution in the land of the Czar. The insanitary conditions of Russian dwelling houses, their overcrowding, the keeping of the windows hermetically shut during the long winter, the sheepskins, fur coats, and other clothing, seldom changed, and various other conditions, bring about a very irritable state of a Russian's skin, and make the frequent use of the public bath imperative. This is resorted to religiously once a week. High and low, rich and poor alike, cannot exist without it; the charges for admission commencing from a halfpenny. Such a national, almost sacred, institution has the Russian bath become, that it is said one of the symptoms which helped to discover that the "False Demetrius," siting on the throne of Russia, in the beginning of the 17th centrury, was not a Russian by birth, was his disregard for the Russian bath. The need of a bath is so great, indeed, and the institution is so reverently kept up by the nation at large, that even the same authority which thinks nothing of freezing, starving and knouting its prisoners, and refusing them correspondence or interviews with their relatives or friends, will never refuse their demand to have a bath. As a matter of fact, practically all Russian prisons of any size have their own bath establishments attached to them, and where this is not the case the prisoners are sent even to the public bath—of course under escort of guards. This is almost the only bright side of the Russian prison system, bringing periodic comfort and relief to the unhappy inmates. The reader will now better understand and appreciate the episode of Mr. Deutsch's escape.

He was incarcerated in the military prison, which had not premises of its own, but was located in a hired private house on the Bibikoff Boulevard, Kieff, a thing also peculiarly Russian. This

prison had no bath attached to it, and the arrested soldiers were taken to the bath of the general prison, situated almost opposite. Deutsch, however, demanded to be taken to a general *public* bath, pretending he does not want to mix with common criminals. The officer on duty refused, and suggested that Deutsch should apply for permission to a higher authority. This Deutsch declined to do, knowing well enough that such permission would not be granted. However, another officer, who was the regimental Bursar, supported Deutsch's application. And here we must give another detail, also peculiarly Russian. Deutsch ordered his own food, and the regimental Bursar was not adverse to increase his own scanty income by supplying the meals from his own private kitchen, charging for them rather exorbitant prices. Deutsch paid without a murmur, so he was looked upon as a man of means not to be despised. Thus it came about that the gallant defender of the throne, church, fatherland, law and order interceded with his brother officer on behalf of a Nihilist, the avowed enemy of all these sacred objects. He argued with the officer in command of the military prison that "Deutsch is not a common soldier, but a 'volunteer' of the second class, who has to serve only six months; surely he would not think of escaping, charged as he was only with the infringement of military discipline." Evidently both officers were not aware of the prisoner's more serious political offences. The upshot of it all was that Deutsch was at last allowed to go to the general public bath, but three soldiers were sent with him instead of the usual two, and they received the strictest injunctions to keep a most vigilant eye upon their charge.

Upon arriving at the bath, two soldiers took up positions at the only two windows of the establishment, whilst the third stood at the door inside. Escape seemed utterly impossible, as all the exits were guarded, and everyone leaving the establishment, by whatever opening, must pass one of the soldiers. Deutsch undressed and handed over his clothing and a purse with some money to the soldier watching inside. It was in the middle of February, and so

bitter a frost prevailed outside that there could be no question of anyone leaving the bath naked. The soldier inside thus felt quite safe about his prisoner, keeping his clothing as he did. However, on entering the hot room, Deutsch found there a comrade with whom the plan of escape had been settled before. The latter had brought with him into the hot room a bundle of ordinary civilian clothing, in which Deutsch dressed at once, and with an assured air walked out of the premises without any challenge. The soldier had seen the prisoner only in his military uniform, and now did not recognise him in a civilian's clothes. Deutsch had, besides, over his head, the bashlyik (hood) so much used in Russia, and this article no doubt largely helped the disguise. Outside the building he had to pass one of the soldiers watching at the window, but he, too, paid no attention to the private gentleman leaving the bath. Once in the street, another comrade met him with a carriage, in which both immediately drove away.

The poor soldiers waited a long time for the appearance of the bather, got finally alarmed, and informed the authorities of the escape, which at the time nobody could explain. The chimney passage was examined, but it was found to be utterly impossible as a means of escape. Only long afterwards did it dawn upon the officials that the prisoner must have passed his guards somehow disguised and unrecognised.

II.

A Second Arrest and a Second Darino Escape.

The above escape took place in February 1876, and henceforth Deutsch was compelled to commence a life of an "illegal" subject, *i.e.*, one hiding his own name and identity, using false passports, hunted everywhere by the police, and liable to be captured any moment.

There were at the time hundreds of such " illegal " revolutionaries in Russia, and such of necessity carried on a most desperate struggle with the police. A new danger arose from the betrayal of their cause by one of themselves, a certain Gorinovitch, who, having been arrested, and expecting a heavy, and perhaps a death penalty, saved himself by turning traitor to his comrades, a number of whom were arrested through his information, whilst he was set free. Not content with this, Gorinovitch continued to ingratiate himself with revolutionary circles who did not know of his treacherous objects. When this was found out Deutsch and other comrades attacked and severely wounded him in Odessa, themselves escaping. However, in the autumn of 1877 Deutsch was again captured and arrested in connection with the Tchigrin affair, and confined in the Kieff prison, where his comrades in the same affair, Stefanovitch and Bohanovsky, had in the meantime been lodged too.

In the beginning of 1878, all three escaped from the prison in a manner probably unparalleled. A revolutionist, Frolenko, managed to penetrate into the prison as a workman, under the name of Michael, to do some odd jobs. " Michael " did his work and conducted himself generally so well, that soon the Governor of the prison offered him the post of Warder in the department of common criminals. Here, too, he discharged his duties so conscientiously and intelligently, that implicit trust was placed in him by the prison authorities, who soon transferred him to the department of the " politicals." Here " Michael " took, of course, the greatest care to avert any suspicion of his complicity in a plot for the escape of his comrades, which he, nevertheless, was arranging all the time with the minutest care and foresight. Outside, the arrangements were in the hands of the famous revolutionist, Ossinsky, afterwards captured and executed. He had in readiness a boat with provisions on the river Dnieper, and supplied his four comrades with Warders' uniforms to put on, in order to let themselves out of the premises, and with private clothes in which to travel afterwards. On the appointed night, " Michael " unlocked their cells after all had gone

to sleep, and let them out. As fate would have it, one of them stumbled and fell in the dark corridor, and in his fall caught a rope, which was nothing else than that of the alarm bell. A tremendous sound rang instantly through the whole building, and for the moment it seemed that the plan of escape was doomed. But " Michael " did not lose his presence of mind at this perilous moment, and calmly explained to the other Warders who awoke from their sleep, that he himself had accidentally raised the alarm, and that everything was all right. So much authority had " Michael " secured for himself that no more notice was taken of the occurrence. A little later, when everybody was asleep again, " Michael " conducted his comrades, now themselves disguised as Warders, to the prison gate, where the door-keeper let them all out without the slightest remark. Outside, Ossinsky, disguised in the uniform of a military officer, awaited them, ready to exercise *official* influence in case any untoward incidents happened. Once at large they betook themselves to the boat, and for a whole week they plied undetected on the broad Dnieper, until finally, the same Ossinsky supplied them with money and false passports, and they were able now to move about more or less freely.

This happened in the spring of 1878, and for a couple of years Deutsch continued the propaganda work, taking part in the most perilous adventures. At last, further activity in Russia became for him practically impossible, without running the risk of being arrested at any moment. If this should really happen, the authorities would, doubtless, owing to the record of his two escapes, confine him this time for ever in the Schusselburg fortress, whence no one as yet has been able to escape. He, therefore, made arrangements to fly from Russia altogether, and in this he succeeded early in 1880.

III.

Arrest in Germany and Extradition to Russia.

After his escape from Russia in 1880, Deutsch lived unmolested for about four years in Switzerland and Germany, occupying himself with various studies, and at the same time taking a prominent part in the Russian revolutionary movement. In 1883, he and the well-known Russian Socialists Plekhanoff, Vera Zassoulitch and Axelrod, all refugees in Switzerland, founded "The League for the Emancipation of Labour," a peaceable social-democratic organization for the spreading of the doctrines of Marx in Russia, by means of translations and original writings. For that purpose the League established its own private press in Switzerland, and in March, 1884, Deutsch, with the first consignment of literature, started from Zürich for Freiburg in Baden, whence the books were to be forwarded to a German place near the Russian frontier, and from there smuggled into Russia. At that time the Social Democrats were under the ban of the German law, and their organ, *Der Sozial-Demokrat,* had to be printed in Switzerland and smuggled into Germany. The proprietor of the hotel in Freiburg to which Deutsch went received instructions from the police to report any arrivals from Switzerland suspected of transporting contraband literature. Deutsch's boxes being too heavy for ordinary passenger's luggage, the police were informed, and without any warrant from a magistrate, as was the law, made a search, and found amongst the Russian books and pamphlets also some copies of the German interdicted *Sozial-Demokrat.* Deutsch was arrested, and would in all probability have been liberated in a few days, or have undergone a slight punishment, as the case was not an important one. But the authorities wanted first of all to establish the identity of the prisoner. As he went under the name of Buligin, a student from Moscow, they made enquiries from the police there, who replied that such a name was unknown to them.

Meanwhile Deutsch's photograph was sent to the authorities in Switzerland, where the real Buligin lived, a friend who always lent Deutsch his passport when such was wanted on various missions. The Russian police finally discovered that the arrested Buligin was none other than the famous Deutsch, and forthwith the Russian Government demanded his extradition simply as a common criminal who had attempted to kill the spy Gorinovitch in May, 1876, concealing the fact that it was a purely political affair. This concealment was necessary, because at that time there was no treaty between Russia and Germany concerning the extradition of political offenders, which was concluded later on in the autumn of 1885. Two details in the extradition demand deserve notice, as showing how the Russian Government does not shrink from deliberately and officially lying when dealing with political opponents. The Russian Government demanded in the same official document the extradition also of Jaakoff Stefanovitch, the accomplice of Deutsch in the Gorinovitch case, though Stefanovitch had long since been arrested in Russia and condemned to penal servitude in the mines. What object the Russian Government had in this fictitious demand is difficult to understand, unless it intended on a future occasion of the arrest of another Russian political in Germany to demand his extradition under the name of the Stefanovitch. This supposition is very likely, as even Deutsch was officially identified in Freiburg by an agent of the Russian Government who never before had met and seen him personally, and who, besides, assumed a deliberately false official position. This agent was M. Bogdanovitch, whose shooting down strikers while Governor of Ufa and subsequent assassination in May, 1902, created a sensation all over the world. But at the time of Deutsch's extradition Bogdanovitch was only an agent of the Russian Secret Police, though now sent to Freiburg under the assumed name of Deputy Public Prosecutor, in order to give him more importance. Being brought face to face with Deutsch, he addressed him in a manner as if they had met personally many times before, whilst we have the assurance of

Deutsch that he had never before seen Bogdanovitch, who was shamelessly lying. The German magistrate, however, showed all along his subserviency to the Russian official. The latter wore a glittering decoration on his breast, which quite dazzled the German official eye, as was evident from the frequent admiring and longing glances cast at the Russian decoration. The Magistrate decided that Bogdanovitch was telling the truth, and reported in this sense to his Government.

The Baden Government demanded from the Russian that Deutsch should be brought in Russia before a regular tribunal and prosecuted only on the Gorinovitch charge. The Russian Government for the moment accepted these conditions, and Deutsch was despatched under a German guard to the Russian frontier.

IV.

The Conversion of Professor Thun.

An episode in connection with this extradition case occurred in Freiburg, which is interesting in itself, and should be very instructive to those who absolutely condemn Russian Nihilists for their terrorist policy. About a year and a half before his arrest Deutsch had matriculated at the Basel University under the name of Nicholas Kridner, and attended the lectures on political economy and statistics by the famous Prof. Thun. The latter, a Rhinelander by birth, had studied at the University of Dorpat, spent a number of years in the interior of Russia, spoke the language fluently, and was deeply interested in everything Russian, especially in the revolutionary movements, the history of which he intended to write, and indeed did publish in 1883. The Professor was glad to meet the Russian student especially as the latter was able to give him much information about the subject of his intended history. They became very intimate

friends, and Deutsch thus had the opportunity of learning that Prof. Thun condemned the Terrorists ruthlessly, and held the conviction that European Governments should hand them over to Russia as ordinary criminals. On one occasion the Professor gave a public lecture on Russia, and telling his audience of the escape of Stefanovitch, Bohanovsky and Deutsch from the Fortress of Kieff, remarked that these criminals were living in foreign parts, and had, " unfortunately," not yet been captured. Deutsch was present at the lecture, and, discussing the subject with the Professor afterwards, gathered the impression that if the latter knew who the Russian student, Nicholas Kridner, really was, he would have nothing more to do with him, and would probably even assist in his capture. This discovery made Deutsch avoid the Professor, and shortly leave Basel altogether.

Now, when arrested in Freiburg and brought for examination to the Magistrate's office, Deutsch was astounded to find there Prof. Thun, who was invited to translate the Russian papers found upon the prisoner. Deutsch, who now went by the name of Buligin, was even still more astounded when the Professor told him he knew his real name and offered assistance, even if he should attempt to escape, speaking to him in Russian, of which the magistrate was totally ignorant. The Professor had been told of " Kridner's " identity whilst yet in Switzerland, and now did everything in his power in arranging interviews with Deutsch's friends, keeping him and them informed of the course of affairs, and even offered his own house as a refuge for the prisoner, should matters assume an extreme turn and an escape be effected successfully. But, as we have seen, an escape was not even attempted, for the Russian Government in the extradition demand informed the German authorities that Deutsch had already twice escaped from prison, and accordingly extraordinary precautions were taken to ensure his safe keeping, the Germans on the route to the Russian frontier having even put chains on their prisoner. But the fact of Prof. Thun's change of views, and even becoming

himself a conspirator to save and protect Russian revolutionist-terrorists, is significant. It is quite clear that further reflection and study of the subject convinced the illustrious Professor that the absence of any other means of redress, as well as the whole illegal position and arbitrary cruel methods of the Russian Government fully justify illegal acts on the part of its opponents, who must not be judged by the standard of constitutional countries.

V.

Government Treachery: The Trial.

As we have seen, the Russian Government accepted the conditions made by the Baden Government for the extradition of Deutsch, *viz.*, that he should be brought before an ordinary tribunal and tried only for the attack on the spy Gorinovitch. But as soon as Deutsch was put across the Russian frontier he was placed at once in the hands of the political gendarmerie, who took him direct to St. Petersburg and there incarcerated him in the famous Fortress of Peter and Paul, which is used as a prison for political offenders only. This is one of the numerous illustrations of how the Russian Government keeps its pledges officially made to foreign Governments, and how it is utterly lacking in a sense of honour and obligation. If Deutsch were brought before an ordinary civil court he might have been condemned to only seven or eight years in Siberia, and so *small* a punishment would not have been agreeable in *high quarters*. The Government was evidently in a difficulty about this case, and from a reliable source the information afterwards leaked out that a private council of members of the Imperial Family was held, at which discussions took place about the fate of Deutsch. At first they were all unanimous as to the necessity of so modifying the extradition treaty, that the accused might be tried before a special tribunal, in which case the death penalty would be possible. But then a fear

was expressed that such a course would no doubt injure Russia's demands for extradition on future occasions, as the foreign Press would point out that Russian pledges to keep to the terms of the extradition cannot be trusted. This opinion prevailed in the end, and it was decided after all that Deutsch should be sent for trial to Odessa, where the attack on Gorinovitch took place.

In Odessa he was again lodged in the political prison, and then removed to the common prison, the authorities now and afterwards struggling all the time between their own hearts' desire to treat Deutsch as a political criminal and their fear of the German Government, who had handed him over only as a common criminal. The difference is of course essential, for whereas ordinary criminals in Russia are dealt with by established laws, and enjoy at least the privilege of an impartial public trial, political offenders are placed beyond any law, and are entirely at the mercy of the administration, which in this case was greatly annoyed at feeling itself more or less checked by the conditions of Deutsch's extradition. In Odessa prison Deutsch was thrown into such a miserable dark cell, without any accommodation for sleeping, but with a number of rats and mice freely running about and ready to attack him any moment, that he decided, after all ordinary protests had proved fruitless, to resort to the traditional and only effective method of starving himself to death, should the authorities pay no heed to his entreaties. And for three days he actually refused any food, and this had its effect, as it was not desirable for those in charge of him that he should really be driven to suicide in such a manner after his case had become known all over the world. His condition was therefore improved, and it became possible for him to wait patiently for his trial.

After all Deutsch was tried before a court martial on the ground that he once served as a volunteer in the army. Needless to say, the whole proceedings were only a travesty of the ordinary course of justice, as the president of the court would not allow the accused man to say anything in self defence and explain the motives of his attack on Gorinovitch, which were of a purely political nature, and

not from any personal "revenge," as it was stated in the indictment. The maximum penalty to which Deutsch was liable under the extradition treaty was thirteen years and four months' penal servitude, and to this he was sentenced by the court after a short deliberation.

VI.

The March Through Siberia. Gruesome Scenes at the Halting Stations. The Czar's Silver Mines.

The story of Leo Deutsch after he had been sentenced to thirteen years and four months' penal servitude is more or less the story of all other Russian "political" convicts, with their sufferings, hardships and often heartrending tragic episodes, in which they either participate or of which they are simply witnesses. The march of a convict party through the wilds of Siberia, the indescribable conditions of the halting places and of the prisons, the hunger strikes, the self-immolation of prisoners, etc., etc., all these sickening tales of misery have been many a time told in books and magazines, and illustrated with photos and drawings taken from life. Still, it is important to hear again some episodes as given by Mr. Deutsch, firstly because it is first-hand information from personal experience, and secondly because, from what we know about his whole life of devotion to a sacred cause, we are convinced that there is not the slightest untruth or exaggeration in his narrative and description, and that all his testimony must be taken as authentic evidence of facts witnessed or personally gone through. We now, therefore, quote from his book, "Sixteen years in Siberia," the reminiscences of the march through Siberia from Tomsk, omitting various previous interesting incidents in the prisons of Kieff and Moscow.

"The real hardships of the journey now began for the 'politicals.' From Moscow to Tomsk, over three thousand miles, the conditions of travelling had been more or less European, but henceforward we were to go entirely by road, crawling from one halting station to another by short stages. In the terrible Siberian cold, in the glowing heat of summer, in all weathers, without regard to the fitness or unfitness of the road, parties of a hundred prisoners are despatched from Tomsk regularly on fixed days of the week, parties which consist alternately of men only, and of families—men, women, and children. The day's march is a stage from sixteen to twenty miles, and every third day is a rest. At this tortoise-like pace—on an average about thirteen miles a day—the long wandering lasts for many weeks and months, under the most wretched conditions of life. In the damp rooms of the convoy stations, the air of which is loaded with every evil odour imaginable, the convicts lie squeezed together on the bare boards of the two sloping wooden shelves, one above the other, which do duty for bed places. These invariably swarm with myriads of parasites; sleep is probably impossible for half the night, and early in the morning the prisoners are driven forth to begin again the weary march. Long before sunrise the criminal contingent will be standing drawn up in the yard, to wait there in the cold until the roll is called and at last the signal to start is given. At the head of the procession march the older criminals, seasoned rascals most of them, the 'Ivans.' Behind them the other criminals struggle painfully along in irregular groups, separated by long stretches of road. Then come carts with the sick and exhausted and the baggage; and lastly the 'politicals' in the rear, two or three together in each one-horse cart, and under the charge of their special escort. This strange procession extends itself along the road for about three-quarters of a mile, and raises clouds of dust, from which we in the rearguard have most to suffer. To add to our woes there is the special scourge of those regions, the Siberian midge. Swarms of these terrible little creatures kept us company, not only attacking our hands and faces, and getting into mouth, nose, ears and eyes, but inserting themselves beneath our clothing and inflicting tortures of irritation. The only—and even these inefficient—means of protection are nets of horsehair, with which we had taken care to provide ourselves.

"After the first ten miles or so there is a halt in some woodland clearing, or by a spring or stream. The criminals here break their fast, usually only on dry bread, and perhaps some of them have not even that. Each man receives daily five to twelve kopecks,* according to the locality through

* A Kopeck is about a farthing.

which they are passing . . . but gambling is so deeply rooted a passion among the criminal prisoners that they will stake their last coin, and he who loses everything has to go hungry. His only resource then is to beg, and whenever we passed through a village some of the most destitute always went begging under the soldiers' supervision. They would station themselves before a hut and start a pitiful song, when the Siberian women would throw out pieces of bread to them. Travellers, too, whom we met would give them alms, and these gifts were shared among the whole party, for the criminals, too, had their *artel*, or union.

"After the short rest the party would set out again in the same marching order, and try to reach the halting station before the noonday heat began. As soon as they arrived at the station the advance party would crowd round the door, ready to rush in directly it was opened, and then would begin the battle for the best sleeping places, the weaker being thrust aside or trampled down by the stronger. At our first sight of this mad fighting and struggling among some hundred men in a narrow space we thought they would kill each other, but generally the wild tumult of blows, kicks and curses did not result in anything serious. . . The crowding, dirt, stench, and noise made these prisons veritable hells upon earth.

"The 'politicals' were given a separate room, and our first task on arrival was always to screen off a part with sheets and rugs to make a place for our ladies. The position of these poor women, obliged to camp out in such close proximity to us men, was in many ways very uncomfortable, especially as soldiers were often quartered with us, but we did our best to spare them any unpleasantness that could be avoided. . . . For some of our party the greatest hardship of our long journey was the early rising; they needed sleep beyond anything, and from force of habit could not get it early in the night.

"Throughout our journey we constantly heard tales of unrecognised corpses found, and shocking crimes never unravelled. Siberia was then a wild, forsaken land, untraversed by roads save for the one great Moscow highway. The government of the country districts, entirely in the hands of the police, was corrupt from top to bottom. What wonder if events that chill one's blood with horror take place there without exciting more than a passing comment? The life of a human being is not valued highly in itself anywhere throughout the Tsar's dominions, but in Siberia it counts for absolutely nothing, as my own eyes often testified. Even now, when distinct progress has been made in many respects, and the administration of justice greatly reformed (since 1897) this state of things is little changed."

Of the prison of Nerchinsk, where Deutsch and other political exiles had to stay some time on the way to their final destination, the Kara penal settlement, he says :—

"I shall never in my life forget the picture that prison presented. From the dimly-lighted corridor, one could see into the various rooms where the prisoners were already lying down, as it was late. Packed closely side by side they lay not only on the wooden bed-places (which were two wide shelves running along the walls one above the other), but all about the floor; there was literally not an inch of vacant space. Most of the men were clad in shirt and trousers, but many had only trousers on, and lay uncovered on the filthy floor. The throng was so dense that in order to get to the 'privileged' room, we had actually to step on the bodies of the prisoners. The stench was pestilential, the wooden tubs filled with excrement were everywhere about, and so they were leaky their contents had been trodden over the whole floor. Although most of the men were asleep, here and there groups of excited card-players squatted on the floor or the bed places, and throughout the whole place was a deafening babel of sounds. The general effect was most gruesome, a circle of the Dantean Inferno was the only possible comparison."

We must explain here that Nerchinsk is the centre of the vast region thousands of square miles in extent, known as "The Nerchinsk Silver-mining District." These silver mines were the personal property of the Czars for more than two centuries, yielding untold wealth to the house of the Romanoffs. For a long time Siberian peasants, without any charges against them, were forcibly colonised in this district, simply because their labour was much wanted there. From 1722 the Government began to send here common criminal convicts from European Russia, and latterly also political offenders. In the three years following the Polish rising of 1863 no fewer than 18,623 Poles were exiled to Siberia. Of this number about 7,000—including 4,252 nobles—were condemned to penal servitude and sent to work in the Nerchinsk Silver Mines, along with other classes of political offenders. The treatment of the Nerchinsk prisoners who have added millions to the Czar's personal wealth appears thus even more appalling, and should convince anyone that the Czar has a personal

interest in maintaining the Siberian exile system, which supplies his mines with gratuitous labour, whilst the labourers have not even sufficient space on the filthy floors of the prison whereon to lay their weary heads.

VII.

Tragedies at Kara. Hunger-Strikes, Floggings and Suicides. Released from Prison.

At last, on December 24th 1885 Deutsch arrived at Ust-Kara, the place of his final destination, where he was to be kept in penal servitude for thirteen years and four months. Since his arrest in Freiburg twenty-two months had elapsed, he had travelled and marched on foot nearly 8,000 miles and had been lodged in more than a hundred different prisons, undergoing privations, hardships and sufferings capable of killing any ordinary human being not sustained by the strength derived from the consciousness of suffering for a great idea, for a holy cause.

In the Kara penal settlement Deutsch met with a number of political convicts, both men and women, the life careers of whom are full of self-sacrifice and heroic deeds such as have attracted the astonishment and admiration of the whole world. Here were assembled, condemned as criminals, those who may be truly termed without exaggeration, the flower of Russia's noblest manhood and womanhood, belonging to the lowest as well as to the highest ranks of the Russian community; men and women of iron characters, of the highest ethical principles, of the tenderest goodness of heart, of brilliant intellectual gifts and capacities; in a word, men and women who in happier constitutional countries would shine brightly as leaders in politics, science, literature, or humanitarian work. Here they were cut down in the prime of their life, their energies and talents sterilised, and compelled to a useless existence that drove many of them

KARA PRISONERS AT WORK.

From "16 Years in Siberia," by L. Deutsch.

Illustration kindly lent by Mr. JOHN MURRAY, the Publisher.

either to madness or to suicide. Mr. Deutsch gives us the histories of many of these heroes or heroines, only a few of whom survive to this day. He also tells us of the inner life of the prison, of the numerous conflicts with the authorities, and various tragic episodes during his long incarceration there. But we have space here to relate only one such episode, *viz.*, of the women's hunger strike, which took place in the Kara prison during the year 1888 under the following circumstances:

Baron Korf, the then Governor-General of the province, during one of his visits to the Kara prison, came across Elizabeth Kovalskaya, who was sitting on a bench in the yard and did not stand up on his approach. It must be understood that with Russian political offenders who deny the moral authority of the Russian Government and all its officers, it is a point of principle not to show signs of respect to Government functionaries. The wisest course for Baron Korf on this occasion was, of course, to pretend that he did not notice Kovalskaya and to ignore her altogether. But with the true pettishness of a Russian *tchinovnik,* he addressed her in a harsh manner, saying that she ought to stand up in his presence, as he was the highest official of the whole province. Kovalskaya, remaining seated, laconically and certainly not without meaningful sarcasm, replied: "I had no part whatever in electing you to that high position."

Under the peculiar circumstances of the case there lay in these few but trenchant words a whole volume of arguments and protest, but Baron Korf was not disposed to enter into the philosophy of the argument, and, fuming with rage, there and then decided to transport the culprit to the central prison of Verkhny-Udinsk, and thus separate her from her political friends.

As a matter of fact, Kovalskaya had become so tired of the Kara prison, that she would have welcomed her removal anywhere else if only for the sake of the change. But the commandant of the prison was afraid that she and her friends might offer resistance to her removal, and therefore he burst suddenly into her cell in the middle

of the night when all were asleep, and, with the assistance of gendarmes and ordinary convicts, dragged her out, clad as she was only in her nightdress. The frightened woman naturally began to scream, the women prisoners in other cells awoke, and heard the terrible shrieks, and next day resolved to commence a hunger strike as a protest against the commandant's treatment of their comrade.

The commandant got alarmed, as the starvation of themselves to death by women political prisoners would naturally create a great and horrible sensation all over Russia. He apologised, but the fasting women insisted on his applying to the higher authorities to transfer him to another place. The commandant agreed, and the women ceased their fast, warning him that they would commence it again after a certain period, if he were not removed by that time. Needless to say, the appointed time expired, and the commandant was still there. The women then resumed their hunger strike, there being seven of them, all "politicals." The women's prison was about 12 miles distant from that of the men's, but a regular communication was maintained through various channels between the two prisons, and the men decided to support the women's protest by starting a hunger strike too. On the third day the commandant, more alarmed than ever, succeeded in convincing the extraordinary strikers that he had just received a favourable answer to his application for another post, and he would soon leave the Kara prison. Both men and women then ceased fasting, the latter having been without any food for eight days.

But again time passed on and the commandant remained there. The relations between him and the prisoners became intolerable, and the women decided on a hunger strike for the third time.

One of them, however, Madame Sigida, to save her friends from a sure death, resolved to sacrifice herself. She asked for a personal interview with the commandant, and in the presence of gendarmes and other officials, gave him a blow on the face, saying, "That is for you as commandant!" An officer so insulted by a prisoner is usually removed to another place, while the offender is

put to death. In this way Madame Sigida thought to put an end to the *impasse*. After this attack the women commenced their fasting.

For sixteen days none of them had taken any food, and it became evident that they were all at death's door, and would never give in. The higher authorities then offered a compromise by which the commandant should remain in his place, whilst the women should be removed to another prison. To this the latter consented, and their fasting ceased.

But no sooner was peace established than a fresh terrible blow fell upon the political exiles. An order came from the Governor-General that in case of subsequent repeated insubordination corporal punishment by flogging should be inflicted on the guilty. This produced an awful impression upon all the politicals, who consider this punishment as the most degrading of all and had never before been subject to it legally. They all felt the order to be absolutely inadmissible, but to protest against it in some active manner was dangerous, as it may result in the practical application of that very flogging, against which they protested. The despair became general, and serious plans were discussed about the only and the horrible way of giving the authorities no chance of carrying out their threat, *viz.*, of committing suicide wholesalely, both men and women! They all considered that even if the threat were never practically carried out, the very existence of the order is an insult, which must not be left without protest. Amidst these hesitations and discussions what to do, when the nervous temperaments of all prisoners were strung to the highest pitch, it became known that the order of flogging had already been carried out in the case of Madame Sigida for her assault on the commandant of the prison. This took place very soon after the long hunger strike, and the poor woman, already enfeebled and emaciated, died immediately after the flogging. Terrible days then followed after this in both the women's and the men's prisons. Utterly sick of life and without hope of a betterment in their condition, three other women, Maria Kovalevskaya, Maria Kalyushnaya, and Nadeshda Smirnitskaya, all of noblest type of

heroic womanhood, took poison and died almost simultaneously in the prison infirmary. The tragic news having reached the men's prison many of them resolved without any further discussion to follow the example of the women. There were in the prison at the time thirty-nine political convicts, and no fewer than seventeen of them determined to die. Somehow they procured poison from outside, and on the appointed night, after the usual roll-call, singing was started in one cell, which was the signal for the comrades in other cells that the fatal moment had arrived to take the deadly drug simultaneously. Those who were to die began to take leave of the others, to give last instructions, and then swallowed the poison.

The scenes that followed can scarcely be described and have no parallel in history. The victims shortly began to feel headaches and sickness, and lay down ready to meet their last moment. The state of their other comrades that night, who were compelled to watch these sufferings and not render any assistance, can easily be imagined. Mr. Deutsch says:

"I had taken no poison, but when this general suicide began it seemed as though it would be easier to kill oneself than to witness the deed. How strong and deep was the impression made on me may be gathered from the fact that late in the night I began to suffer from severe headache and general uneasiness, and the doctor said afterwards, that I had exhibited all the symptoms of poisoning.

"However, our comrades had not effected their purpose. The opium was bad—either old or adulterated—and was not deadly; the unhappy men awoke next morning in great pain and distress. But the frustration of their design did not in most cases weaken their resolution. Three only abandoned the attempt; the others determined to take a more potent drug—morphia.

"Next evening the farewell scenes were repeated. The nerves of the survivors were still further tortured; our position was indeed cruel. The morphia also proved bad; most of those who had swallowed it were very ill, but eventually recovered. Bobohov and Kalyushny, however, having each taken a treble dose, speedily became unconscious. In the night Bobohov awakened yet once again. He heard Kalyushny's throat rattle, and tried to rouse him, embracing him, covering his face with kisses.

THE WOMEN MARTYRS OF THE KARA PRISON.

1 2 3

4 5 6

(1) Nadezhda Smirnitskaya. (2) Elizabeth Kovalskaya.
(3) Marie Kovalevskaya (4) Sophie Bogomoletz.
(5) Hadezhda Sigida. (6) Anna Korba.

From "16 years in Siberia," by L. Deutsch.

Illustration kindly lent by Mr. John Murray, the Publisher.

When he saw his friend would never wake more, he seized a whole handful of opium, swallowed it, and lying down beside Kalyushny, closed his eyes for ever.

"When the inspector and the gendarmes made their rounds the next morning, they found the two insensible. The doctor was fetched and pronounced that the death agony had already begun; Kalyushny expired that evening, Bobohov not until the following morning. The corpses were removed to the mortuary, and were subsequently buried side by side with those of the four dead women."

This tragedy took place towards the end of 1889, and led to the abolition of corporal punishment for women political prisoners, and for men belonging to the privileged classes or those who have been educated in a gymnasium, whilst maintaining it in the case of peasants and working-men.

At the end of 1890 Deutsch, with a number of other comrades, was released from prison and installed in the so-called penal settlement, Kara. Here political colonists enjoy partial freedom. They may leave the settlement for a distance of not more than about eight miles, they can occupy themselves as they like, but they must sign every morning a book brought by the controlling prison inspector, so as to show that none of them are missing. By the general manifesto issued on the accession of Nicholas II., Deutsch's term of punishment was shortened by one-third, *i.e.*, by four years and some months, but at that time he had already only ten more months left to serve as a convict. The Coronation manifesto brought another relief. Ordinarily, when a convict passes into the category of simple exile, he has to wait another ten years before he is made free altogether. This term of ten years was now reduced to four years, and although Deutsch could now leave the Kara settlement he preferred to stay on there for various "private reasons."

In the winter 1896-7, Deutsch was invited by the authorities to organise the local work of a census of the population which the Government then ordered for the whole empire, and he tells us some interesting experiences in connection with this work. On the 20th of May, 1897, with the permission of the Governor, Deutsch left

Kara for good, and went to the village or little town of Stretyensk, on the banks of the river Shilka, a tributary of the Amur, where he obtained a post in connection with the Trans-Siberian Railway then in process of construction. Here he found the inhabitants seized with " an almost incredible greed and a feverish desire of becomnig rich. . . . . Cheating, dishonesty, even downright theft, were all the order of the day; and the irresponsibility and arbitrariness of officials greatly assisted in undermining the morals of the population. Many large fortunes were made in an extremely short time." Life in this place was most uncongenial to Deutsch, and after some efforts he got permission in the autumn of 1899 to settle in the larger town of Blagovèstshensk, a place which has recently added one of the blackest pages to modern Russian history.

VIII.

Terrible Days on the Amur. Thousands of Peaceable Chinese Drowned, Slaughtered, and Burned.

Arriving in Blagovèstshensk in the autumn of 1899 Deutsch was there during the fearful massacres of peaceful and unarmed Chinese in the following July, 1900. Being at that time in the employment of a local paper, he had special opportunities, as he says, of " becoming an involuntary witness of that terrible series of events of which the Russian Government gave such a lying version to the world."

The town with its 38,000 inhabitants was the chief and formerly the only town in the Amur Province, which covers a considerably larger area than many a European state. On the other side of the river Amur was the Chinese village of Saghalien, the inhabitants of which were the chief purveyors of food supplies to Blagovèstshensk, in summer by means of boats and junks, and in winter over the ice.

Up to the spring of 1900 the relations between the Russian and Chinese settlements had been uniformly friendly and peaceful. Then, however, when in consequence of the "Boxer" rising in China the Russian Government decided to mobilise the Siberian Army, a state of constraint and tension began to arise. The Governor-General ordered the withdrawal of the greater part of the small garrison of Blagovèstshensk, and sent them down the river in several boats, the last of which carried the ammunition. Upon this boat the Chinese from the opposite side quite unexpectedly fired, compelling it to return. The inhabitants of Blagovèstshensk were seized with panic; they formed a volunteer force, and appealed to the Russian Military Governor of the Amur province—General N. R. Gribsky—as to the course to be pursued with regard to the great number of Chinese dwelling in Blagovèstshensk itself and its suburbs. General Gribsky's answer was to the effect that any special measures in this direction were unnecessary and inadvisable, as war had not been declared between Russia and China. The Chinese in the town, too, had asked General Gribsky as to whether it would not be advisable for them to withdraw betimes from Russian territory, and he replied that they might without anxiety remain where they were, as they were on the soil of the great Russian Empire, whose Government would never allow peaceful foreigners to be molested. He had also issued a proclamation threatening with punishment any who molested peaceful Chinese subjects. In the afternoon of that very same day, however, some shots from the Chinese side of the river caused great consternation in Blagovèstshensk. Luckily in the bombardment that ensued little damage was done, for the Chinese proved very bad marksmen, and most of their shells fell into the Amur or else failed to explode.

"Many people, however, Mr. Deutsch tells us, saw danger in quite another direction, namely, from the Chinese quarter of the town itself. Here dwelt Chinese and Manchurians in considerable numbers—merchants, tradesmen, day-labourers, whose work had been most useful to the whole community. Industrious in the extreme, and modest in their re-

quirements, these Chinese subjects had never given the smallest cause for complaint; honesty and conscientiousness were their leading attributes, and in many shops and commercial houses, and also in private dwellings, entire trust was placed in them as employees. By many Russian families with whom the young Chinese were in domestic service they were looked on as friends; often they were taught the Russian language, which they would study with the greatest diligence.

In the present crisis, trusting in the assurances of General Gribsky, the Chinese and Manchurians of Blagovestshensk and its environs, to the number of several thousand souls, had remained on the spot. They were soon bitterly to rue having done so. . . . On the second day after the commencement of the bombardment Cossacks both mounted and on foot might be seen, together with police going round to every house and enquiring whether there were any Chinese inmates. If asked what was wanted with them, they replied that all Chinese in the town were to be brought together and placed under the charge of the police. Suspecting that nothing good was intended, many people sought to conceal the Chinese who were with them, hiding them in cellars and attics; but often the neighbours informed the police of this, and then the Cossacks would insist with threats and even with drawn swords, on their being delivered up. This process of arresting the Chinese lasted over several days.

I can hardly describe the consternation of these unhappy people when told they must go to the police office. Hastily collecting their belongings, they followed the Cossacks with faces of unspeakable dismay; and when taking leave of their European friends they gave them their money and goods to take care of, in many cases begging them to discharge some debt, or even giving them the free disposition of their effects—perhaps houses and shops full of valuable property. Foreseeing their tragic fate, many asked on the way "will they behead us?"

"They were not mistaken in their fears. Murder in cold blood awaited them; and only during the middle ages, at the time of the Inquisition and the persecution of heretics, Jews and Moors in Spain, have such inhuman proceedings as now followed been equalled.*

Some versts above Blagovestshensk on the left bank of the Amur, there is a Cossack settlement. Thither before sunrise several thousand Chinese, among them old men, cripples, invalids, women and children,

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* *Vide* also the Noyades of the Loire; but here their brutal instigator, the Proconsul Carrier, was afterwards brought to justice by his Government—guillotined, and not promoted and decorated, as Gribsky was afterwards.—J. P.

were driven by the Cossacks and police. Those who through sickness or fatigue could not get so far were stabbed on the road by the Cossacks. One man, a representative of the great Chinese firm Li-Wa-Chan, refused to proceed, demanding to be taken to the governor, who had promised the Chinese delegates safety for all who remained on Russian soil; but for answer the Cossacks killed him there and then. The deputy-pristav (police officer), Shabanov, was present, and uttered no word of protest against this iniquitous deed.

When the miserable Chinese had been driven down to the shore of the Amur, they were commanded to go into the water. Means there were none for reaching the opposite Chinese shore; the river at this point is more than half a verst (about one-third of a mile) in width and flows with a strong current. One can picture what terror seized on the poor creatures at the water's edge. Falling on their knees, with hands raised to heaven, or even crossing themselves, they implored to be spared such a death. Many vowed to become Christians and to be naturalised as Russian subjects. But the only response vouchsafed to their prayers by the merciless fulfillers of official orders were bayonet thrusts, and blows with the butt-end of rifles or with swords, to drive them into the river-depths; any who still continued to resist were simply murdered on the spot.

Persons who by chance were eye-witnesses of this wholesale drowning and massacring, which proceeded on several successive days before the rising of the sun, tell of frightful and heartrending scenes.

One Manchurian family that was driven into the water consisted of father, mother and two little children. The parents each took a child and tried to swim across the Amur, but all were soon sucked down by the current. In another family there was one child; the mother besought the murderers and the bystanders at least to take the little one and spare its life, but no one would do so. She then left it on the bank and herself entered the water, but after a few steps returned, seized her child, and carrying it went back into the river, then again returned and laid down her precious burden. Here the Cossacks intervened to end her vacillations, stabbing both parent and child. The tortures of this wretched mother and of all the victims thus driven to their death can be imagined by everyone not dead to all human feeling. Even the above-mentioned police officer, Shabanov, declared that he could not remain to the end of this scene of horror.

But very few of that immense multitude, and those only the strongest swimmers, succeeded in getting anywhere near the Chinese shore; yet even of those but a small number survived. When the Cossacks saw

that they were likely to save themselves they sent a few well-planted shots after them; and Chinese marksmen too, posted in trenches on the opposite side, fired on the swimmers—either because they took them for Russians, or because they considered as enemies all Chinese who had remained in a Russian province after, as was asserted, a proposal had been made to them that they should return to their homes long before the beginning of hostilities.

When, on July 17th, great numbers of corpses became visible floating down the Amur, it was clear to everyone in Blagovestshensk that these peaceful, unarmed Chinese inhabitants of the town, whom the Governor himself had advised not to return to China, but to trust in his promise of protection, had been done to death. Scarcely two days after the guarantee had been given General Gribsky had faithlessly broken his word by giving the verbal order to "send back the Chinese subjects to China."

Indignation and horror filled the minds of all right-thinking people when they learned in what manner that order had been carried out. The dreadful story was told with tears and shuddering; many longed to protest and express their burning wrath at the barbarous treatment of the poor harmless Chinese workpeople, but how was that possible in Russia? Besides, on the 17th itself Blagovestshensk and the entire province of the Amur had been put under martial law, consequently anyone who dared to protest would have been instantly dragged before a court-martial. Some of those who compassionated the Chinese tried at last to prevent the continuance of the reign of terror. A few instances occurred where people who had managed to conceal Chinese servants or guests in their houses went to the local authorities with urgent petitions that they might be allowed to offer personal surety for these survivors of the massacre, and some who had exceptional influence succeeded in saving one or two. But such cases were rare, and nearly all who were preserved in this way had to remain in the custody of the police throughout the siege."

A most striking case was that of a well-known lady, Madame Makeyeva, who interceded both with the Bishop of the Orthodox Church and the Military Governor, a personal acquaintance, on behalf of a highly valued Chinese servant, who during five years' service had been most devoted to the family, nursing night and day any who were ill, etc.

When Madame Makeyeva, kneeling at the Bishop's feet, implored him to save and baptize this excellent servant, who had long expressed a wish to become a Christian, he "told her drily that she

BLAGOVESTSHENSK. THE PIER.

Russian troops, after the massacres, sent down the Amur to Chinese towns and villages for further executions.

ought not to intercede for Chinamen, that it was not right to have them about one," and sent her back again to the civil authority. General Gribsky, in answer to her fervent appeal, exclaimed, " A Chinaman!" and, drawing his hand across his throat, " That's how we shall treat them all," and he ended by declaring to her his intention (which he subsequently carried out) to lay the whole blame of the drowning and slaughtering on the shoulders of his subordinates, Batarèvich, Prefect of Police, and Captain Volkovinsky.

" Few were so persevering in their efforts as she. I only found a very few instances of Chinese being successfully interceded for by their Russian employers, although I made very careful and exhaustive inquiries on the subject. The Chinese and Manchurians of the native quarter found no such advocates, and they were all drowned or otherwise murdered without exception. . . . In the attempt to justify their brutal action a false report was spread by the police that arms, gunpowder, and even dynamite were found in the Chinese shops and houses, and though this was never confirmed in any way, many persons were only too ready to believe it. As a matter of fact, the possibilities of loot, as well as the repudiation of debts owed to Chinese creditors, played a large part in causing both the massacre and the justifying of it. When the Chinese were arrested the Cossacks and police took their money and ransacked their dwellings, and not only the lower but the higher officials enriched themselves considerably by this means, the booty that this or that police officer or member of the local administration had obtained for his share being discussed quite openly. Many debtors of the Chinese profited by the terrible end of their unfortunate creditors, as it is not customary for Chinese business men to keep memoranda; their methods are based upon personal trust, and their own honesty is proverbial If in any instances such memoranda did exist, care was taken that they should disappear. . while, on the other hand, Russian creditors of the Chinese repaid themselves a hundredfold with the connivance of the police."

Here we give briefly one or two of these instances:

One rich landowner and steam mill proprietor, Buyanov, of whom some Chinese had hired a store-warehouse, seized upon the goods of the drowned proprietors, having previously put up a hoarding to conceal their removal from the eyes of the neighbours. His

cousin, also named Buyanov, another man of property, had a subterranean passage made from his own house to the shop of one of the victims, who had previously lived with him; by this passage he brought in and appropriated all the murdered Chinaman's stock of goods, and though some of the numerous thefts of this description were afterwards brought to light, the greater part of them were never revealed, chiefly because the police and the authorities were themselves interested in shielding the guilty. In the Chinese quarter were some hundreds of the shops and warehouses of the victims, containing valuables worth many millions of roubles, and these, after the drowning of their owners, were nominally handed over to the custody of the police. The calm way, Mr. Deutsch tells us, in which high officials often appropriated property left in their charge was exemplified by the case of the before-mentioned deputy-*pristav*, Shabanov, surprised in the act of removing several cartloads of such goods. Although this did arouse considerable comment, and even came before the courts, the trial was without result, and Shabanov was not even removed from his position as deputy-*pristav*.

During several successive days the bodies of the murdered Chinese were seen floating down the Amur, and covering a considerable expanse of the river in such masses as made counting them difficult. Yet it was some time before the civilised world learned how these thousands of helpless people had been done to death.

The official reports of this horrible tragedy are documents scarcely to be surpassed in mendacious effrontery. The *Amur Gazette* merely mentioned that "the Chinese residing in Russian territory had been sent away, a suggestion having been made to them that they should cross to the other side of the river." Grodekov, the Governor-General of the province, informed the authorities in St. Petersburg that "the Chinese threw their dead and wounded into the river, and forty such corpses have been counted." Other official reports told of battles that had never taken place, of countless

Chinese hosts, which they pretended had been annihilated, when in reality only women and children had been seen, and such-like stories. A report by Colonel Kanonovitch stated that in the so-called " Payàtaia Pad " he had overcome an immense army of Chinese, for which exploit he received a decoration, whereas it soon transpired that in the place mentioned he had only encountered two Japanese women! This is how history is written in Russia!

Mr. Deutsch assures us that without doubt " the drowning of the Chinese took place not only with the foreknowledge, but by the express order—though possibly only verbal—of General Gribsky, Military Governor of Blagovèstshensk." The General, however, in order to avert suspicion, carried his hypocrisy so far as to appoint a commission to inquire into " the cases of violence towards peaceful Chinese." Needless to say, the findings of this commission were never published, and only after the lapse of several months did General Gribsky declare that from the report made to him by the commission it was evident that the cause of the unfortunate events had been a want of unity among the officials to whom he had entrusted the arrangement of affairs. This declaration repeats almost word for word the pronouncement by the present Czar, Nicholas II., after the death of thousands on the plain of Khodinsky, Moscow, on the day of his Coronation; the cause of which the Czar also found to have been a lack of unity in the arrangements. General Gribsky evidently wished to suggest that if on an occasion of Coronation festivities thousands of deaths occurred in this way, nobody could really be held responsible for the killing of Chinese during the bombardment of Blagovèstshensk. And, indeed, nobody was ever brought to book; General Gribsky and all his subordinates remained on at Blagovèstshensk in their divers positions, and later on he received even a decoration for his " victory " over the Chinese!

It came to light eventually that various authorities throughout the province had sent direct written instructions to put the Chinese to death, and that killing the unfortunate people singly and wholesale had been carried out in many villages by the peasants, and in Cossack settlements by the Cossacks. . . .

"On the Seya, we are told, a strip of land not far from Blagovestshensk, the inhabitants of which, though living on Russian soil, were Chinese subjects, sixty-eight villages were burnt to the ground, their inhabitants mostly drowned or barbarously murdered, their property looted and their cattle driven off by the Russians.

After a fortnight or so of these massacres, when the thirst for blood began to be appeased, and the authorities ceased to spur the people on to deeds of violence, they began to collect together and bring into the town the few Chinese who remained alive, half-dead with hunger and mad with terror. These poor wretches, scarcely able to move for exhaustion, and those of the Chinese townspeople who for one reason or another had been allowed to survive—some few dozen persons—were all that remained of the many thousand Chinese who had dwelt in Blagovestshensk and the neighbourhood.

After the taking of Saghalien by the Russians, General Gribsky issued a proclamation in which—as head of the Cossack forces—he ordered them to go across to the Chinese shore and there "annihilate all the Chinese bands." In other words, he told the Cossacks to massacre the helpless Chinese who were left in the place after the flight of the troops, for Saghalien having fallen, no armed bands were left on the right bank of the Amur."

What followed it was not difficult to foresee. Scarcely had the soldiers and Cossacks crossed the Amur on August 3rd, and taken possession of Saghalien (from which place the inhabitants had fled betimes to the interior of the country), when they set everything on fire. During the two following nights the flames illuminated the river for a long distance; and in place of a prosperous community, which supplied Blagovèstshensk with food stuffs at very moderate rates, nothing was to be seen on the Chinese bank but blackened posts and crumbling ruins.

The entry of the Russian army into Manchuria was not merely signalised by flaming dwellings; nothing and nobody was spared. Women, children and the aged were pitilessly slaughtered, young girls violated and then slain. Such were the deeds of " our heroes," as the Governor-General Grodekov in his despatches called these barbarians, for whose " brave deeds " he " could not find words

to express his admiration!" But even some of his officers themselves told with a shudder of the bloodthirsty instincts developed by these "heroes" in a war against unarmed men, women and children on Chinese soil. A rich and thickly populated land was reduced in a few months to a barren desert, where charred ruins were visible here and there, and corpses were left to the wolves and vultures.

"All this shocking achievement of Russian officialdom," concludes Mr. Deutsch, "either directly or indirectly authorised, of course went unpunished. But no! I must let the exact truth have its way. General Gribsky held a judicial inquiry into the conduct of his subordinates (who had carried out his own orders), and the Russian newspapers shortly afterwards informed their readers that 'the Chief of Police in Blagovèstshensk had been sentenced to three months' imprisonment'—for the drowning, shooting, or stabbing of from ten to fifteen thousand helpless and inoffensive Chinese!"

IX.

Escape from Siberia. Again Arrested, and Another Escape.

After the above horrors, Blagovèstshensk had become so detestable to the right-minded portion of its inhabitants that many of them hastened to leave the place altogether, as if it were haunted by the spirits of all the slain and drowned. Deutsch, too, who had no right to leave the place of his exile, began now to plot means of escape, cost what it might in case of failure, and after all possible preparations he at last, in the spring of 1901, quietly left the town for Vladivostock, his plan being to embark on a foreign vessel for Japan and thence to proceed to America. The plan fortunately succeeded, and feeling himself quite safe in his disguise, Deutsch spent some time in the Nikolsk-Ussurisk province on Possiet Bay, in the zone of the recent Russo-Japanese War operations. "The place," he tells us, "swarmed with soldiers . . as preparations

were being made for war with Japan . . The Russian Government was apparently taking its measures in good time, and by drafting in large numbers of soldiers was converting the province into a sort of military camp." This in 1901! So the Russian pretence that they were taken quite unawares by the Japanese in 1904 must be taken for what it is worth.

Successfully embarking in Vladivostock on a steamer bound for Nagasaki, Deutsch at last left Russian soil behind him. He spent some time in Japan, where he was struck with the orderliness, cleanliness, the industrious habits of the people, and especially "with the honesty prevalent everywhere. No house or shop is shut up for the night; nobody touches what does not belong to him; and lost property when found is immediately restored to the owner."

Having crossed the Pacific, the American Continent and the Atlantic, Deutsch reached Europe in the autumn of 1901, and commenced with the same ardour as before the work for Russia's emancipation. After the promulgation of the Czar's "Constitutional" Manifesto in October, 1905, many Russian political emigrants residing in various countries returned to Russia, the partial amnesty guaranteeing their safety. Soon, however, a number of them learned that they had placed faith in the Czar's solemn promises too soon, for they were re-arrested and again deported to Siberia. Among such was Deutsch, who, in spite of all his previous experience in prisons and Siberian exile, ventured once more to return to Russia, trusting the Czar's "Constitution," which formally and unequivocably granted freedom of speech and of union. In January, 1906, he was arrested and thrown again into the fortress of Peter and Paul so familiar to him. By administrative order he was once more deported to Siberia, this time to the wretched settlement of Turukhansk in the extreme north. It seemed now that Deutsch would never see Europe again, and his friends practically gave up all hope of his rescue. But the indomitable spirit and pluck of our hero never failed him, and, in spite of recent illness and suffering, he again planned means of escape, only looking out for a favourable

opportunity. This presented itself in the little town of Eniseysk, Siberia, which the party of convicts including Deutsch passed through on the way to their final destination. He got the permission of the officer of the escort to purchase some clothes and provisions, as they had to travel some 1,000 miles before reaching Turukhansk, and there was nothing to be got on the road. The escort officers evidently find it to their advantage that the convicts should buy provisions with their own money, as then the officers can retain for themselves the money granted by the Government for the provisioning of the convicts. Two guards accompanied Deutsch on his shopping expedition, and while at a draper's they became interested in the articles, and began to chat affably with the shopman, forgetting all about the dangerous prisoner in their charge. He, noticing that their attention was diverted, gently stepped into a private room adjoining the shop, and bolted thence into the courtyard, where, luckily, he found an unfastened gate leading him to liberty. He was fortunate enough to have some personal friends amongst the " politicals " in Eniseysk, who hid him for some time, and then helped him to return in disguise to St. Petersburg, whence he immediately took train to Finland, eventually arriving in England.

Here he was one of the most prominent members of the Russian Social-Democratic Congress, which held its secret meetings in London in May, 1907. As is well known, the Russian Secret Police kept a careful watch over the delegates to the Congress, among whom were several members of the second Duma, since arrested after the Duma's dissolution. Nothing daunted, Deutsch intends, at the time of closing this sketch, to go back to Russia once more to continue there his revolutionary activity. Who shall venture to reproach him with lack of prudence and an over superabundance of courage and devotion? Anyhow, whatever fate may have in store for him, the stirring and inspiring story of his life-long martyrdom is already indelibly written, and we can only hope that he may yet live to behold with his own eyes the free and happy Russia of his noblest and fondest dreams.

"BABUSHKA."

THE "GRANDMOTHER" OF RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS AND APOSTLE TO THE AMERICANS.

CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKAYA.

In October, 1885, Mr. George Kennan, who was sent by *The Century Magazine* to explore some of the less known parts of Siberia and also to study the exile system there, went out of his way to visit the wretched little Buriat village of Selenginsk in the Trans-Baikal Region, where there lived at the time in exile three interesting "politicals," one of them a married lady from Kief, Mme. Catherine Breshkovskaya. Of her Mr. Kennan wrote afterwards in his well-known work, "Siberia and the Exile System," as follows:

"While Mr. Shamarin and I were talking, Madame Breshkovskaya came into the room and I was introduced to her. She was a lady perhaps thirty-five years of age, with a strong, intelligent, but not handsome face, a frank, unreserved manner, and sympathies that seemed to be warm, impulsive, and generous. Her face bore traces of much suffering, and her thick, dark, wavy hair, which had been cut short in prison at the mines, was streaked here and there with gray; but neither hardship nor exile, nor penal servitude had been able to break her brave, finely-tempered spirit, or to shake her convictions of honour and duty. She was a woman of much cultivation, having been educated first in the woman's school of her own country, and then at Zurich and Switzerland. She spoke French, German, and English, was a fine musician, and impressed me as being in every way an attractive and interesting woman. She had been twice sent

CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKAYA.

to the mines of Kara, and after serving out her second penal term had again been sent as a forced colonist to this wretched, God-forsaken Buriat settlement of Selenginsk, where she was under the direct supervision and control of a local chief of police. There was not another educated woman within a hundred miles in any direction; she received from the government an allowance of a dollar and a quarter a week for her support; her correspondence was under police control; she was separated for life from her family and her friends, and she had, it seemed to me, absolutely nothing to look forward to except a few years, more or less, of hardship and privation, and at last burial in a lonely graveyard beside the Selenga River, where no sympathetic eye might ever rest upon the unpainted wooden cross that would briefly chronicle her life and death. The unshaken courage with which this unfortunate woman contemplated her dreary future, and the faith that she manifested in the ultimate triumph of liberty in her native country, were as touching as they were heroic. Almost the last words she said to me were: 'Mr. Kennan, we may die in exile, and our children may die in exile, and our children's children may die in exile, but something will come of it at last.' I have never seen Madame Breshkovskaya since that day. She has passed as completely out of my life as if she had died when I bade her good-bye; but I cannot recall her last words to me without feeling conscious that all my standards of courage, of fortitude, and of heroic self-sacrifice have been raised for all time, and raised by the hand of a woman."

This lady whom Kennan left in wretchedness and obscurity in the wilderness of Siberia and seemingly dead to the world for ever, has only quite recently, viz., in May, 1905, passed through London, hale and hearty, as our portrait shows, on her way to the Continent from America, where she has accomplished a great work by addressing numerous meetings in many towns, organising many societies, and securing substantial financial assistance for the revolutionary movement in Russia. She has returned to the land of the living after

nearly a quarter of a century spent in Russian prisons and Siberian exile, and is now reaping the reward of her life-long suffering in the cause of the People by being endearingly nicknamed in revolutionary circles " Nasha liubimaya Babushka,"—" our well-beloved granny." Others style her " Russia's Grand Old Woman," showing her esteem and affection in all possible ways. The life-story of this remarkable apostle of freedom should therefore be of general interest, and when it has been fully told, no doubt many readers will feel, like Mr. Kennan did, that " their standards of courage, of fortitude, and of heroic self-sacrifice have been raised for all time by the hand of a woman."

I.

Early Life and Peasant Tragedies.

Wholesale Floggings.—Catherine Contradicts St. Paul.

Catherine Breshkovskaya, now aged 64, is the daughter of a Russian nobleman, and was born on his estate in the government of Tchernigoff. Her father was a man of broad, liberal ideas, and helped his little daughter to read books of science and travel. She had both French and German governesses, and spoke both languages almost from babyhood. Her mother was deeply religious, but did not approve of the pompous ritual of the Greek Orthodox Church, and even taught her daughter to treat the servants as brothers and sisters, and to give all she had to the needy. Once, after such a lesson, little Catherine the next morning gave away her new and handsome cloak to a shivering peasant child she met outside, and was not a little bewildered when her mother sharply rebuked her for being so thoughtlessly generous! This gave her food for thinking, and already, as a girl of ten, she began to hate the authorities for flogging

the peasants, who at the time were yet serfs, and were subjected to this degrading punishment for the most trivial things. By the age of sixteen, Catherine had already read many books by Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and became acquainted with the history of the French Revolution. Fired by new ideas and filled with young enthusiasm, she opened a school near the estate, and soon had twenty grown-up peasants as pupils, whom she personally taught to read and write. Soon the emancipation of the serfs took place in 1861, but in reality the condition of the peasant became worse. For centuries he had had his plot of land and knew that both he and his plot belonged to the master, who could sell them only both together. The serfs would even say to their masters, "Mi vashi, no zemlia nasha," which means, "We are yours, but the land is ours." So naturally the peasant was under the impression and the expectation that he himself and his plot of land were now together freed by the Emancipation Act. However, directly this Act was proclaimed, the landlord ordered the peasant off his ancestral plot, showing him a small strip of the poorest soil, there to exercise his new freedom to starve and die. The peasants refused to leave their land, and what followed we reproduce in Madame Breshkovskaya's own words:

"The Government appointed in every district an 'arbiter,' to persuade the peasants. The arbiter failed. Then troops were quartered in their huts, homes were starved, old people were beaten by drunkards, daughters were raped. The peasants became more wild and then began the flogging. In a village near ours, where they refused to leave their plots, they were driven into line in the village street; every tenth man was called out and flogged with the knout, under which some died. Two weeks later, as they still held out, every fifth man was flogged. The poor ignorant creatures still held desperately to what they considered their rights; again the line, and now every man was dragged forward to the flogging. This process lasted five years all over Russia, until at last, bleeding and exhausted, the peasants gave in.

"I heard heartrending stories in my little schoolhouse, and many more through my father, the arbiter of our district. The peasants thronged to our house day and night. Many were carried in crippled by the knout; sobbing wives told of husbands killed before their eyes. Often the poor wretches literally wallowed before my father in the muddy roads, clasping his knees, begging him to again read the manifesto, and find whether there was a mistake, beseeching him to search for help in that mysterious region—the Law Court. From such interviews he came to me worn and haggard.

"I now saw how ineffectual were my attempts; I felt that tremendous economic and political changes must be made; but still a Liberalist, I thought only of reform. To seek guidance, to find what older heads were thinking, I went at nineteen with my mother and sister to St. Petersburg. Into our compartment on the train came a handsome young Prince, returning from official duties in Siberia. For hours he discussed with me the problems that were rushing upon us. His words thrilled like fire. Our excited voices rose steadily higher, until my mother begged me, as my nurse had done before, to speak low. The young prince is now an old man in exile. His name is Peter Kropotkin."

On arriving in St. Petersburg Catherine soon joined the advanced circle of men and women who were at the head of the reform movement, such as it was, at the time, and she took part in their secret meetings. There was not yet any question at these meetings of hatching plots against the Government, but simply of how to spread elementary education among the people at large and higher education for women of the better classes. For several years Catherine travelled a good deal about the country, coming everywhere in close contact with the progressive elements of society, and finally resolving to devote her life to the service of the people. Her husband—for by this time she had married a liberal-minded man—sympathised with her schemes, and together they established

an agricultural school for peasants. It soon appeared that the latter were totally ignorant even of such scanty rights of local suffrage as the law gave them, and the Breshkovskys and their friends began to teach the peasants how to use these rights. The result was that the peasants appeared in numbers at the local elections of justices of the peace, of members of the Zemstvo (rural board) and of other officials, giving their votes for progressive and honest candidates. Reactionary and despotic landowners were thus ousted from their places, and they denounced the leaders of the progressives as dangerous political agitators. The Government at once sided with the reactionaries. Mr. and Mme. Breshkovsky were placed under police surveillance, while a number of their friends were exiled to Siberia as political criminals. It became thus quite apparent that the peasant could expect nothing from the Government, since people who taught him nothing more than his legal rights as granted by the same Government were treated and punished as criminals. The candle of Russian law, dim as its light always is, must even be put under a bushel, when lit in a peasant's house!

These events played an important part in the career of our heroine, who now clearly realised that any work *on legal grounds* for the amelioration of the condition of the people is utterly impossible, that the overthrow of the despotic autocracy is the first unavoidable step for the introduction of all other reform.

About this time, viz., in 1871, took place the first great political trial in the reign of Alexander II., that of Netchaeff and his adherents who had formed themselves into a distinctly revolutionary group. The doleful processions of political offenders along the Great Siberian Road now commenced, but simultaneously the thinned ranks of the revolutionists were filled up again with new recruits chiefly from the intellectual, and even from the upper aristocratic classes of society. The young enthusiasts were seized with a passion to go and settle among the peasantry in various capacities and stir them up to open rebellion against the Government. The propagandists

were not in the least deceived as to the danger of their enterprise and the penalties that awaited them if discovered. Mme. Breshkovskaya, who was at the time only 26 years old, with a whole life before her, had hitherto been working in harmony with her husband for the good of the people, but now having decided to give herself up entirely to secret revolutionary propaganda, she asked him frankly whether he too was prepared to expose himself to the risk of exile or death. He replied in the negative, though thoroughly sympathising with the great object in view. Thereupon the wife left the husband for good in order to follow the dictates of her own conscience and the impulses of her generous heart, thus forming one of the rare exceptions to St. Paul's famous statement that "She that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband."

II.

Sacrificing Beauty.—The "Black Hole," Vermin, and the Prison "Club."

Catherine now donned the garb of a peasant woman, a coarse bodice and skirt, enormous bark shoes, and the heavy *sermiaga* of the moujik, a cloak of home spun woollen and hair stuff, by which the peasant is at once distinguished from the urban citizen. The disguise was necessary for two reasons, firstly to elude the eye of the police, who watch over the intercourse of the educated classes with the common people; secondly to break down the peasants' own cringing distrust with which they meet the friendly advances of the higher classes. However, the change of outward apparel alone could not conceal the noble and delicate features of our heroine's refined cultured face and soft hands, and she resorted to the highest sacrifice a woman can possibly make for the sake of anyone, viz.,

she used artificial means, such as acid, to purposely spoil the skin and the tender complexion of her face and hands, so as to make them look coarse and wrinkled and thus to prevent any suspicions that she was not a real peasant woman. No doubt many other Russian young women of the period engaged in the same work—and there were more than two thousand of such propagandists of both sexes —resorted to similar means of making themselves look rougher and older than they really were, a fact which upsets all our established notions of woman's supreme inborn vanity and her especial care for good looks and a pleasing countenance, and which truly makes the *moral* beauty of the Russian woman Nihilist unsurpassed by that of the noblest martyrs of any nation.

From this moment Catherine began to lead what is known in Russia as an " illegal " existence, for she had to assume a false name and produce a forged passport, when this document was demanded from her by the police. She had to do manual labour by day, and how she carried on the political propaganda we had better tell in her own simple but picturesque description :—

" By night I did my organising. You desire a picture? A low room with mud floor and walls. Rafters just over your head, and, above them, thatch. The room was packed with men, women and children. Two big fellows sat up on the high brick stove, with their dangling feet knocking occasional applause. These people had been gathered by my host, a brave peasant whom I picked out, and he in turn had chosen only those whom Siberia could not terrify. I now recalled their floggings; I pointed to those who were crippled for life; to women whose husbands had died under the lash; and when I asked if men were to be for ever flogged, then they would cry out so fiercely that the three or four cattle in the next room would bellow and have to be quieted. Again I would ask what chances their babies had of living, and in reply some peasant woman would tell how her baby had died the winter before. Why? I asked. Because they had only the most wretched strips of land. To be free and live, people must

own the land! From under my cloak I would bring out a book of fables written to teach our principles and stir the love of freedom. And then far into the night, the firelight showed a circle of great broad faces and dilated eyes, staring with all the reverence every peasant has for that mysterious thing—a book."

The movement rapidly spread through some 36 provinces, and in 1874 "The People's Party" became well organised, the propagandists travelling amongst the peasants and using cypher correspondence between themselves. No monetary sacrifices were considered too great for the cause, the women selling their jewels, costly gowns and furs to add to the general funds. Catherine was often betrayed by some peasant, then she had to leave the village quickly before completing her mission. At last she was arrested and imprisoned, and of this first experience she tells us :—

" In jail I was led down to the ' Black Hole.' As I came down two besotted wretches were stumbling up. I was pushed in, the heavy door slammed, and the bolts rattled in total darkness. At once I was sickened by the odour. I took a step forward and slipped, for the floor was soft with excrement. I stood still until deadly sick, I sank down on a pile of straw and rags. A minute later I was stung sharply back to consciousness, and sprang up covered with vermin. I leaned against the walls and found them damp. So I stood up all night in the middle of the hole. And this was the beginning of Siberia."

She was soon transported to a prison in St. Petersburg, where she awaited her trial for two years, always in the same cell, 9 feet long, 5 wide, and 7 feet high, practically a cage with just space enough to turn round in. This was, of course, solitary confinement, but she joined at once what is known to political prisoners as the " Social Club," of which we have the following description :—

" On that first evening I lay in the dark telling myself that our struggle must go on in spite of this calamity, and yet fearful for it

as we fear for things we love. I lay motionless, and solitary confinement began to work on my mind, as the system had planned it should. Suddenly I sat up quickly. I could hear nothing, but as I started to lie down, my ear approached again the iron pipe supporting my cot. Tick, tick, tick, tickity, tick. I had once heard a code planned at a meeting in Moscow, but I could not recall it. At last I had an idea. There are thirty-five letters in the Russian alphabet. I rapped. Once! Then twice! Then three times! So on until for the last letter I rapped thirty-five. No response. Again, slowly and distinctly. My heart was beating now. Steps came slowly down the corridor. The guard approached and passed my door. His steps died away. Suddenly—tick—Tick, tick! Tick, tick, tick! and through to thirty-five. Then slowly we spelled out words, and by this clumsy code the swifter code was taught me. After that for two years the pipe was almost always talking. How fast we talked!"

The "Club" had at the time over a hundred members all in solitary confinement. But—

"Our Club was not all a club of pleasure. Some died of consumption; others killed themselves, and others went insane. The pipe raved sometimes. It spoke many sad good-byes to wives and children. But the pipe was not often so, for a Revolutionist must smile though the heart be torn. We older ones continually urged the young girls to be strong, for they told us how they were taken out and brutally treated to make them give evidence. A very few broke down, but there were many young girls who endured, unshaken, months of this brutality."

At last in 1878 the party of the propagandists was tried. Not less than one hundred members had died or gone insane during their preliminary imprisonment, and of the accused before the Court there were now 193. The trial was, of course, but a mockery of justice, as the jury consisted of only seven members, specially chosen, of whom but one was a peasant, whereas all the judges were

Crown officials. Catherine was sentenced to exile to Siberia as a hard labour convict, and for protesting at the trial against the injustice of the proceedings her prison term was lengthened to five years more, her punishment being thus the same as is prescribed by the law for any ordinary murderer!

III.

In Siberia—Sentenced to be Flogged—A Series of Tragedies—"Reformed" and returned to Europe.

Of the horrors of a convict party's journey along the great Siberian Road so much has already been written in prose and poetry that they have long since become familiar to the civilised world, making one shudder at the very name of Siberian exile. Catherine's account of her own and her comrades' sufferings during the transportation period fully corroborates previous accounts of these horors. In the halting stations the walls were often red from vermin killed by tormented sleepers. The cells were reeking, and infected with scurvy, consumption, and typhoid. The air was invariably noisome from the open excrement tubs. "Through the walls we heard the endless jangling of fetters, the moaning of women, the cries of sick babies." At last Catherine arrived at the Kara Mines prison, where she was kept ten months and then transferred to Barguzin, a small savage settlement near the Arctic Circle. She arrived there in February, and the temperature was then 45 degrees below zero!

After two years of most wretched existence, Catherine, with three young students, exiled to the same place without any trial, attempted to escape, and wandered in the wilderness about 600 miles, with scant hope of reaching safety, and practically starving all the time. At last they were caught, and Catherine was brought back to Kara and sentenced to forty blows by the lash. The flogging, however, was not carried out.

During her sojourn in the Kara Prison a series of tragic events took place there which have become famous in the history of Siberian exile, and are given with more detail in our sketch of the career of Leo Deutsch. Among these events were the escape of eight political prisoners, all of whom were re-captured; the "hunger-strike"; the flogging to death of Madame Sigida; the suicide of three women and attempted suicide of twenty men as a protest against the prison barbarities; and a number of other horrible episodes. Finally Catherine was let out of prison and installed in the Buriat village of Selenginsk, on the frontier of China, where Kennan went to see her and gave the account reproduced at the beginning of this sketch.

Here she spent some seven years, of which she speaks as being the hardest of the 23 years spent in prisons and exile, chiefly because of the terrible isolation of the place, but few political exiles passing and stopping there for a short time. In winter the temperature averaged from 20 to 50 degrees below zero, and Catherine had frequently to put a chair on the brick stove and sit with her head close to the thatch roof, the cold below being unbearable. In this misery no one will wonder to read her following statement:

"I grew almost frantic with loneliness, and to keep my sanity I would run out on the snow shouting passionate orations, or even playing the prima donna, and singing grand opera arias to the bleak landscape, which never applauded."

The seven years over, Catherine was allowed to settle in the larger Siberian towns, and she lived three years in Irkutsk, and then many years in Tobolsk, Tiumen, and other smaller places. At last, in September, 1896, the authorities considered that 23 years of constant hardships, privations, and various horrors in prisons were sufficient to break the health and energy of any woman, and thoroughly "reform" her criminal political convictions, and accordingly Catherine was allowed to return to European Russia.

The Russian police, however, soon learned that it is easier to break the human body than an iron human will, inspired by the noblest ideals of justice, liberty, and love for fellow sufferers. No sooner was Catherine again a free agent than she once more threw herself with her former zeal and devotion into the revolutionary struggle, knowing well enough from bitter personal experience what awaited her should she once more be arrested. She found now many changes, not in the condition of the poverty-stricken people and the despotism of the existing *régime,* but in the composition of the parties continuing the struggle for freedom. Thousands of her companions in the early days of the Nihilist movement were now in their graves, or had become insane, or were still pining in various prisons and in the Arctic regions. A younger generation of workers had grown up, partly following In the footsteps of their predecessors, partly striking out for themselves new paths, new ideals, new practical methods of warfare. Catherine did not lose a moment in finding out the new leaders, the new centres, and at once commenced her active work amongst them, armed now with all the weapons of an experienced conspirator. She travelled incessantly from place to place, organizing or helping to organize local revolutionary groups, teaching the new converts, arranging the methods of communication, addressing secret meetings, and in every possible way furthering the movement.

" For six years," she says, " the railway compartment was my home. I had meetings on river boats by night, in city tenements, in peasants' huts, and in the forests, but, unlike the old times, the way had always been prepared by someone else before me, and I was always protected."

The police, of course, were all the time on her track, and she had several times marvellous escapes by means of various ruses, of which she had become quite an expert during a lifelong experience of the ways and methods of Russian spies and gendarmes.

IV.

Triumphant Mission in America.

Mme. Breshkovskaya is now one of the most active and influential members of the Russian party bearing the name of Socialists-Revolutionists. The party was formed only some eight years ago, but it is already the most important and energetic of the 21 different organizations which are working at present for the overthrow of Czarism. It was in the interests of this party that Mme. Breshkovskaya went to America, in the autumn of 1904, in order to secure financial assistance chiefly among the numerous Russian elements which abound in all the larger and smaller towns, and form also many colonies in all the States. She was, however, received most enthusiastically wherever she appeared, even by the general population, and her few months' stay in America was one unbroken triumphant march of the cause of Russian freedom. Americans everywhere hastened to show their sympathies, and in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other great cities the largest halls engaged for the meetings were frequently overcrowded and overflow meetings had to be held. The enthusiasm created everywhere was extraordinary, especially when we take into consideration that she could not address the audiences in English, and her speeches had to be translated. Everywhere she was supported by eminent statesmen, writers, ministers of religion, and leading citizens, the Press reporting the proceedings at length.

Numerous resolutions protesting against Russian Autocracy were passed at these meetings, and we give as an example an account of speeches delivered at a meeting in Boston on the 31st January, 1905, presided over by Henry B. Blackwell, and addressed, by Mme. Breshkovskaya, as well as by Prof. Borden P. Bowne, Rev. Dr. James de Normandie, Dr. A. E. Winship, William Lloyd Garrison, N. C. Adossides, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Dr. Alexander Petrunkevitch.

The Right of Revolution.

Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, chairman of the meeting, said:

"Fellow Citizens of Massachusetts,

We meet to-night to express the sympathy felt by the people of the United States for the people of Russia in their efforts to establish a free, representative, constitutional government, based upon principles of justice, liberty, and equality.

How can any American citizen, worthy of the name, hesitate to express that sympathy? In doing so we have only to repeat the words of our own Declaration of Independence:

"We hold these truths to be self evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation upon such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. . . But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce the people under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

This declaration was not lightly made. It was signed by delegates of all the 13 colonies in Congress assembled. It was ratified by the American people in the final arbitrament of civil war. Our government is founded on the right of revolution. The principle was true then; it is true now. It is as true in St. Petersburg and Moscow in 1905 as it was in Boston and Philadelphia in 1776.

" And for the support of these principles," in their worldwide application to all countries, to all races, to all time, to men and women alike, " with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other " to-night, in Lorimer Hall, " our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour."

A Plague-Spot of Humanity.

Dr. A. E. Winship, editor of the *Journal of Education*, wrote:

" I regret exceedingly that I cannot be with you.

I heard the great address of Wendell Phillips on the Russian cause, at Harvard in 1881, and the fire still burns in my veins. The great plague-spot of humanity is Russia, where men are denied every phase of possible comfort and self-respect, progress and personal honour.

I can still hear Wendell Phillips say: ' Accept no peace without liberty. I can say nothing else and nothing less—no, not if every tile on Cambridge roofs were a devil hooting my words.'

It is a temptation to use the language of Voltaire—' Crush the wretch!' "

The Peace that Reigns in Warsaw.

William Lloyd Garrison said in part:

" As a citizen of the world, I wish to be counted one of that body of liberty-lovers in all nations who take small pride in their accident of birth. Consequently, I thrill at the sight of the insurrection in Russia. While holding that the methods and spirit of Jesus and Tolstoy are the only effective ones to overcome evil and secure justice, I cannot the less rejoice that the great empire of the north is rising to the plane of Washington, Lincoln and John Brown—imperfect though it be.

Slavery is not peace, armed despotism is not peace, even though the slave-holder and the despot sleep secure in their reliance on superior force. The turbulent awakening to the value of liberty is better than the stolid indifference of human brutes in subjection.

However ominous the expression of brute force and merciless retaliation by the oppressed, they who have deformed humanity and robbed it of its birthright cannot escape the dread responsibility and consequences. The indignant mob upon the banks of the Neva is nobler than the peace which reigns in Warsaw. So I come gladly to-night to express my sympathy for the down-trodden people in Russia, with their exiled fellow-citizens who have sought a home in the United States. The cause is ours not the less because the storm-centre this moment happens to be in the dominions of the Czar. We have a right to share in their protest, not having withheld our cry of horror and opposition when liberty has been imperilled in Greece, Armenia, the Philippines, and in the Southern States of the Union. We are no longer able to turn a deaf ear to brethren in foreign lands groaning under the yoke of tyranny. There is a world public opinion which the tyrant heeds. It comes from the thoughtful and high-minded men and women of all countries, who though small in numbers, form the moral tribunal of the world. Everywhere their influence for justice and righteousness is felt.

In a country where the rights of the people are protected by constitutions and laws, no excuse can be offered for violence in the accomplishment of reforms. The Press, the forum, the pulpit are all instruments for expression. Those unjustly suffering may find many channels in which to make their wrongs known. But in a black despotism like Russia, with strict censorship of the Press, with the damp dungeons of St. Petersburg, and the harsh cruelties of bleak Siberian life, one has to fall back on the fancied tortures of the Inferno to parallel the history of Russian sufferings and crucifixion. The burden can no longer be borne, and the explosion, however destructive, is in the natural order.

As an American, I hail the crowding events with joy and renewed courage."

WANTED: A GREAT LEADER.

The venerable Mrs. Julia Ward Howe said:

"The Russian people are in the right in rebelling. They ought not to submit to what is degrading and dehumanizing. Longfellow says—

'Be not like dumb, driven cattle!'

"The Russian people are no longer like that. How glorious is this uprising! If only some great leader can come to guide them! A foreign general said to my daughter: 'In the last Greek war the Greeks were not outfought, but outgeneralled. They had plenty of courage, but no leaders who could cope with those on the other side.' I hope that He Who gave Christ to the world and Washington to America, Who has so often sent the providential man—or the providential woman, like Deborah and Joan of Arc—will send a great leader to the Russian people."

Resolutions were adopted as follow:

"Whereas blood is being shed all over the vast territory of Russia in defence of inalienable human rights;

And whereas to the peaceful demands of an oppressed populace the Czar's Government has always answered, as it does now, by swords and bullets;

And whereas Czarism is an anomaly among the institutions of the civilised world;

And whereas the uplifting of the down-trodden Russian people from abject slavery to a state of political fredom ought to be near to the heart of every citizen of this glorious land; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, citizens of Boston, in public meeting assembled, hereby extend our sympathies to the advance guard of the Russian revolution, and in offering what help we can give, we hope that victory will be theirs without the horrors of a civil war. And

Resolved, That we condemn the acts of brutality whereby alone the Russian autocracy can be maintained, and we affirm that the responsibility for the blood shed in securing free speech, freedom of assembly and religion, and a representative government, will be on the heads of the lawless hirelings of a shameful *régime.*"

This Boston resolution is but a fair example of many other similar resolutions passed at meetings in the United States addressed by Mme. Breshkovskaya and of the general American sentiment towards Russia.

Altogether Mme. Breshkovskaya's mission in America was throughout a triumphant march, and resulted in the formation of a number of permanent organizations for the support of the Russian liberation movement. She personally raised 10,000 dollars, a sum perhaps not very large in itself, but more than double that which was raised in England soon after the terrible massacres of the strikers in St. Petersburg, on the now historical " Bloody Sunday," January 22nd, 1905.

In March, 1905, Mme. Breshkovskaya left America for Europe, intending to return to Russia and once more throw herself into the centre of the fight against despotism. After 23 years' suffering in prison and Siberian exile and at the age of 64 to expose herself to the great risk of being once more arrested and imprisoned, and in such case no doubt for the remainder of her life, is certainly an act on which everyone will look with astonishment. Is such a step wise and prudent? Certainly not. But it is not the wise and prudent who have ever opened a new page in history and laid new paths for the progress of humanity. There is a love which is stronger than death, and Catherine certainly is not made of the stuff of common mortals.

Let us all hope and pray that our heroine may still be saved from falling again into the clutches of Russian despotism, for it is of such as she of whom it was said: " Ye are the salt of the earth."

PRINCE DMITRI ALEXANDROVITCH KHILKOFF.

THE KIDNAPPED PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

HOW A WEALTHY RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN BECAME A COMMUNIST, AND FROM A MILITANT WARRIOR AN APOSTLE OF PEACE.

The reader whose eye will be caught by the sensational title of this story will probably expect one of those fairy tales which so richly abound in the oral and written literatures of the world, invented and adorned by a fertile imagination for the gratification of lovers of fiction and romantic adventure.

And yet, our story, alas! is only too real and genuine, for it deals with events which took place only a few years ago in Russia, and which are not yet altogether closed even at the moment of writing.

The tragedy of this specifically Russian tragedy lies in the fact that its occurrence is not at all of an accidental nature unpreventable by human vigilance and foresight, but on the contrary was an organic outcome of the fundamental conditions of Russian life, bound to happen and frequently happening now here, now there, just as blisters and eruptions are a natural corollary of a vitiated condition of the blood.

If we have chosen this particular case for our narrative, it is simply because of its being accompanied with peculiarly distressing features, seeing that an affectionate mother in her religious blindness and folly, became the principal agent in trampling upon all sacred maternal instincts, heaping lies and infamy upon another innocent

woman and mother, and robbing parents of all that is dearest to them in life. But let us pass to the simple facts of the tragedy, and present them in a connected narrative from the fragmentary materials at our disposal.

All the events that led up to the chief tragedy are so deeply instructive in themselves, reflect Russian life so vividly, containing at the same time so much of general human interest, that we intend to trace them briefly before arriving at their culminating point, the kidnapping of the boy Prince and the girl Princess.

I.

Military Patriots.—The Awakening of Conscience.—A Little Unpleasantness at a Military Parade.

In 1875, young Prince Dmitri Alexandrovitch Khilkoff, then only seventeen, passed his military examinations, and joined as officer the Hussar regiment of the Life Guards. He zealously discharged his duties, and was respected by his superiors, but soon found that he had too much leisure at his disposal, and began to feel the aristocratic *ennui,* the disorderly life and pleasures of his colleagues not satisfying him. In 1877 the Russo-Turkish War broke out, and as his regiment was not sent to the field of action, Khilkoff himself sought and got an appointment in one of the Cossack regiments operating in the Caucasus. He was immediately entrusted with command of a *Okhotnitchi,* or hunting company, whose mission it was to hunt Turks—not beasts, as the name okhotnitchi suggests.

Our hero, fresh from the military college, had some noble patriotic ideas of the calling of an officer. He believed that he himself, his superiors, and colleagues all serve the common cause of the Fatherland, and had even to sacrifice their lives for the glory of

Russia. He believed that the common soldier, nobly taking the lion's share in patriotic battles, is, therefore, entitled to recognition, consideration, and to just and human treatment. Alas! a closer acquaintance with the real life and doings of the commanders and officers of the various regiments soon opened his eyes as to his delusions. "I was struck with something which I could not have expected," he tells us. "Most of the commanders thought only of themselves, and would not hesitate in endangering the whole enterprise or in exposing to destruction thousands of their own people if by this they could injure a rival commander or receive a personal distinction. I was disappointed, and began to feel for the deceived and speech-bound soldiers, who indeed were looked upon and treated as only 'flesh for cannons.' I began then to do my best to try at least to spare the Cossacks under my own command."

Soon Khilkoff, in one of the small "hunting" expeditions, killed a Turk. His Memoirs do not make all the details of this incident quite clear, but to Khilkoff himself it afterwards appeared that he had simply committed a murder. This thought continued to haunt him, and in a truly Russian fashion he intended first to do penance by fasting and taking the sacrament, and then to leave the military service altogether, as the idea of having to kill more fellow-men in the future became abominable to him. When he made this confession to his comrade officers, it was taken as a joke, and the colonel of his regiment, Valueff, told him straight off that it was all nonsense, that he would not let him go, and that fasting would redeem his sin. The colonel further advised him, evidently ironically, when in future encountering a Turk to stand still and let the latter shoot him; if killed, his own sin of murder would thus be redeemed.

Khilkoff reconciled himself to the situation, but his conscience, once awakened, could not be lulled altogether, and other incidents of the war continued to work upon his soul and heart and to disgust him with the military profession. One of these happened immediately after the taking of Kars.

The Grand Duke's name day was on the 8th of November, and a military parade was arranged in his honour on that day outside Kars. The troops were standing on one side of a field strewn with stones, with their commanders facing them at some little distance.

When General Loris-Melikoff and the Grand Duke arrived the ceremony began, the latter addressing his thanks to the victorious General, embracing him, and calling for the cheers of the troops. Amidst this shouting and jubilation there appeared suddenly on the spot between the troops and the commanders a four-wheeled rough cart packed with wounded soldiers. The vehicle was jolting over the stones, and the heartrending cries of the wounded filled the air. Blood was streaming from the cart, leaving a red trace behind it. The jubilation was so great that nobody had noticed the cart until it was before their very eyes. But now, instead of letting the vehicle pass on slowly over the stones, the officers began to shout at the driver and to urge the horses to dash on quickly with their shrieking human load, as it could not add to the pleasure of his Imperial Highness and his Excellency the General.

Prince Khilkoff was not on duty on that occasion, but was present simply as an onlooker of the grand parade. The incident produced on him a strong impression, and with other experiences went to prepare in him the new man.

II.

A Doukhobortsi Argument—Russian Rule in the Caucasus—A Poor Compliment to Christianity.

After the termination of the Russo-Turkish War, Khilkoff decided not to return to St. Petersburg, but to continue his service in a Cossack regiment stationed in the Caucasus.

The next winter they were quartered in the Akhalkalakki district where lived many of the now renowned Dissenters, the Doukhobortsi, afterwards exiled from European Russia. Here he made for the first time the acquaintance of these Sectarians, to whom he has since rendered, and continues to render, so many devoted services.

The first Doukhobortsi village in which he happened to stay produced on him a striking impression, especially in comparison with the ordinary Russian villages. Everything bore the stamp of prosperity, the people themselves being of a tall, well-built, and handsome type, without that look of depression and servility which is the characteristic feature of the Russian peasant. A little incident in the same village soon made him more deeply interested in the Doukhobortsi faith.

He was sitting and conversing with his host at the window, from which they happened to witness how an Uriadnik (a police officer) struck a Cossack for having let his horse stray. Khilkoff apparently thought nothing of such an offence, but his host, the Doukhoboretz, suddenly asked him whether he believed in Holy Icons, and received an affirmative reply.

" And why do you believe in them?"

"Because they bear the image of God."

" And may one strike an Icon?"

"No."

"Now, tell me, how was man created?"

"In the image of God."

"That is so; but how then is it that one thinks it right to strike a man, the living image of God, as the Uriadnik has just done, but would on no account strike the wooden board with the printed image of God upon it?"

Khilkoff did not know what to reply, and therefore simply said that his companion lacked understanding!

The Doukhoboretz was silent for a moment, and then asked Khilkoff whether he had read the Gospel. The latter replied yes, whereupon the Doukhoboretz said :

"Yes, you have read the Gospel, but I can see you don't understand what you have read. Read it over again."

This incident had its effect upon Khilkoff, who now began to study earnestly the history and teaching of the Sectarians, and also to read the Gospel in a new light. " I began to realise," he tells us, "that the Doukhobortsi are nearer to the Gospel than we, the Orthodox ones. "

Wandering with his regiment from place to place, Khilkoff soon had many opportunities of learning what Russian rule in the Caucasus really amounted to. He learned to read and speak Turkish, and was thus able to get all information at first hand. His account of the atrocities committed by the Russian authorities would be simply incredible were it not for the fact that the narrator's truthfulness is beyond suspicion. The list of these atrocities is too long to enumerate, but a couple of illustrations will suffice.

One district governor, Karagosoff, was simply in the habit of evicting the native Turks from their houses, breaking up the latter, and selling the wood to the Crown at the price of 80 roubles a sajen. Or he would order the Cossacks to summon to his house all the more well-to-do Turks of the district and then disappear for days. The Turks naturally asked what they were summoned for, but could get no reply. As they were not allowed to return to their homes, being practically arrested, it would gradually dawn upon them to try to buy their freedom, offering as ransom five, ten, and even twenty roubles, each according to his means. The money duly received by some representative of the absent " Governor," the Cossack guard would disperse without further explanation, and so would their prisoners !

Another "Governor," Dratcheff by name, of the Kagismanski district, did not dare to send his envoys into the villages without an escort of Cossacks, who were allowed to plunder and even commit murders without any punishment.

On one occasion a company of Khilkoff's Cossacks were ordered out for that purpose. When they had left, he began to feel anxious lest some new atrocities and even murders, were contemplated, and decided to start in haste and join his men at their point of destination. Arriving there, he asked them not to tell the civil official of his presence in the village, and went into one of the huts enquiring from the occupiers what the visit of the official was for. He was then told that the inhabitants had already paid their taxes for that year twice over, once to the Turkish and another time to the Russian authorities, but that the latter wanted now to levy them a second time. Full of indignation, Khilkoff called on the official and told him that he was going to return in order to interview the Governor, and explain the situation to him, ordering his Cossacks in the meantime to abstain from any violence. However, shortly after Khilkoff had arrived at Kagisman his Cossacks arrived there too. It transpired that after Khilkoff left the village, the official ordered the Cossacks to begin killing the villagers' cattle. The men refused to obey, the official swore at Khilkoff, and the Cossacks then mounted their horses and left the former alone at the mercy of the infuriated inhabitants. The official then too, in dread of his life, hurried back to Kagisman.

Had any other person interfered in such a manner with the authorities whilst executing their duty in "keeping law and order" (*sic*) he would no doubt have been officially tried and severely punished, but Khilkoff being a superior and titled officer, the "Governor" found it wiser to hush up the whole affair, knowing well enough that he himself had simply intended to plunder the defenceless inhabitants. This episode, however, gave a most valuable lesson to Khilkoff, and had an influence upon his whole future life, for as he himself tells us, "The occasion made me realise for the first time the chief object for which armies are maintained."

Naturally enough, protecting the natives against the high-handed plunders of the Russian authorities, Khilkoff became soon so popular amongst the inhabitants, that he and his men were never attacked on the sly, whilst among other regiments both officers and men were frequently found murdered, if they ventured to go out without due precaution. The Russian rule weighed so heavily upon the native Mohammedans that a number of them decided to emigrate, and offered to Khilkoff to go with them, which at one time he seriously intended doing. On this occasion a poor compliment was paid to Christianity, the Turks firmly believing that Khilkoff being so good and honest could not possibly be a Christian, but a Mohammedan in disguise!

III.

Gallant "Patriots," and Permission to be Honest—The Crime of a Russian Socialist—An Extraordinary Tribunal—Apples, Peasants, and a Woman—Whose is the Land?

During Kilkoff's military service many instructive episodes occurred, interesting both as glimpses into Russian military life and as illustrating the character of the subject of this sketch.

It appears that embezzlement of regimental funds was quite the order of the day, the book-keeping being falsified with the knowledge of the commanding officers. On one occasion not less than 25,000 roubles disappeared, and could not be accounted for. No prosecution was instituted against the responsible officers merely because the Prince of Oldenburg was the nominal commander of the regiment and the scandal would have been unpleasant to him. The General of the Corps then asked Khilkoff to take over the management of

the commissariat, but the latter would only consent on the condition that all expenses should be stated in the books accurately and not fictitiously as hitherto. The General declined such a stipulation, and appointed for that post another less scrupulous officer, with the result that at the end of three months several thousand roubles more disappeared. Evidently it was now feared that such high-handed rapacity had finally reached a culminating and dangerous point, for at last Khilkoff was sent for, and permission given to him to conduct the book-keeping honestly. This change had most amazing results. At the end of the first year, not only were all regimental expenses duly covered, but even the missing sums were refunded, and yet a surplus remained of about 58,000 roubles!

If we take into consideration that such big sums were systematically embezzled in one regiment only, stationed in the remote Caucasus, one can easily imagine what the sum total of such rapacity must be in all the regiments of the greatest military power on earth, having no Prince Khilkoffs to record their dark deeds! Talk after that of the patriotism (*sic*) of Russian officers, and of the ungrateful, ignorant inhabitant unable to appreciate the blessings of Empire —and the virtues of its gallant defenders!

Khilkoff, however, had to pay the penalty for his conduct. He got the reputation of being a "Socialist" striving to undermine the foundations of the State, and the local gendarme officer found it necessary to establish a secret supervision of his movements. This meant in reality that he was suspected of *not* breaking the Russian law, such as it is, and preventing others from breaking it, truly an unpardonable crime in an officer appointed to protect law and order!

On another occasion Khilkoff was appointed President of the Regimental Court, and he had to try an Uriadnik for stealing a saddle from his comrade. From the circumstances of the case, Khilkoff was convinced that the accused had been badly treated by his commanding officer, and that the theft was committed with the object

of expressing a protest and annoying the latter, who was morally responsible in the affair. On hearing all the evidence, Khilkoff came to the conclusion that the accused Nesmashni was himself the injured party, and it was he who ought to have tried the judges, and not they him. "The chief point of the whole affair," said Khilkoff to himself, "does not lie in its justice, but in the fact that the Cossack guard which brought in the prisoner obeys our orders, and not his." This thought he communicated frankly to the other members of the court, asking them to explain the ethical grounds on which they intended to condemn the much-wronged prisoner. They could not explain anything. "Well, then," said President Khilkoff, "if you know no reasons for condemning him, I, too, know none, and until I do know I cannot try him."

The accused was set free, but Khilkoff was no longer asked to preside at military trials.

To non-Russians such proceedings will seem no doubt extraordinary, but Russian law is a slim and flexible quantity, and it would be vain to gauge it according to the standard of other civilized countries.

Khilkoff became finally disgusted with the military vocation which he more and more found both senseless and sinful, and at last in 1880 he resigned his post and returned home to his mother's estate in the Sumski district, government of Poltava, intending to occupy himself with agriculture and the improvement of the lot of the peasants.

His mother made over to him 430* desiatinas of land, leaving to herself the rest of the large estate, in the management of which he was not to interfere, as their ideas about land and peasants were quite different, his thoughts being chiefly of how much the latter ought to have—hers of how much could be taken out of them. The apple of contention was real, and in the literal sense

* One Desiatina=2.70 acres.

of the word, for the apple orchard had been let for 600 roubles a year, but the Prince decided to manage it himself, and forthwith announced to the peasants that they need not steal the fruit, as they may come into the garden freely, eat apples to their hearts' content and even take away some. Not content with this, when all the apples were gathered in, Khilkoff gave away the half of them to the families of those peasants who had planted the orchard and yet he received for the rest the sum of 200 roubles.

Generally his ideas about land and property became Socialistic. By what moral and divine right does the land belong to him and not to those who cultivate it? This was a cardinal question which tormented him incessantly, and a few incidents contributed to his solving the question, and not in his own favour. He liked to ride through a wood containing many young oak trees, and once approaching it he noticed a peasant ploughing, whilst his two horses were let loose in the wood eating off the tops of the young trees. Khilkoff became very angry, and said to the peasant:

"Don't you know that the oaks will perish?"

The peasant turned his face towards him, "And," says Khilkoff, "such a face I have never seen before or after. I glanced at his emaciated, almost green face, with its sunken eyes, and felt quite stupefied and benumbed with emotion." The peasant only replied, "I have had nothing to eat myself for three days."

Khilkoff was horror-stricken, as the whole figure of the unfortunate man testified to the full truth of his statement.

On another occasion as he was approaching the wood he heard some noise, and looking round noticed a woman running away as if for her life, but falling to the ground at every few steps, then rising, and again running and falling. He called out loudly to her to stop, and not to be afraid of him, but the

woman continued her flight over the marshy and difficult ground, until she succeeded in crossing a ditch, which Khilkoff, being on horseback could not do. But he noticed that on reaching the other side the woman could run no longer, and fell on the ground, evidently exhausted. He soon, however, ascertained the fact that the poor woman, who was expecting shortly to be confined, had come to the wood to gather some fuel of fallen branches, and on noticing the master became frightened lest she should be caught and punished for poaching.

All these incidents made Khilkoff ponder over the question what to do to live himself and let others live. He did not dare to approach his own wood any longer, to meet miserable faces again, or frighten out the soul of poor women in delicate condition. He could not stand reading in the eyes of the emaciated peasants their sorrowful, though silent, protests against him, the master, who does nothing, but enjoys everything. The land is not mine, he decided, sooner or later it must and will become the property of those who have laboured on it for generations. Why, then, not yield it to them at once?

After long hesitation and inner struggle he called together several representative peasants, and told them of his intention of selling the land to them practically at the price at which they were renting it. Characteristic scenes followed, the peasants looking with suspicion upon the unheard-of offer. When they finally became convinced that no evil was meant, they began to disagree among themselves, each striving to make the best bargain for himself individually. At last everything was arranged, Khilkoff himself having planned out the allotments according to the number of members of each family and the land already in their possession. And now came a little episode, which Khilkoff himself tells evidently with unconscious simplicity of heart, but presenting none the less a touching and pathetic element.

When he had matured his plan of giving away the land to the peasants, he built for himself what he calls a "Khutor," an ordinary peasant cottage, shown in our illustration, where he settled, cultivating the land personally as a common labourer. The cottage he built purposely in such a situation as not to interfere with the future proprietors of the land when they took actual possession of it. He allotted twenty desiatinas of land to the cottage, which he thought would quite suffice for his own humble requirements, all the more so as he wished to do all the work himself, and dispense, if possible, with hired labour. Now, as he had disposed of the whole of the land to the peasants he said to them :

"You know that my cottage stands on the land which is now yours. But I am a man too, and need a place on earth. Will you allow me to stay on, or must I go?"

The peasants wanted him to remain, so they allotted to the cottage a piece of seven desiatinas only. They wished to give him a formal agreement of this transaction, but Khilkoff declined. "All the same," he said to himself, "if they drive me out afterwards I should not go to the Court to claim my legal rights."

Altogether Khilkoff gave away to the peasants about 1,161 acres of valuable arable and wood land.

The peasants soon built a whole village on the new land, consisting of sixty-three houses. Khilkoff now dismissed his farm hands, and began himself the life of a peasant, intending to open a village school, organise a library, etc. But he had not counted on the Russian authorities and priests, and soon troubles began, showing him that there is no room in Holy Orthodox Russia for peaceable labours of love and self-sacrifice on behalf of one's neighbours.

IV.

THE SHEEP AND THE SHEPHERDS—A BISHOP'S SAVAGE EPISTLE—VODKA AS A THEOLOGICAL ARGUMENT—WHOLESALE FLOGGINGS—AN OFFICIAL IS A LAW UNTO HIMSELF—TO WORK, STARVE AND DIE—EXILED FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

Having distributed his land among the peasants, Khilkoff now did his best to assist them in many other ways.

"In the village," says he, "men able to read and write are scarce, and very much wanted. From the tax-collector up to the Governor of the Province, all strive to 'flay' the Mouzhik, though the law may stand in the latter's favour. The nearest man to the peasant is the priest, without whom he dare neither to be born nor to marry, nor even to die. With such a power in their hands many priests exploit the peasant in a pitiless fashion. I have long since ceased to go to church, chiefly because I felt disgusted with the cynical attitude of the priests towards the faith they profess. Many a time the peasants and myself have been witnesses of the scuffles which took place at the very altar of the church in Pavlovka between the two local priests, who heartily hated one another. The peasants asked me to protect them against the greediness of their spiritual leaders. I wrote letters to the latter, and even to the Bishop, which usually had effect, but made them hate me, as I touched their most sensitive spot—the purse. The result was that the priests began to denounce me to the authorities as a political agitator. Disguised gendarme officers commnced to pay me visits under various pretexts, and finally I was officially summoned, along with twenty peasants, before the examining magistrate to answer a charge of having seceded from the Greek Orthodox Church."

Khilkoff answered the charge in the affirmative, but as during the investigation no crimes came to light except the crying iniquities and abuses of the priests themselves, the authorities found it better to hush up the whole affair and leave Khilkoff in peace—for a time at least.

Peace, however, could not be maintained for very long. Two peasants having learned from the Gospel that Christ forbids the taking of an oath, acted accordingly on the first occasion, and also brought their icons to the local priests, saying they had no more need of them. They were at once arrested, with the result that a number of other peasants followed their example, and brought their icons to the priests. The case being reported to the Bishop of Kharkoff, that worthy soon issued a general proclamation written in verse, with an order that it should be distributed in all the villages and read in all the schools of the diocese. As a "human document," characteristic of the Holy Orthodox Church of Russia, we reproduce here the Russian text and a full translation of the proclamation, but must state that we can scarcely convey in English all the intense and contemptuous hatred pervading every line, every expression of the Russian original :—

ПРОКЛТЯЫЙ ШТУНДИСТЪ.

Гремите церковные громы,
Возстаньте соборныя клятвы,
Разите анаѳемой вѣчной
Штуидистовъ отверженный родъ.

Штундистъ разрушаетъ догматы,
Штундистъ отвергаетъ преданье,
Штундистъ порицаетъ обряды;
Еретикъ онъ, проклятый штундистъ.

Господь нашу русскую церковь
Великою славой почтилъ;
Ее, нашу мать дорогую,
Злословитъ проклятый штундистъ.

Какъ звѣзды на тверди небесной,
На нашей родимой землѣ
Сіяютъ священные храмы:
Бѣжитъ ихъ проклятый штундистъ.

Возносятся въ храмахъ молитвы,
Поются церковныя пѣсни,
Совершаются Тайны Святыя:
Хулитъ ихъ проклятый штундистъ.

Святителей нашихъ великихъ,
Заступниковъ русской земли,
И пастырей нашихъ духовныхъ
Позоритъ проклятый штундистъ.

Поемъ ли молебны на пашняхъ,
Источники-ль водъ освящаемъ,
Господень-ли крестъ лобызаемъ,
Глумится проклятый штундистъ.

Суровый и мрачный, какъ демонъ,
Чуждаясь людей православныхъ,
Скрывается въ темныхъ притонахъ
Врагъ Божій—проклятый штундистъ.

Но чуть простодушный заглянетъ
Въ берлогу коварнаго звѣря,
Хулой, клеветою и лестью,
Изловитъ проклятый штундистъ.

"THE CURSED STUNDIST."

Roar, ye Church thunders,
Arise, ye curses of the Holy Councils,
Strike with eternal anathema
The outcast Stundist's progeny.

The Stundist destroys the Dogmas,
The Stundist rejects tradition.
The Stundist scoffs at the ceremonies,
He is an apostate—the cursed Stundist.

The Lord has bestowed His honours
Upon our Holy Russian Church,
But this, our dear Mother,
Is slandered by the cursed Stundist.

Like stars in the firmament of Heaven
So shine in our native land
God's Holy Temples everywhere,
Shunned only by the cursed Stundist.

Prayers go up in the Temples,
Church Hymns are resounding
And Holy Sacraments performed,
All blamed by the cursed Stundist.

All our great Saints,
The intercessors of the Russian Land,
And all our spiritual leaders
Are dishonoured by the cursed Stundist.

Whether we offer thanksgivings in the fields,
Or bless the sources of the water,
Or kiss the Cross of the Lord,
We are mocked at by the cursed Stundist.

He is stern and gloomy, like a demon,
Shunning the sight of the faithful Orthodox,
He hides in dark haunts
This enemy of God, the cursed Stundist.

But as soon as the simple-minded
Looks into the den of this crafty beast,
By blasphemy, insinuation or flattery,
Entraps him the cursed Stundist.

Those who know the gentle, loving, forgiving and self-sacrificing character of the Stundist will be filled with indignation on reading the above slanderous and wholly undeserved "poem," by a Christian Bishop. To cruelly persecute innocent people always and everywhere, to forbid their religious worship, exile them in their thousands, and then accusing them of "shunning the sight of the faithful Orthodox," or of "hiding in dark haunts," is as just, logical, and sensible as calling the fox wicked and a coward because he tries to run away and hide himself from the yelping hounds. Neither is the Stundist "stern and gloomy like a demon;" on the contrary,

all the Stundists it has been our privilege to meet with struck us by their remarkable cheerfulness and brightness, as if they had never known cruelty and persecution.

When a copy of this shameful poem reached Khilkoff, he wrote a commentary upon it, quoting for that purpose various texts from the Bible breathing love and forgiveness even to one's enemies. He sent a copy to the Bishop and distributed others among the peasants. The Bishop, in reply, sent two priests to the village to conduct religious debates and expose the "Cursed Stundists." The missionaries actually resorted to vodka as a means of exciting the passions of the Orthodox, the drink being gratuitously offered them both before and at the meetings, and the assembled being told that in other places the Stundists are torn to pieces by the faithful, whilst they, locally, are only asked to pass resolutions that the heretics should be expelled from the community.

The human sheep, however, proved to be more reasonable than their spiritual shepherds, and the "Cursed Stundists" were not only not torn to pieces, but even left in peace, no doubt owing to Khilkoff's influence upon the peasants.

Along with these troubles of a religious nature, which the secular authorities after all did not mind much, there arose a series of disputes between the peasants and their landlords of a purely economic character, the former in their helplessness asking Khilkoff's advice and protection, which were readily given as far as possible. The story of these disputes is too long a one to be related here. Its principal feature is the lawlessness of both the landlords and Government authorities, who resorted to all possible tricks in order to encroach upon the peasants' property, forbidding all legal protests, and even sending executionary police and military forces to all the places where the peasants showed the slightest resistance.

In the village Gaponovo, Government of Kursk, nearly all the peasants were flogged by order of the Governor Von Wahl, who was personally present during the execution of the order, counting the

strokes and standing so near the victims that their blood bespattered his uniform. When the turn came of a peasant who had served formerly in the army and was the possessor of a military order, he pointed out that, according to law, he was exempt from corporal punishment. The Governor, in reply, by way of showing that in Russia an official is a law unto himself, ordered him to be given several dozen strokes more for his protest!

All the proceedings were so arbitrary that even the Chief of the Kursk Gendarme regiment found them revolting, and consented to forward to St. Petersburg the peasants' complaint, which they composed according to Khilkoff's suggestion. The complaint was left without consideration and even unanswered. Next the peasants sent a petition direct to the Czar, stating their grievances and the unlawful punishment they were subjected to, but this, too, was not even acknowledged.

The authorities, who had hitherto more or less tolerated Khilkoff's religious apostasy, now began to look on him as a dangerous political agitator. The Governor of Kharkoff having summoned him to a personal interview, first began in a characteristic Russian official fashion by telling him simply that the Minister of the Interior had suggested that he should settle in town among educated people, where life is far more pleasant than in the village.

Khilkoff replied that he is quite contented with his village life and does not intend moving to town.

"In such case," now said the Governor, "we shall expel you altogether; you disturb the mind of the peasants: they have been destined by the Creator Himself to do hard work."

"And to die from starvation?" queried Khilkoff.

"Yes, and to die from starvation; but you put into their heads other ideas," replied the Governor with the utmost composure. "You want to organise a revolution, but you will not succeed for the next twenty years at least, I can guarantee.

"I do not wish to organise any revolutions, but simply to protect the peasants against the breakers of the law—the priests, the landowners, and the police. It is the authorities who systematically develop in the peasant those qualities and sentiments which will end in bloody outbreaks. You yourself realise this, if you can guarantee the maintenance of order for twenty years only."

Khilkoff further explained that he is not making any active propaganda among the peasants, that generally he does not urge his own ideas upon others, but that the peasants come to him on their own initiative asking for advice and guidance. "Let the authorities themselves act according to law, and there will be no need for the peasants to seek my intercession," concluded Khilkoff.

Shortly after this interview Khilkoff was officially informed that the Minister of the Interior resolved to exile him to the Trans-Caucasus for a period of five years. Evidently the authorities feared that the peasants would resist the Prince's expulsion and not allow him to be taken away from them, for the head of the police arrived in the village, accompanied by an unusual number of police officers and military. But no opposition whatever was offered. Khilkoff had called a meeting of the peasants beforehand, explaining to them why his case was not being tried in an open court, and exhorting them to conduct themselves always in an orderly manner. When now he was led away as a prisoner through the village all the peasants appeared in front of their cottages respectfully taking leave of him, and many even weeping aloud.

Such was the reward of a Russian nobleman who wanted to be useful and helpful to his countrymen in their hours of greatest distress, and who demanded that the authorities should at least not break the "law" of their own making. But the real tragedy of his life was yet to come.

PRINCE BORIS AND PRINCESS OLGA KHILKOFF.

The Kidnapped Children.

V.

A Grandmother's Cruelty—"By Order of the Lord Emperor"—Rachel Mourning for her Children"—Ethics of the Czar's Secretary—A Living Mother Dead.

D. A. Khilkoff married in 1889 Cecily Vladimirovna Viner, who sharing his religious views, consented not to solemnize their union according to the rites of the Established Church, which they both rejected. This, of course, meant that their marriage was not recognised by law. When, the same year, a son was born to them, they did not baptise him but gave him the name of Boris. In 1891 a girl was born, whom they called Olia and left equally unbaptised. As illegitimate children, they were deprived of their father's name, title and property, and could not be admitted into any of the Government schools, suffering besides all other consequences of their position.

Princess Khilkoff, the mother of Prince Khilkoff, naturally did not approve of the form of her son's marriage, but became, nevertheless, affectionately attached to her grandchildren. Mother and son were already greatly divided in their religious and social views, and now the education and the whole position of the children formed new and constant stumbling blocks in their relations. Khilkoff and his wife let their children run about barefooted, and allowed them to associate with peasant children, nor did they send them to church, To the aristocratic and orthodox notions of the Princess all these and other things were abhorrent. She continually meddled in the domestic affairs of her son, especially in regard to the children, and to disputes and quarrels there were practically no end, the Princess striving to assert her authority over her grandchildren to the exclusion of their mother.

In February, 1892, Prince Khilkoff was exiled to the Trans-Caucasus, and settled in a Doukhobor village, Bashkitchet. Six months later, he was joined there by his wife and children. Life in this village during the winter months was simply unbearable on account of the muddy ground outside the poor cottages. The children especially were kept practically imprisoned indoors the whole winter and ailed all the time with various complaints. The next winter, therefore, Khilkoff sent his wife and children to the neighbouring German Colony, Ekaterinenfeld, where the cottages were more substantially built and the roads kept in better condition; Khilkoff himself received permission to visit his family, and there was a prospect that for some time at least they would all be left in peace.

Princess Khilkoff, however, decided to have her own way in the matter of her grandchildren. She petitioned Czar Alexander III. for nothing less than the handing over of her grandchildren to her exclusive care, representing to him that they were neglected and even cruelly treated by their own parents. It was a time when Pobiedonostzeff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, was at the height of his power, and had commenced a war of extermination against Nonconformists, whose children, in numerous cases, were taken away from their parents and handed over to members of the Established Church, so as to be baptised and brought up forcibly in the Orthodox faith.

The Czar evidently considered it unnecessary either to verify the charges made by Princess Khilkoff or to give an opportunity to the accused parents of stating their side of the case. The Prince was a heretic, he practically gave away his land to the peasants, and generally took up their side against the landlords and authority; furthermore, his marriage, not solemnized in the Church, was no marriage at all in the eyes of the law, what other arguments were wanted for tearing away tender and innocent children from the

bosom of their mother and father! Alexander III., with the assumption of doing a noble, pious deed, granted the petition of Princess Khilkoff, the whole affair having been kept in the greatest secrecy till the very last moment, lest the victims should escape their captors.

One day in October, 1893, when Khilkoff was visiting his family in Ekaterinenfeld, the local Chief of Police with a constable suddenly drove up in a covered carriage before their cottage, and without any preliminaries told the Prince that by order of the Czar he came to take away the children. Bewildered and dumbfounded, Khilkoff could not reply at the moment:

"But in the eye of the Russian law I have no children. Whom then are you seeking?"

"All right, then," replied the official, "not your children, but those of Cecily Viner. Here is the order."

The document literally ran thus:

"By Order of the Lord Emperor, take away from Cecily Viner her children, Boris and Olia, and hand them over to the Princess Khilkoff."

What strikes one in this affair is, first, the absence of any legal procedure, any judicial trial. Nero wants it so, and his will is law. Numerous other children of Nonconformists are in exactly the same position, but Nero is not interested in them, and they remain with their parents. The law by itself is no law, does not exist until Nero wills it to exist. Secondly, one is struck with the absence of any logical reasoning in such an order. If, in the eye of the law, Khilkoff does not exist as the father of his children, and there is only the responsible mother, Cecily Viner, then what claims can Princess Khilkoff make upon Boris and Olia as her grandchildren? Or, on the other hand, the Czar ordering the children to be handed over to the Prince's mother thereby recognises that they are her son's children, and thus recognising Khilkoff's fatherhood, the children can no longer be taken away from him according to law.

However, it would be absurd to seriously seek logic or legality from Czarism founded on and existing by force and violence alone. It is easy to imagine the scene that followed the declaration of the above Imperial Order. It appeared that the Princess Khilkoff had arrived herself with the Police, and stealthily made her way into the garden where the children were playing, not suspecting anything. Khilkoff first rushed to inform his wife, and then to the garden, where, seeing his mother talking to the children, asked what was the meaning of her unexpected visit.

Princess Khilkoff began to talk of the Czar and his Order, but Khilkoff took the children to his wife indoors. The Princess and the police followed them there. Khilkoff and his wife began to make various enquiries from the police, who, however, could or would give only one reply, " We know nothing, it is his Majesty's order." The children, not understanding the meaning of all the talk, but intuitively feeling their parents' distress, clung to them with all their might, they and their mother bursting into tears. The Princess in person, with the police, then began to literally tear away the children from their parents' embrace, the latter resisting as far as possible, but without avail.

The children were finally taken away for the night to the station of the local police, and the Khilkoffs were informed that the Princess will leave with them the next morning at ten o'clock. This was untrue, but told with the purpose of preventing the parents following the party, as the coach was ordered to be ready at six o'clock in the morning.

On learning this, the Khilkoffs, too, engaged a vehicle, intending to follow the children to Tiflis in the hope that perhaps the Governor of the Province might be able to assist them. During this journey many little incidents occurred showing how the people everywhere, and even the coach drivers, were indignant at this brutal kidnapping

of children from their parents, and how tyranny is blindfold, not seeing the beam in its own eyes, though perceiving the mote in others.

On one occasion when the coach with the children was slowly moving uphill, their mother, who had a seat outside, got down and approached the open window of the carriage to see the children. "Olia, come to me," she said to the child, "mother will carry you a little in her arms."

"No, no, Cecily Vladimirovna," retorted Princess Khilkoff, "I cannot permit you to do that."

With these words she wanted to shut the window, but Cecily had already put her arm through it and held the little girl, who stretched herself towards her mother. The Princess, full of indignation, shouted:

"You are using violence. I shall call to my aid the station master."

"You talk to me of my violence after what you have done to us all?" replied Cecily, taking the child from the carriage.

Some people standing by, and witnessing the incident, wonderingly inquired whose were the children, and on being told the story, even the driver of the coach exclaimed:

"How is such a thing possible? Who dares to take away children from their mother? They would get it if they only touched mine."

Cecily carried the girl with her till the next station, then returned her, and took Boris out instead. The Princess again, with an expression of feeling herself wronged, protested and threatened Cecily that she would soon get rid of her altogether. In this she succeeded on their arrival in Rostoff, where the Princess managed to go off by the train, leaving Cecily behind and forsaken.

Time went on, but the unfortunate mother still hoped that a personal visit to St. Petersburg and a petition to the Czar might bring the children back to her, and at last she went to the capital.

General Richter, the Czar's Secretary, gave Cecily an interview, at which, as it was to be expected, nothing but the divergence of views between the State official and the heretical mother were plainly brought forth. In the whole conversation the General took upon himself the *rôle* of the friend and protector of the children against their mother, who, he asserted, did not care for them, and wished to wrong them.

"You have not baptised them," he said, "you have deprived them of a name, position, and wealth. They will not be able to enter any educational establishment. They will become anarchists like their father, who has preached Communism. You rebel against the laws of the State."

Cecily replied that not themselves believing in baptism, they could not baptise their children, and that they did not ask the State for any rights and privileges; that Khilkoff did not preach Communism, but was exiled on account of his religious convictions.

"But he gave away his land to the peasants," replied the General.

"Yes, but has not anyone the right of giving away his property to those for whom he has pity?"

"No. If you really loved your children you would not have deprived them of your wealth. You say you don't believe in baptism, all right, nobody can alter your inner convictions, but why not look on it as on a performance of an official ceremony, and thus secure a position for your children?"

"But baptism is a holy sacrament. . . ."

The General here interrupted, saying he did not want to speak more about the religious question, and he turned to the subject of obedience to the laws of the State.

The interview came to an end, and the mother's petition was refused.

Being in St. Petersburg, Cecily wanted at least to see the children, but felt that the Princess would not allow her this. So in the evenings the miserable mother would stealthily, like a thief, walk to and fro in the Saperni Lane before the house of the Princess in the vain hope that she might, perhaps, get a peep at her darlings through the window.

"That big, four-storeyed house," writes Cecily, "seemed to me a real prison, behind whose walls I longed to penetrate. My imagination pictured to me my dear mites in various attitudes, and the consciousness of their nearness caused me both unspeakable pain and at the same time some satisfaction. Thus, having walked about some time, I returned to my quarters with a void and broken heart."

She, however, could not reconcile herself to the thought of leaving St. Petersburg without having seen the children, and in her despair she decided to ask that favour from General Richter. To her astonishment and pleasure he consented to write a few words to the Princess to that effect, and Cecily at once took a droshki and hurried to the forbidden house.

The Princess was not at home, and Cecily had to wait about an hour on the staircase of the upper storey, where the children were confined. At last the Princess returned, and the servant, having handed her the General's letter, she came out to Cecily on the staircase and asked:

"What do you want to see the children for?"

"How can you ask me such a question?" retorted the bewildered mother.

"All the same nothing will come from your seeing them."

"This may be so, but I want to see them nevertheless."

"All right, but I cannot allow you more than half an hour."

On the children being brought to her they looked at their mother and seemed scarcely to remember her. Olia said:

"Thou art somebody else's mother; we have no mother."

Boris added: "The valet told us that our mother was dead."

Cecily had to tell them that this was a lie, that their mother loves them, can never forget them, and that her only anxiety is lest they should forget her. Princess Khilkoff was all the time present at the interview, and would not let them be alone with their mother for a single moment. Cecily returned to her quarters feeling crushed, miserable and helpless, and found some consolation in the thought of being photographed, and leaving the likeness with the children, so that they should not forget their mother.

General Richter asked Cecily to let him know the impression produced on her by the children, evidently thinking that she would find them healthy and happy in their new surroundings, and here is what she wrote to him after the first visit:

"First of all they produced on me the impression of little birds caught and confined in a golden and ornamented cage. They are kept in luxury and safety, they are being fed with sweets and confectionery, everyone shows an interest in them, but they are deprived of the light of the sun, its warmth and its freedom, they have a sad look which tore my very heart. I expected to find them in flourishing health, as you told me, but instead of that they seemed to me like emaciated, faded plants which had lost their vital force. When they lived with us they looked perhaps rustic and rough, but they were strong, robust, and had a healthy colour. Now their appearance has become puffy and sickly, and their fresh colour has quite gone."

CECILY VINER (MME. KHILKOFF) WITH HER THIRD CHILD.

VI.

CONCLUSION.

Prince Khilkoff was subsequently allowed to leave Russia, and he has since taken an active part in the settlement of the Doukhobortsi in Canada. Two more children were born to him, a girl and a boy, who escaped the fate of their older brother and sister, as they resided with their mother for a number of years in England.

After the publication of the Czar's " Constitutional " Manifesto in October, 1905, Prince Khilkoff and his family were allowed to return to Russia, where they are now residing in the government of Kharkoff on the plot of land left to them after their estate had been given away to the peasants, Khilkoff engaging again in his former agricultural pursuits.

Whether they will no more be molested who can tell, considering that official arbitrariness and lawlessness are even more rampant in many respects in present day " Constitutional " Russia than they were under the Autocracy, a name still maintained in all State documents bearing the Czar's signature. But whatever the future may have in store for the Khilkoffs, their past, with all its distressing incidents, is now indelible history.

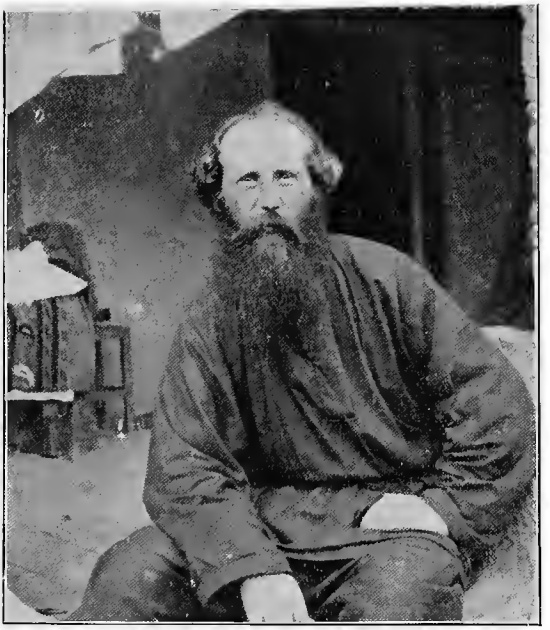
Numerous children of Nonconformists have been taken away by the police and handed over to the Orthodox, practically into slavery, for the latter do not take them in for charity, but as future unpaid servants of the house. In the case of the Khilkoffs, one is naturally struck with the fact that the person chiefly responsible for the tragedy is the children's own grandmother, an educated woman of exalted social position, proud of her Christian faith, and in reality a kind-hearted woman, as has been told us by persons who know her intimately. Evidently she was unable to realise the cruelty of her conduct and the crime she has committed, not only against the parents,

but also against the children themselves. By all divine and natural laws children belong to their parents, and it was only hypocrisy to claim that Cecily did not love her children, and did not do her best for them.

Princess Khilkoff has acted not only criminally and heartlessly, but also foolishly. For if her own son, who was naturally brought up in strict Orthodoxy and loyalty, and inherited his title, position and wealth, broke away from injustice and falsehood, and became a friend of the oppressed and down-trodden, sacrificing for them his whole career and material interests, how much more likely is it that his children, too, will ultimately break the artificial chains which have been put on them, and follow in the footsteps of their own father and mother.

Boris and Olia have now learned the story of their life, and if they begin to think for themselves, one is confident that they will fully share the affectionate admiration all nobler minds feel for their heroic and self-denying parents, who serve a higher love and truth beyond the comprehension of the Orthodox Princess Khilkoff and the tyrant Czar, who gladly became her accomplice in the cruel deed.

There is some extenuating element with regard to the Princess Khilkoff. She no doubt loves her grandchildren, and was actuated in her conduct by an anxiety for their future. She wishes to see them happy as she understands happiness, and one can only regret that she is blind to a higher light and cruel in her very way of discharging what she considers kindness and duty. But for the Czar, in this case as in other similar cases, it was only a question of policy in which the safety of the throne is involved. As General Richter plainly stated, the children if left with their parents would become Socialists and Communists like their father. Let us then hope that this will be the case, for the prophet-martyrs of all nations, and Christ Himself, preached the abolition of titles and privileges, and His first followers did have all things in common.



PRINCE KHILKOFF IN EXILE.

The Cottage PRINCE KHILKOFF and his family occupied after he had given away his land to the peasants.

HEROD IN RUSSIA.

The kidnapping of children of Russian Dissenters with the object of baptising and bringing them up in the Russian Established Church was a common occurrence under Alexander III. Count Tolstoy, for instance, bears the following testimony to this subject:

"Several members of the Molocani denomination came to ask me to help them in their distress. Five children, from the age of two to eleven, had been taken away from their parents. Our petitions to all the authorities were in vain. . . . I know very many other sectarians and dissenters have their children taken away from them."

Sometimes the kidnapping of the children was effected, so to say, wholesalely, all the Dissenters of a village being summoned to appear with their children on a certain date, and there and then they were taken away from their parents. Of one such heartrending scene an eye witness gives the following description:

"In the courtyard of the village office of Ekaterinovka about thirty families of Nonconformists were assembled. The children, usually bright and joyous, were now dead silent, and clung close to their parents, grasping their father's hand or their mother's skirt. . . . The police officer, accompanied by a priest, appeared and read a circular, ordering that all children from two to eleven years should be taken from their parents. The victims looked more dead than alive, and shivered and trembled like yellow autumn leaves. Soon the air was filled with shrieks of mothers, and indescribable groans and cries of the men and children. The policemen were tearing the latter from their parents. One peasant, after his little daughter was violently torn from his embrace, fell to the ground unconscious. The officer kicked him with his boot, exclaiming, 'Acting! the beast!'"

In Russia, where general mortality is the highest in Europe, practically double that of England, and where, even in ordinary conditions, of all the children born not even one half reach the age of seven, it is easy to imagine the fate of Nonconformist children thus torn away from their parents and handed over to perfect strangers, who received them not from any charitable spirit, but to make use of them as of slaves. The cruel orders of Alexander III., applauded by the Russian Church, meant nothing less than a Herod-like death sentence upon numerous innocent children who had to suffer for the heresy of their parents, themselves left in the greatest agony of mind, the consequent fate of their dear little ones remaining unknown to them in many cases. Whilst the author was lecturing in Scotland on the persecution of Russian Dissenters, the Scottish poetess, Miss Minnie M'Kean, was inspired to present the tragedy in a poetical image, which we reproduce here to perpetuate the shame of Russian tyranny. The poem was recited with sad effect at many meetings addressed by the author.

A mother by the cradle prays
  Where lies her greatest joy.
" O Saviour, best of all Thy gifts
  Is this, my baby boy.
To Thee I give him, Saviour dear;
  Watch o'er his infant sleep.
O guard Sashenka's lowly bed;
  ' Great Shepherd of the sheep.' "

Within the cottage true love dwells,
  O happy day and blest!
When young Mashinka and her love
  Came to this little nest.
So glad within her tiny world,
  Secure in peace and joy,
She loves her husband, Spiridon,
  And watches o'er her boy.

O Britons, who in freedom dwell
  Beneath the self-same sky!
With light and liberty of soul
  To worship God on high.
No man among you ever knew
  The agonising woe
That broke that tender mother's heart
  And laid its glory low.

When yet her darling little boy
  Was scarce half-way to seven,
And only lisping out the name,
  "Father, which art in heaven";
One awful day, when storm and blast
  Were raging o'er the land,
Priest Ivan and his civil guard
  Came with their cursed command,
Like Herod's messengers, who slew
  Till all Judea wept.
They seize and carry off the boy,
  By strangers to be kept.

Woe, woe, the day that mother's heart
  Is torn by anguish wild!
"O who will help? O who will save,
  And give me back my child?
O Spiridon, our brave young Czar!
  He cannot, cannot know
That little children like his own
  Are seized and treated so!
O Spiridon, I'll go to him
  And ask him for our son."
"Ah, no!" the anguished father said,
  "In vain it will be done.

As long as we will not conform
  To what *the Church* deems right,
Our Children will be sacrificed,
  Our day be turned to night."

Three years have passed! A baby girl
  Smiles at the cottage door;
"Lisenka" cheers her mother's heart,
  And gladdens it once more.
Mashinka thinks her pretty ways
  Recall Sashenka's love.
"O, Spiridon, for this dear child
  We thank our God above."

Ye English mothers, think of her!
  Lisenka barely four,
Is taken, screaming, from her arms,
  Far from the cottage door.
Priest Ivan and his civil guard
  Are steeled to nature's cry:
"*These erring lambs the Church must have;*
  Mothers may groan and die!"

Poor Spiridon, to what a home
  He came that awful day.
Lisenka gone! while on the bed
  His fair Mashinka lay.
The neighbours kind, were tending her,
  But nothing could she tell;
Not even Spiridon could rouse
  The wife he loved so well.

Ah! lack a day! that fair, young wife,
  She sickened, drooped and died
Within that pretty little nest
  To which she came as bride.
Poor Spiridon, beside himself,
  Cursed publicly the Czar;
So he was seized, and sent away
  To work in mines afar,
Where the poor, broken-hearted man
  Toils on, both day and night,
Till God's good angel sets him free—
  In heaven all shall be light.

MINNIE M'KEAN.

Edinburgh, *February,* 1898.

THE DEVOTION OF A POLICE-OFFICER'S DAUGHTER.

SOPHIE BARDINA.

If in the physical world a poor and bad soil cannot possibly produce luxurious and sweet fruits, in the moral order of the world on the contrary, we often meet with the fact of beautiful flowers having grown up and developed under most unfavourable conditions, lack of sustenance beneath, and absence of sunshine and rain from above. Thousands of instances could be brought to prove this statement, and the life of the young girl, the subject of this sketch, is yet one more brilliant example of its truth.

In Russia no official class enjoys good reputation among society at large, but there can scarcely be more antipathetic and repulsive servants of the Czar than the officials employed in the service of the police. The term police-officer in Russia is a synonym for an evil power directed against the welfare and peace of the citizen, he is not supposed to have a human heart in his breast, he is the very instrument of the oppressor against the people.

Nevertheless, a large number of Russian revolutionists and Nihilists are sons and daughters of these most obnoxious of all Russian government officials, perhaps for the very reason that they have had more opportunities of witnessing and hearing of special cruelties but little known to ordinary mortals.

SOPHIE BARDINA.

I.

Russian Students in Switzerland, and a Peremptory Order.

The father of our heroine, Illarion Bardin, was a police officer in the town of Morshansk, in the government of Tamboff. He was a despot, and cruel even to his own family, his wife being but his silent and humble servant.

Sophie was born in 1853, and although we have no information concerning her childhood and early youth, we can still easily imagine the mental atmosphere in which she grew up; all the more so as she was educated in a Government institute for girls, which she quitted having taken the highest prize. Striving for more knowledge, she came to Moscow in 1871, where she was soon drawn into the circle of University students, and became familiar with the Socialistic and Nihilistic ideas which had just made their first appearance among the young generation.

Sophie made the acquaintance of the Sisters Lubatovitch, who afterwards shared with her both the propaganda and subsequent trial, and with them she started in the same year for Zurich, in order to continue their studies freely and undisturbed. Zurich at this period was a centre of attraction for many a young Russian girl eager for higher and professional education, and our three young aspirants found there a considerable colony of young compatriots, all animated with the ideal of emancipating their native country from the bondage of autocracy, and placing it upon the path of free European progress.

One association consisted entirely of lady students, the majority of whom were not over the age of eighteen. Mdlle. Bardina became the moving spirit of this association.

She impressed upon her colleagues the sacred duty incumbent upon the intelligent class to serve the interests of the people, who support and make possible the higher education of the upper classes, while they themselves remain in darkness, ignorance, and all the miseries connected with such a state of subjection.

The members of the association in their zeal wished to give up their own plans of university education, and immediately return to Russia for the purpose of commencing educational and propagandist work among the peasantry and working classes.

But the more reasonable and practical Bardina insisted that her companions should not be too precipitate, but seriously prepare themselves for so high and responsible a mission by studying sociology, and acquiring some profession which would render their position independent. Believing that a woman-doctor would have freest access to the people, she chose for herself the study of medicine.

She therefore left the Polytechnic, and having passed the necessary examination, was accepted by the medical faculty as a student. Meanwhile the Russian Government became alarmed at the proceedings and conspiracies of its subjects at Zurich; and in June, 1873, issued a shameless order, characteristic of a despotic autocracy, by which all Russian female students were commanded to leave the free States of the Swiss Union, and return to their motherland under the tender supervision of its rulers.

It is easy to imagine the effect of such an order upon the burning enthusiasm of our patriots. Both sexes of the colonies gathered together to discuss the unexpected position, and decide what steps should be taken. To disobey the order meant to lose the rights of Russian citizenship, to be considered by the Government as openly rebellious, and thus to be deprived of the very entry into Russia.

They decided, therefore, to obey the mandate, and left Zurich. A party of the lady students returned immediately to Russia, where they commenced their secret revolutionary propaganda, although

they themselves were not quite clear and definite as to their political programme and the best practical methods of carrying it out.

Another section, with our heroine as leader, went to Paris, a place not mentioned in the Government order as forbidden ground.

But they met there with the secret opposition of the Russian Ambassador, Count Orloff, who awakened and influenced the animosity of the French authorities against his own compatriots.

Thus, the University of Paris refused the applications of the lady students, many of whom, with despair and bitterness in their young souls, were compelled to return to Russia. But Mdlle. Bardina wisely decided that if the profession of lady doctor was denied to her, she might make herself useful to her nation as a midwife. With great difficulty, owing to pecuniary troubles, she proceeded to Geneva, where, after several months of hard study, she completed the course of midwifery.

II.

Life in a Russian Factory.

In 1874 we find nearly all our ex-students of Zurich, together with many other discontented elements from different parts of Russia, holding secret meetings in St. Petersburg, at which the programme of agitation among the people and details of their plans were discussed and accepted for general guidance. It was a wonderful moment, worthy of notice, not only in the history of Russia, but in the history of humanity at large in its struggles for freedom, when a handful of young students made up their minds to declare war against an enemy, possessing every organized means of defence, whilst they themselves were weak in numbers, inexperienced, and without even the slightest sympathy from the enslaved, ignorant bulk of the people for whose emancipation they were ready even to die, possessing the strongest faith in the justice of their cause and its final triumph.

The conspirators, as we have already seen in preceding sketches, formed centres, from which the agitation could be carried into the principal manufacturing cities, where the working people were on a higher level of intellectual development, and, finally dispersed themselves among the numerous villages of the Empire in the capacity of doctors, school teachers, midwives, etc.

The only possible means of obtaining access to the factory workers in Russia was by entering a factory as a common working woman or man. The workers, as a rule, board and lodge in the factory itself, and are not permitted to leave the premises but once in the week. The food given is frequently simply abominable.

The bread, consisting of rye-meal mixed with straw, bark, and other elements, is black, sour, and half-baked, gritty, and not without traces of vermin. The cook himself would, perhaps, hardly be able to define the mixtures called soup. Meat is given but occasionally, and even then of such stale quality that none but a Russian workman could bear to eat it. But their so-called bedrooms present a still more inhuman aspect. These are barracks, with large shelves arranged round the walls at such a distance from each other that the sleeper could not sit erect without striking his head upon the shelf above. A sack of straw serves as bed and pillow, no trace of linen being visible. But the worst feature is the swarm of insects and vermin which cover the walls and infest the straw stacks. In the winter time, when the severe cold necessitates the closing of doors and windows, the atmosphere is suffocating, no ventilation being provided.

All these conditions were known to Mdlle. Bardina and her companions, many of whom were accustomed to comfort and luxury from their cradles. But what mattered this war against filthy surroundings to our young heroines, who were determined to fight against despotism itself, on behalf of their degraded sisters and brethren, even at the risk of life and health? The saddest thing, however, was that the people, who worked on an

average sixteen hours a day, had not much time nor desire to enter into conversations on social and political affairs, or to be enlightened as to the real cause of their misery.

Tired and exhausted they fell asleep immediately on leaving work until the bell at five o'clock the next morning once more aroused them to a day of toil and discomfort, worse than that of any beast of burden.

Our heroine, with many other ex-students, male and female, entered factories in Moscow and other places as unskilled manual workers and assistants, actually sharing all the horrors of factory life. Their feelings during the first days and nights in these loathsome dens were beyond description. The patient endurance of the daughters of any other European nation would hardly have sufficed to sustain them under all these trials.

All our revolutionists, of course, entered the service under false names and descriptions, otherwise they would immediately have awakened the suspicions of the factory managers and inspectors. Under these hostile conditions, supported by apparently supernatural powers, the students worked for many weary months, using every possible opportunity of converting if but one individual to their ideas and principles.

Sophie entered, under the name of Anna Zaizeva, the large factory of the Company Lazareff. As the male and female workers are at all times strictly divided, she was compelled to commence her propaganda among the women only, but from the first moment it became obvious that they were, and would remain, quite deaf and insensible to any interests beyond the common scandal of their everyday life. The possibility of bettering their wretched condition was quite outside the limit of their thoughts.

Seeing the uselessness of any attempt to rouse her own sex, brutalised under the double pressure of general conditions and sexual degradation, Mdlle. Bardina decided to try her influence among the men.

To appear on their side of the building was extremely dangerous for any girl, but our heroine secured the acquaintance of the family of a workman living on the premises, and so managed to protect herself from insult. At a favourable moment she started reading, in the hearing of several of the men, a short popular novel. Almost directly everyone in the room, both old and young, gathered around her in reverential silence; her success was complete. Struck dumb with astonishment at the unusual spectacle of a common working girl reading in a sympathetic manner, the crowd, among whom was scarcely a man able to read or write, at last found voice to demand from our heroine an explanation of such extraordinary powers.

She told them a long story, representing herself as a daughter of a Raskolnic, " a dissenter from the Greek Church," and as having been in service in an aristocratic family where she learned to read and write. This story was told so naturally that no one had the slightest suspicion of its truth, and she became popular among the working-men from this very moment.

In the factories generally immorality prevails unchecked, and no young girl is safe from the brutality of the clerks, managers, and even of her fellow workers. Owing to this, many of our lady propagandists were forced to give up their plan of working and living in the factory.

But Mdlle. Bardina succeeded by her conduct and ready tact in impressing the men with such a reverence and regard for herself that many of them took her under their protection, nobody venturing upon any liberty in her presence, lest she should carry out her threats of ceasing to visit their side of the building.

Enjoying such influence among the male workers, the noble girl took every opportunity of spreading her revolutionary ideas. Engaged, like all the other women, in manual labour over fifteen hours each day, she had not even the same rest allotted to them, for after her work was over she managed secretly to visit other factories in

the neighbourhood preparing fresh ground for propaganda. All seemed to go on well and undisturbed; the most exhaustive work, the horrible food and sleeping accommodation, all were forgotten and put on one side for the sake of the short hour in which her loving heart gloried in preaching to her fellow men the gospel of liberty, dignity, and common brotherhood.

She was noticed, however, on one occasion by the manager of the factory, an Englishman, who, simply thinking her a girl lost to all sense of self-respect, sent her away with a stern order not to appear on the men's side of the dwellings again. But soon after, on another inspection of the male quarters, he came upon several of the men engaged in the perusal of some small tracts. This was unusual, and he took the pamphlets away with him for personal inspection. There was no doubt that these papers, being published by the secret revolutionary committee, would be placed before the directors by the manager. On hearing of the confiscation, therefore, Mdlle. Bardina hastened to leave the factory.

III.

Further Propaganda, Arrest, Trial, and Tragic End.

Thus ended her life as a factory worker, after several months of indescribable self-sacrifice, of which the merest outline has been given here. At the time of her leaving there were already at St. Petersburg many "conspiracy" houses, hired by revolutionists under false names and serving as centres for discussion and as refuges for suspected comrades. These houses were frequented by all classes—from highly educated university students, doctors, civil engineers, chemists, and military men of rank and title, to poor and ignorant women and men, recruited by the party from the lowest of the low.

All were united in the one great struggle for the freedom of their Fatherland. The positions in these houses were very often reversed, the factory hand sometimes posing as the mistress of the establishment, whilst a lady doctor or student took upon herself the duties of cook or scullion, for the purpose of eluding the vigilance of the police. In one of these houses Mdlle. Bardina established herself, taking an active part in the agitation, but she was soon denounced and betrayed to the police by a woman who was familiar with some of the secrets of the party, in the hope of saving her lover who had been imprisoned on suspicion. Our heroine was immediately arrested, and for two years awaited her trial in prison. Almost all her friends and fellow students of Zurich were arrested too, and appeared before the same court in the trial known as the "Trial of Fifty," in 1876. The tortures of prison life had undermined Mdlle. Bardina's physical strength, but had not broken her heroic spirit. Her enthusiasm seemed even to have become greater from repression as she faced the enemy in the court. The young girl of twenty-three having been called upon by the president to explain her political ideas and principles, fearlessly drew so vivid a picture of the miserable state of her country and of its claim for liberty and justice, explaining the programme of her party in so clear and condensed a form, with such eloquence and tact in touching upon the cruelties of the tyrannic system, that the judges were almost overcome by surprise. She bravely declared her adherence to the revolutionary party, simply but logically and convincingly repudiated all the official charges, and concluded:

"But I do not ask your mercy for myself. I am convinced that the day will arrive when even our idle and sleepy nation will arise from its indifference and perceive the shame of having allowed itself so long to be trampled beneath the feet of the oppressor, and deprived of the flower of its youth because they ventured to promote their own ideas. . . . You may persecute us now, you possess the physical force, but our cause has moral

power on its side, the power of historic progress, the power of the idea, which must finally conquer your bayonets, as it has done so often before in the history of the world."

Our heroine was sentenced to nine years' hard labour in the mines of Siberia, but her health having completely broken down, the verdict was changed, and she was exiled for life to Ishim, one of the most wretched places in Siberia.

Far from her friends in Europe, isolated by the special cruelty of the local authorities from her immediate neighbours, the life of Mdlle. Bardina in Siberia became one continuous torture, the more so as she possessed a loving, affectionate nature, requiring the company of her fellow creatures, for whom she had sacrificed and endured so much. Four weary years she spent in exile, very often suffering from hunger of the body, as well as of the mind, her parents being able to send her but little assistance. She decided finally to make her escape, even at the risk of her life, which had become an intolerable burden to her. To undertake an escape from Siberia is something beyond ordinary human power, nevertheless this half-crushed, delicate young girl attempted it, and on the 25th December, 1880, started for Europe after all possible preparations had been made. Happily avoiding all pursuit, and after many dangers and adventures on the way, she finally reached Kazan, where her friends were anxiously awaiting her. Their joy at seeing her once more in their midst was saddened by the fact that she was no more the strong, bright, lively creature from whom they had been parted some seven years ago, but the shadow of herself, although her spirit still thirsted for activity, and still cherished the same ideals as before.

For eighteen months she wandered over Russia, trying to make herself useful in the struggle against despotism; but her undertakings were doomed to failure, especially as she was in the dreadful position of a fugitive, against whom all the legal and illegal forces of the State were directed. Her friends at last induced her to leave Russia for Switzerland, and she settled in Geneva, supported by

friends and surrounded by their tender care. But life lost every attraction for her, since she became fully conscious that she was only a burden to her friends, and could no longer take active part in the cause for which she had suffered so much. Anæmia, with weakness of body and mind, laid hold upon her, and she at last found herself unable to concentrate her attention upon book or newspaper. Sometimes she tried to rouse herself and laugh and joke with those around her, but it was all in vain; the ready tears would force themselves into her eyes, and she was forced to retire to indulge her grief unseen. On the evening of the 13th of April, 1883, Mdlle. Bardina at last decided to put an end to her life. Twice she took aim and missed, but pitilessly directing her pistol the third time against her heart, succeeded in wounding herself. For two hours the poor girl endured her agony without calling for assistance. At nine o'clock, however, she was found by the landlady, who immediately procured assistance, and she was taken to the hospital, where she lay for twelve days, showing the greatest power of endurance and praying for the end.

On the 26th of April, at ten o'clock in the evening, her pure noble life, full of the highest manifestations of true heroism and devotion to the interests of suffering humanity came to an end.

ALEXANDER SOCHACZEWSKY.

THE GREAT CONVICT PAINTER OF SIBERIA.

ALEXANDER SOCHACZEWSKY.

Among the numerous hero-martyrs for Russian Freedom, the subject of this sketch occupies a unique position all his own, being the creator of a series of remarkably realistic pictures, such as only the combined genius of a born artist, patriot, and hard-labour convict could conceive and duly execute. The famous author convict Dostoyevsky, with his pen, has already given us Siberian pictures in his classical book, "Memoirs from the House of the Dead," but Sochaczewsky, with the brush of a Vereshtchagin has put on canvas the same pictures with a vividness and realism such as have never been presented to us before, and as will for ever remain an immortal monument of what is probably the world's greatest and longest tragedy.

It was our privilege to meet Mr. Sochaczewsky personally and spend a couple of days in his studio in Brussels. As he explained his pictures, and a number of rough sketches from life for future pictures, we only then fully realised what Russian despotism and Siberian horrors are, and the incredible inhumanity of man, such as no beast of prey is ever capable of. George Kennan's stirring descriptions of the Siberian Exile System pale indeed, before the scenes shown to us by the man, who was either an actor in them or a personal witness, and much that we learned from the artist-martyr was quite a revelation to us, in spite of a life-long study of Russian subjects. Mr. Sochaczewsky's own story is briefly as follows:

Born in Russian Poland in 1843 of noble Polish parents, he manifested a love for drawing whilst yet quite a boy, and later on, namely, in 1859, he became a student of the Warsaw Academy of Art, then under the direction of the famous Marquis Welopolski. At that time the whole of Poland was in that state of great unrest and agitation which preceded the Polish revolution of 1863. Young Sochaczewsky soon threw in his lot with other Poles who were secretly organizing the insurrection. As is well known, the uprising was suppressed with unheard of cruelty and bloodshed, the Russian commander, General Muravieff, hanging and shooting the Poles by the thousand, the guilty and innocent alike, and condemning many more thousands to the mines in Siberia. Sochaczewsky with three other comrades were condemned to death by hanging; two of them were executed, but he and another were at the last moment reprieved and exiled to Siberia for life, as hard labour convicts in the mines. A tragedy of suffering and horrors followed, the Siberian heartrending tragedy of which so few survive to tell the tale, and upon which the outside world is sometimes inclined to look as an exaggeration, whilst, alas, it is only too true. Sochaczewsky in all probability would not have survived his suffering and convict labours till the present day, but for the partial amnesty granted by Alexander II., reducing half the term of punishment to all convicts. As he was condemned for life, the authorites at first found it difficult to calculate how many years would form *half* of his term. It was, however, soon estimated that the youngest and strongest hard labour convict could never live more than twenty years under the awful conditions of his existence, and accordingly, Sochaczewsky's term was reduced to ten years. He actually left Eastern Siberia in 1875 only, being sent to Novgorod, where he remained many years under police supervision. Finally he was allowed to leave Russia altogether, and in 1884 he started for München, resolved to pursue his artistic career, of which twenty-two years had been blotted out by the Russian régime.

MADAME GUDZINSKA.

Since that time Mr. Sochaczewsky has produced a series of pictures from Siberian life with a vividness, truthfulness and realism such as only an artist and actual convict combined could execute. All of them have been exhibited in the largest centres of Europe and were acknowledged by critics as of high artistic workmanship and of a psychological insight and interpretation of character seldom surpassed by any other artist. But perhaps their chief merit lies in the simple tragic stories they tell, and the following pictures are quite enough to allow one a glimpse into Siberian life as it was and as it will probably continue yet for some time.

MADAME GUDZINSKA.

Amidst snow and fog in the severest Siberian weather, a Polish lady exile, Madame Gudzinska, is kept to the hard and extremely painful task of washing out salt sacks in a hole driven in the thick ice of the River Angara. In the distance are seen ordinary prisoners and convicts hardly tasked with the sledging of heavy masses of these sacks, under the supervision of a sentinel

A Mohammedan criminal convict, now promoted to be a guard of Christian prisoners, as one not likely to be lenient to them, threatens her with his metal-pointed stick for having momentarily ceased work to breathe upon her frozen fingers.

Blows inflicted upon convicts by the soldiers to make them work more diligently are of course quite an ordinary occurrence, not only in Siberia, but even in European Russia, and the poor woman can only look up to her tormentor praying for pity, which more often than not is not granted.

Madame Gudzinska was transported to Siberia as a hard labour convict simply because, by order of the Revolutionary Committee, a traitor to the Polish cause had been stabbed before her house in

Warsaw, though there was not the slightest proof of her complicity in this assassination, or even of her knowledge of it.

The Commandant who assigned the convicts to the various mines, struck by the youth and beauty of Madame Gudzinska, made her an offer of entering his domestic service, where she would live comfortably. She of course knew the price of this leniency, and rejected his proposal with indignation, preferring martyrdom to any advantages at the hands of her tormentors.

Badly clothed, badly fed, and exposed to all the rigour of the terrible Siberian climate, this brave Polish lady endured all her tortures with a noble patience and the greatest firmness, until her physical powers finally gave way, and she died in the flower of her age.

The artist knew Madame Gudzinska personally, and was one of the few mourners at her grave. The pathetic and tragic scene at the latter he has reproduced in a sketch for a picture, which has yet to be painted.

MORNING AND EVENING.

The depth of the snow prevents the convicts marching in their chains to the mines. The fetters have therefore sometimes to be taken off in the morning and put on again in the evening on their return to the prison. This is not done by the simple means of lock and key, but by a blacksmith, who hammers the ends together on the legs of the unfortunates, so that nobody but a blacksmith could take them off again. The picture represents this operation, and the victim undergoing it is the young artist himself, who had to bear it for years. In the background stand other comrades in misfortune, among them the noble and heroic Count Bninski, and the venerable Peszynski, a rich merchant, whose whole family had been slain by Russian soldiers, except one son, who, wounded only, is

THE FUGITIVES.

MORNING AND EVENING AT THE MINES.

now sharing his father's fate in the mines. The old man's chains are attached to his waist by a leather strap to lessen the pain caused to the legs by their weight and constant friction.

THE FUGITIVES.

During the winter most of the common civil criminals are allowed to live outside the prisons till the next spring season. There is no fear of their running away. The terrible frosts, snow storms and general desolation of the desert for hundreds of miles around, make it impossible for anyone to spend a single night in the open air. With the approach of warmer weather the prisoners are locked in again. The only time therefore to attempt an escape is when the winter seems to be at an end, and before the authorities have ordered the return to prison. The spring weather, however, in Siberia, as elsewhere, is frequently treacherous. Sunshine and warmth are followed again by snowstorms and frosts. The fugitives know this danger well enough, yet the love for liberty is so great that they venture on the terrible journey, too frequently hastening only to their own doom.

One picture represents such fugitives, who, deceived by a day or two of warmth, have started on their perilous route. Husband, wife and child badly clad and with scant provisions carried on their shoulders, have been overtaken by a " Buran," or the famous Siberian snow hurricane, a forecast of days of frost. They have taken refuge under some remnants of a log hut. The mother seems to have only one thought, that of her child, while the face of the man is despair personified.

The next picture, a companion to the first, shows us that half of the tragedy is over. The mother is now a frozen corpse. There are no means of digging a grave to give her a human burial. So the poor man left her, face upwards on the snow, and as a last token

of his affection, broke off part of his wooden staff, and with his handkerchief managed to tie a little cross, which he placed in her frozen hands. With hope that never vanishes from the human heart he starts, not knowing himself where to, holding the child close to his cheek and trying to warm it with his breath as long as there is yet life in both. But there can be no doubt that their hours, too, are numbered.

The tragedy depicted is, of course, only too real, for hundreds of exiles try to escape every year, of whom many perish from hunger, cold, beasts of prey, or from the bullets of the pursuing soldiers.

FAREWELL AT THE SIBERIAN BOUNDARY POST.

The greatest, however, of M. Sochaczewsky's works is his gigantic immortal picture, "Farewell at the Siberian Boundary Post." Though the picture speaks for itself, some information about the tragic boundary post will be useful to enable the reader to better estimate the value of the grand work as a whole.

Not far from Ekaterinburg, between the villages of Markova and Tugulimskaya, in the Ural region, stands by the roadside a square and lofty pillar, bearing on one side the coat-of-arms of the European province of Perm, and on the other that of the Asiatic province of Tobolsk. This is the grief consecrated pillar marking the boundary post of Siberia. No other spot in the Czar's vast dominions is more full of painful suggestions and melancholy interest. The American traveller, Mr. George Kennan, who not long ago passed by this pillar thus describes this spot:

"No other boundary post in the world has witnessed so much human suffering, or been passed by such a multitude of heart-broken people. Here hundreds of thousands of exiled human beings—men, women and children, princes, nobles and peasants—have bidden good-bye for ever to friends, country and home. Here, standing

FAREWELL AT THE SIBERIAN BOUNDARY POST.

From a Painting by A. SOCHACZEWSKY.

beside the square white boundary post, they have, for the last time, looked backward with love and grief at their native land, and then, with tear-blurred eyes and heavy hearts, they have marched away into Siberia to meet the unknown hardships and privations of a new life."

Formerly it was the custom to pardon or lessen the punishment of some of the exiles on their reaching the Siberian boundary post, in which case they would thence return back to European Russia. Relatives of the exiles would therefore accompany them for hundreds of miles to the boundary in the hope that at this spot their dear ones may be amongst those reprieved. It is stated that Nicholas I. once met on the road a party of convicts marching to Siberia, and ascertaining from the commanding officer that the relatives of the exiles were accompanying them voluntarily to the boundary in the hope that the condemned may be pardoned there, the Czar then and there ordered that no such clemency should be shown in the future. The custom, however, of making a halt at the boundary post for a short time is still observed, and everyone is allowed to give free course to his feelings. Some kneel down and pray, pressing their faces to the loved soil of their native country, others crossing themselves collect a little earth to take with them into exile; others again give vent to their grief in weeping and sobbing, whilst others press their lips to the European side of the cold brick pillar, bidding their last farewell no longer to accompanying relatives and friends, but rather to life, to home, to every hope. For many are exiled to Siberia, but few return.

It is this halting scene, lasting about a quarter of an hour or so, and in which the artist himself was once an acting figure, that he has reproduced on canvas with such melancholy force and skill.

M. Sochaczewsky himself says of this picture:

"I have set myself the task of giving a lifelike picture, during this fearful and supreme moment, of the varied types of the condemned, political exiles and ordinary criminals, men and women,

old and young, of different races, classes, and degrees of culture, all under the same soul-stirring emotion—that is what I have striven to depict.

"In reproducing the scene I toned it down as far as was consistent with truth, for the object of my study was a purely artistic and psychological one. To introduce the more brutal features which frequently accompany the scene in reality, I considered undesirable and repulsive from an æsthetic point of view."

The picture, which is of gigantic dimensions, being thirty feet long and fourteen high, contains, besides ordinary convicts and the convoy of soldiers, no less than thirty actual figures of political exiles, all leaders of men and distinguished in various ways, the careers of whom are given in a separate booklet explanatory of the picture. The canvas transports the spectator at once into the full and thrilling reality of the supreme moment, and one glance suffices to take in the ensemble of a scene which freezes one with horror, and to which the surroundings of sparkling snow add a lurid effect. The first vivid impression becomes further intensified as the eye passes from the foreground to the centre and then again on to the commanding officer on his horse, who has just given the word to these unfortunate men and women to start again on their fatal journey.

The background of the picture gives a grand perspective away into the snow plains of Siberia, and the realism of the whole scene is true even to illusion.

THE "KLOPOVNIK" OR BUG-HOLE.

The artist's studio in Brussels, as mentioned, contains a large number of complete outline sketches for future Siberian pictures, the subjects of which would be quite a revelation to the world at

large as they were to us. For instance, one of them shows what assuredly is one of the most brutal methods of torture ever invented by man, known in Siberia as the "Klopovnik," or the Bug-Hole. This is a small cell not high enough for a man to stand up in, and having no window whatever. Here on foul straw and other refuse a swarm of bugs and other insects and vermin is purposely bred and kept, the condemned man being cast into that hole is left to fight for dear life with the insects, who literally suck his blood and eat him up alive in the course of a week or so. The victim at first naturally tries to defend himself, but the more he bleeds from bites and scratches, the more furiously is he attacked by the hungry insects. Pieces of bread and some water are now and again brought to him just only to prolong his torture. In a day or two the victim's hands are helpless, and there he lies being devoured gradually by the insects, until he breathes his last. Such a form of punishment was not established by law, and perhaps even not known to the Central authorities in St. Petersburg, but M. Sochaczewsky assured the writer in a quite private conversation that it was in his time a local practice, and that his sketch was made from a real "Klopovnik!"

Those who nevertheless may still doubt the truth about the "Klopovnik" in Siberian prisons, we would only remind of the "Black Hole" in the prisons of European Russia, into which, as we have already seen, Catherine Breshkovskaya was thrown. This was a totally dark chamber full of human excrement and swarming with vermin, which attacked the helpless woman directly she was incarcerated there. Even in the Prisons of Preliminary Detention in St. Petersburg such horrors were practised upon the "politicals" as are only now beginning to come to light and would seem quite incredible were it not for the corroboration of the prison officials themselves, who are now free to tell the tale. Thus Dr. Herzenstein, who in 1877 was the physician of the Prison of Preliminary Detention, St. Peterburg, tells us of an incident which took place there during the disorders that followed the flogging of Bogoluiboff,

as already described in our article on Mr. and Madame Sinegub. In an out-of-the-way corner of the courtyard there was a disused cellar, which the soldiers and warders in their unclean habits had turned into a latrine, etc. This place, never having been cleaned, had practically become a cesspool, and into it a "political" was thrown by the warders, who locked the door upon him. The wretched man was immediately attacked by swarms of enormous snake-like worms, and began to cry for help, but in vain. With a superhuman effort he managed to break with his feet and head a small hole through the door, and began to throw out with his hands swarms of vermin. In this task he was engaged the whole night, fighting for dear life, of course in absolute darkness. When, the next day, namely, July 14th, Dr. Herzenstein arrived in the prison and began his tour of inspection, he found this place an indescribable scene of horror, surpassing anything he had witnessed before. The prisoner was released in a state of exhaustion and insanity, and but for his timely help he would no doubt have been devoured alive by the vermin in the course of a day or so.

Now, if such a thing could happen in St. Petersburg, in the most civilised city of the empire, near numerous relatives and friends of the prisoners, and under the eyes of a daily Press of foreign diplomats, consuls, newspaper correspondents, etc., what inconceivable horrors were, and still are, possible in far away Siberian prisons, where every governor, every officer or warder are their own autocrats, frequently torturing the prisoners on their own account from a mere brutal feeling of vengeance for some personal slight or real offence on the part of their victims?

The difference is only that whereas in the prisons of European Russia these or similar tragedies happen only in exceptional cases, in those of Siberia they are systematic and of an almost every day occurrence in one prison or another, thanks to the utter helplessness of the victims and the stifling of their voices of misery, which but seldom reach the ear of the outer world.

No wonder then that the very word "Siberia" makes every Russian shudder with terror, and that the accursed country became universally proverbial for everything dreadful. The improved ways of communication, especially the Trans-Siberian Railway, which is already attracting to that country so many foreign travellers, business men, and newspaper correspondents, will naturally exercise a most beneficial influence on that benighted part of the world, but will never be able to blot out from the pages of history the horrors of the past and the present. Should even all other human documents and records become destroyed, the immortal pictures alone of Alexander Sochaczewsky would suffice to convey to posterity a vivid realisation of the sad events of bygone days. For the convict painter of Siberia has given us more than works of high art only; his creations are a most telling and damning exposure of man's inhumanity to man, and therefore a powerful, stirring and touching appeal for kindness, justice, and liberty.

TWENTY YEARS IN THE SCHLUSSELBURG FORTRESS.

VERA FIGNER.

In October, 1904, Russian Society was startled by the news that three famous revolutionists, interned in the dreaded Schlusselburg Fortress during twenty years, had been released, but only to be exiled to other places of confinement where less rigorous rules prevail. Russian Society was startled at this news because those incarcerated in this fortress are considered as buried alive, no intercourse and communication with the outer world being allowed to them, even with their own nearest relatives. The Schlusselburg fortress is tragically renowned for the number of political prisoners there who have become insane, or committed suicide, or succumbed to various ailments and diseases contracted during a short period of confinement. To be condemned to twenty years' detention there means practically to be condemned to a lingering death agony, and few survive such a period, and even then only to leave the prison as utter human wrecks bodily and mentally, no matter how young and vigorous they were on entering it. It is, therefore, quite an event to see prisoners leaving that living grave after twenty years of confinement, when almost all hope had been given up of seeing them alive again.

The liberated were : Ex-Colonel Ashenbrenner, V. Ivanoff, and Mlle. Vera Figner, and it is the remarkable personality and career of the latter that this sketch deals with.

VERA FIGNER.

Vera Figner began life amidst aristocratic and military surroundings, descended as she was from an ancient and noble family, her grandfather having been one of the famous generals of 1812. Her parents were prosperous and in an independent position, living on their estate in the government of Kazan. Vera received an education fitting her to move in the highest circles of society, and being of a happy and very lively disposition, and possessing considerable personal attractions, life seemed to smile upon her and to promise a bright and tranquil future.

However, serious thoughts and higher strivings developed before long in the young girl, and finally led her into quite another path.

Alexander II. was at the time—about 1870—vigorously carrying out the reactionary policy to which he had reverted. The Press was severely persecuted, the Zemstvos sacrificed, and exile by administrative order increased to an alarming extent. Many among the younger generation, tired of the frivolity of the society around them, and also of the apathy and weakness of even the so-called "liberals," turned their activities towards the people who were plunged in ignorance and poverty. They were influenced, too, by the Socialistic doctrines beginning at this time to spread in Russia, and thus the work of "The Intellectuals" amongst the people was started, carrying away in its wave the nobler and more enthusiastic elements of the younger generations.

Vera Figner was at the time too young to take part in this movement, but when, in 1872, she, together with her sister, was studying Natural Science at Zürich, she came in contact with different advanced thinkers there, who formed themselves into groups, some following the Anarchist theories of Bakunine, others the Socialistic doctrines of Lavroff, etc., Vera, though not joining any special group, attended and took great interest in their animated debates.

Meanwhile, from 1873, ever-increasing numbers of the young reformers, working at their propaganda amongst the people, were arrested and thrown into prison, amongst these being Vera's elder

sister Lidia, Sophie Bardina, Mdlle. Liubvatovitch, and others. Many of these having to await judgment for three or four years in prison, fell ill and died there, or became insane, or committed suicide. The friends and supporters of the imprisoned proceeded to form a society to bring to them what relief was possible. This was a matter of great difficulty, for the large sum required for the benefit of hundreds of prisoners had not only to be secretly collected, but it had also to be secretly conveyed to them. The Government allowed of any succour to the prisoners only from their near relations, and therefore it was quite a work of imagination, tact and resourcefulness to devise methods of transferring to them the money through safe channels. Vera threw herself with ardour into this work, and was one of the most successful in overcoming its great difficulties. Her personal charm, her strength of character, wrought wonders, and through her influence with the jailers she succeeded in obtaining personal interviews with great numbers of prisoners.

Several years passed in this strenuous and risky work, and deeply, painfully impressed with the infinite sufferings of the oppressed and the barbarous methods of the Government, Vera finally decided to join the ranks of the revolutionary party.

In 1877, after having accompanied her sister to Siberia, she entirely devoted her life to the revolutionary cause. Having passed the necessary examinations, she took up the work of surgical assistant, and with many other friends went " among the people " in this capacity, at the same time carrying on propaganda work. She soon became " illegale " (outlawed) *i.e.*, one living with a false passport, and she had frequently to change from place to place. In 1879 she joined the " Zemlia i Volia " (the Land and Liberty) Association, and at the Voronèzh Congress she was one of those who tried to bring about an understanding between the propagandist and terrorist divisions. When, however, the separation of these sections became inevitable, she finally went over to the side of the party of action, the " Narodnaia Volia " (the People's Will), and the rest of her life, whilst free, was entirely devoted to the work of this party.

During the period of 1879-83 Vera worked with the intensest energy. In the official indictment against her later on it is stated that she was concerned in all the projects of attempts upon the life of the Czar. This was the terrible period when one after the other the revolutionists Doubrovine, Ossinsky, Brantner, Sviridenko, Solovief, and Lizogoub were brought to the scaffold, and therefore the decision on the part of the revolutionists to punish the tyrant Czar became final.

Vera had especial talents for initiative and organization, and she rendered special service in introducing and promoting the cause amongst the army, that chief support of Czarism. Her burning eloquence often succeeded in awakening the citizen in the officer, and that throughout wide circles. She commanded the respect of all classes of those she had to deal with, even of her enemies, and the famous Russian writer, N. Mikhailowsky, in an eloqent and appreciative " fragment " about her, says :

" It is difficult to say in what exactly consisted the force and charm emanating from her, and attracting those around her so much. She was certainly both intelligent and fair to look at, but intelligence was not everything in her case, and as to beauty, that did not play any great part in her circle : she had besides no specific talents. She fascinated by the great unity and harmony of her whole being; her entire self appeared in every word and gesture; hesitation and doubt were unknown to her. She was, however, quite free from the ascetic austerity so often to be observed in characters of this type. On the contrary, when the party's affairs were going well, she was as sprightly and full of fun as any child. . . . ."

Shortly before Vera's final arrest she was—according to N. Mikhailowsky—chiefly concerned in a most remarkable and hitherto undisclosed dealing of the Government with the revolutionary party. This extraordinary incident occurred before the Coronation of Alexander III., at which time the Government greatly apprehended some untoward surprise at the coming ceremony, and all sorts of terrorist

attacks. The revolutionaries were therefore approached and assured that the Czar was favourably disposed towards the demands for a Constitution, but he must first have a full assurance that the terrorists would abandon their attempts, for he does not wish to appear to enter upon a liberal policy under the fear of terrorist threats.

Now, the fact was that the revolutionary party at that period was practically almost annihilated and non-existent, many being imprisoned, and others having been executed. Of the influential members of the party, Vera Figner alone was still at liberty, but in a sad plight, being hunted from place to place, and hiding herself at the moment in Kharkoff. But the Government was unaware that its enemy lay utterly crushed and helpless, and it still imagined all kinds of plots and attacks.

Mikhailowsky was sent to see and consult with Vera, and he went to Kharkoff upon the pretext that he had business with the librarians of the town. It was agreed upon to accept favourably the overtures of the Government, and on the part of the revolutionaries, as if " on account " only, the demands were made for the liberation of Tchernichevsky, and for the amelioration of the dreadful conditions of the Kara political prison. Both these requests were in some measure, and after some time, attended to by the Government, but Coronation peacefully and safely accomplished, nothing more was heard of the Constitution! Mikhailowsky thereupon remarks that he can only console himself with the conviction that in any case during the reign of Alexander III. Russia could never have obtained any other reform than a retrograde one.

Vera finally fell a victim to her noble trustfulness in others, for a member of her party, Degaieff, turning traitor to save himself, betrayed her amongst others to the police. She was arrested and finally tried in 1884, and condemned to death, but this sentence was afterwards commuted into one of twenty years' confinement in the terrible fortress of Schlusselburg. The scene at her trial was a remarkable one. She bore herself in the presence of her judges

with great dignity, even her jailers and the prosecuting counsel manifested an instinctive respect before the moral grandeur of their victim. Her every sentence fell upon the ears of her accusers as a prediction of the inevitable ruin of the system they upheld, and she appeared more like a conqueror accusing her official judges, than the conquered and accused victim herself.

In the Schlusselburg Fortress she spent fully twenty years, and what these must have been to a character full of life and energy like Vera's, it is easy to imagine.

She contracted rheumatism and scurvy, and those who witnessed her release gave the most painful description of her ruined health. Her relatives pleaded to have her handed over to their care, as of any repetition of her revolutionary activity there could be no question. But the Government senselessly, as well as with unpardonable cruelty, sent the shattered woman to a remote village in the Arctic region of the Government of Archangel.

The publication of the Czar's Constitutional Manifesto in October, 1905, brought at last relief to Vera. She became free and was able to attend as a delegate the great International Socialist Congress held in Stuttgart in August, 1907, at which naturally she was a centre of general interest and admiration.

SCHLUSSELBURG AND OTHER PRISON ELEGIES.

POEMS BY VERA FIGNER.

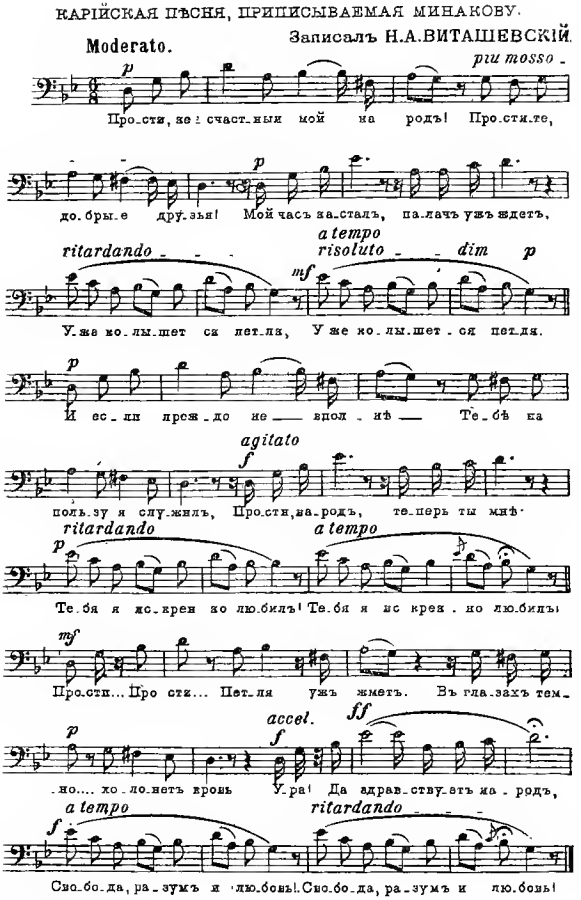
Russian political prisons have given to the world some important, scientific, historical, philosophical, literary, and poetical works, and this is not to be wondered at. Those imprisoned for political offences were, and still are, mostly talented young students of universities and various colleges and lyceums, or professors, doctors, schoolmasters, etc., whose thirst for knowledge is by no means quenched with the sudden break-up of their free educational careers. On the contrary, confined now within the prison precincts, with nothing to engage their attention, nearly all condemned to long terms have by persistent and often tragic efforts managed to obtain the privilege of having books, paper, ink, and even scientific instruments, and of arranging courses of lectures mutually instructing one another. The libraries in some of the larger prisons are of considerable value.

Literature and poetry are naturally the most favourite pursuits of the prisoners, now and again we find also musical composition indulged in within the gloomy prison walls.

At one time the song "Pestel" was very popular in Western Europe, the words and the music being ascribed to Colonel Pestel, the hero-martyr of the "December" Revolution, who engraved them with his finger nails on the walls of his prison. Recently the St. Petersburg monthly, "Builoe" published the song "At the Scaffold," the words and music of which are attributed to the political prisoner Minakoff, the song being very popular in the Kara and other prisons. As a characteristic specimen of prison music, we reproduce this song in the original, and give a simple prose translation not adapted to the melody.

AT THE SCAFFOLD.

A Russian Prison Song.



From the St. Petersburg monthly "Builoe" (The Past).

НА ЭШАФОТѢ.

Прости, несчастный мой народъ!
Простите, добрые друзья!
Мой часъ насталъ, палачъ ужъ ждетъ,
Уже колышется петля,
Уже колышется петля.
И если прежде не вполнѣ
Тебѣ на пользу я служилъ,
Прости, народъ, теперь ты мнѣ:
Тебя я искренно любилъ!
Тебя я искренно любилъ!
Прости. . . . Прости. . . . Петля ужъ жметъ.
Въ глазахъ темно . . . холонетъ кровь. . . .
Ура! Да здравствуетъ народъ,
Свобода, разумъ и любовь!
Свобода, разумъ и любовь!

AT THE SCAFFOLD.

Farewell, my unfortunate Land!
Farewell, my good friends!
My end has come, the hangman is waiting,
And the noose is swaying.
The noose is swaying.
If in the past to your welfare
I have not been fully devoted,
Forgive me now, my people,
For sincerely I loved you,
Sincerely I loved you.
Farewell, forgive, the noose is tightening,
All is darkness, my heart stands still . . ,
My last hurrah for the people!
For Freedom, Reason and Love,
For Freedom, Reason and Love.

Vera Figner during her confinement composed poems, of course without hope of ever seeing them published. Since her liberation, however, several of them have appeared in various magazines, and in 1906 a collection of these and others of her poems has been published in St. Petersburg by the firm "The Liberation Library." Naturally enough these poems pathetically reflect the various phases and moods of the anguished soul of our prisoner cut off from everybody and everything dear to her, without hope of ever seeing them again, as no interviews at all, or correspondence, are allowed with those confined in the Schlusselburg Fortress.

Vera herself in a private letter which has been published in the collection instead of a preface, modestly says of her poems:

" . . . I cannot think that my poems have an artistic value. They might find a suitable place only in Memoirs of Schlusselburg. Written frequently in moments of deep grief when tears filled my eyes at the thought of my mother and sister, or departed comrades, they may be of some interest in such Memoirs, but by themselves what is their intrinsic worth?

" Only a real poet could express in sounds all the phases of rage, trenchant despair, and the soul's agony passed through in a period of 22 years. And what a variety of spiritual moods there was during all this time! Now it was the mood of a woman martyr in the early days of Christianity resigned to suffer everything with the gentleness of a lamb. . . Now it was the fury of a panther striking with her chest and claws at the rails of her cage in her irrepressible desire to get free. . . And now the mood changed into one of utter indifference without moods at all, when the soul became chilled and as if covered with a mantle of snow. Then a state of a lingering mere existence began, in which one ceased to suffer from a consciousness of either the strength still left or of an utter helplessness. In such moments it seemed that everything was finished, that death was approaching, bringing the only comfort of

being laid down to rest by the side of comrades who have gone before and deserving the same warm feeling as I myself have cherished towards the dear departed.

" . . . And suddenly! Again a knock at the closed door. . . . This time it is the knock of life itself with its voice: 'Arise, and go!' . . . Oh, what a tragedy! When one has already given up everything, refused to live any longer, and reconciled oneself to one's fate, then suddenly to be awakened again by the call: 'Come, and live!' Is not all this a whole tragedy, an anguish of which I cannot free myself even at this moment?

" . . At the end of the collection you had better place the poem, 'All the Best have Fallen,' dedicated to comrades who have died in confinement. Chronologically, too, this is my last prison poem; after it the source of my inspiration was closed behind me."

This letter gives a suitable keynote to all Vera's poems, which are full of intrinsic value in spite of her own doubts. Most of them are very harmonious and exquisite in form and style, not to speak of the sad pathos of their contents. We give here some of these poems in the Russian original, and regret our own inability to do them justice even in an English prose translation only. However, we venture to annex our translations simply to give the reader some little idea of the subjects treated, and hope that some poet of talent may be inspired to reproduce these Schlusselburg Elegies in an English version worthy of the Russian original.

I.

ПАЛИ ВСѢ ЛУЧШІЕ. . . .

Пали всѣ лучшіе. . . . Въ землю зарытые
Въ мѣстѣ пустынномъ безвѣстно легли!
Кости, ничьею слезой не омытыя,
Руки чужія въ могилу снесли. . . .

Нѣтъ ни крестовъ, ни оградъ, и могильная
Надпись объ имени славномъ молчитъ. . . .
Выросла травка, былинка безсильная,
Долу склонилась—и тайну хранитъ. . . .

Были свидѣтелемъ волны кипучія,
Гнѣвно вздымаются, берегъ грызутъ. . . .
Но и онѣ, эти волны могучія,
Родинѣ вѣсточку въ даль не снесутъ!

1897 г.

THE BEST HAVE FALLEN.

The best have fallen. Swallowed by the earth,
Unknown their resting place remains.
No tear fell o'er their lifeless frames,
Borne to their graves by strangers' hands.
No cross, no rail, nor e'en a tablet
Is there the glorious name to honour.

The humble blade and moss alone
The spot caress—its mystery cover.
The whirling waves, as only witness,
Raging, foaming, the shores attack
But awful as their roar may be
The tragic tale they ne'er can tell.

II.

ПРИВѢТЪ МОЕЙ МАТЕРИ.

Если, товарищъ, на волю ты выйдешь,
Всѣхъ, кого любишь, увидишь, обнимешь,
    То не забудь мою мать!

Ради всего, что есть въ жизни святого,
Чистаго, нѣжнаго, намъ дорогого,
    Дай обо мнѣ ты ей знать!

Ты ей скажи, что жива я, здорова,
Что не ищу я удѣла иного—
    Всѣмъ идеаламъ вѣрна. . . .

Было мнѣ трудно здѣсь въ первое время:
Страшной разлуки тяжелое бремя,
    Думала, сломитъ меня.

Но не сломило. . . . Теперь не блѣднѣю,
Что ужъ надежды въ душѣ не имѣю
    Мать дорогую обнять! . . .

Мать не прошу я любить: сердце чуетъ,
Что и безъ просьбъ она любитъ, горюетъ,
    Образъ мой въ сердцѣ хранитъ.

Но пусть не плачетъ, меня вспоминая:
Я весела . . . я бодра. . . . Пусть родная
    Горемъ себя не томитъ!

Пусть лишь въ молитвахъ меня поминаетъ,
Пусть лишь крестомъ издали осѣняетъ—
    Дочь трудный путь да свершитъ! . . .

1887 г.

MY MOTHER.

If ever, comrade, thou becomest free,
And thy dear ones again embracest,
Do not forget my mother!
In name of all that sacred is,
Tender, pure, and most sublime,
My loving message give to her.
Tell her, alive I am, and well,
Contentment ever is my lot,
To my ideals I true remain.
Hard was it just at first;
Under the fearful weight of parting,
It seemed my spirit would be crushed.
But, no . . No longer do I dread
That hope must be for aye abandoned
Dear mother's face once more to see.

Ask not my mother if she loves me,
For well I know she loves and mourns,
And keeps my image in her heart enshrined.
But ask her not to weep for me,
For I am cheerful, I am even gay.
So let no anguish torture her,
But in her prayers remember me,
Waving from far the sign of the Cross.
That the *via dolorosa* I may complete,

III.

ТѢ ЧУДНЫЯ РОЗЫ.

Въ тюрьмѣ Шлиссельбургской, въ казармѣ глухой,
Среди дисциплины и будничной прозы,
Я все вспоминаю тѣ чудныя розы,
Что ты принесла въ дни суда надо мной.

Прекрасны и свѣжи тѣ были цвѣты—
Отъ чистаго сердца дарила ихъ ты. . . .
И нѣжно, казалось, шептали они
О волѣ, о счастьи въ тѣ скорбные дни. . . .

Скажи-жъ, почему иногда такъ тосклива
Мнѣ память объ этихъ прелестныхъ цвѣтахъ?
Должно быть, была я глубоко-счастлива,
Читая любовь въ твоихъ милыхъ глазахъ!

Теперь же не вижу я ласки твоей . . .
И чувствомъ тяжелымъ сжимается грудь,
Когда, отвернувшись отъ стражи моей,
Я слезы о розахъ спѣшу отряхнуть!

Но все-жъ хорошо, что ты ихъ подарила,
Что есть здѣсь, порою, о чемъ помечтать. . . .
Послѣднія въ жизни ты розы вручила—
Да будетъ за то надъ тобой благодать!

1888 г.

THE ROSES OF MY SISTER.

In the Schlusselburg Fortress, in my solitary cell,
Midst iron discipline and everyday routine,
I love to remember those beautiful roses
To the Court at my trial thou didst bring to me.
Lovely and fresh were those roses,
The gift of a pure heart were they.
Tenderly seemed they to whisper to me
Of sunshine and freedom on that mournful day.
Tell me, then, why so oft am I saddened
When thinking of those lovely flowers?
Was not I cheered and happy made
By the love that lurked in thy dear eyes?
No longer feel I thy caresses,
Black despair my soul oppresses,
When away from my jailer's eye
I sob and weep, my tears slow dropping
Like the dew from those fresh roses.
Yet it is well that thou hast brought them,
To lull my dreams and memory freshen.
Life's last roses are they to me:
May heaven's blessing rest on thee.

HYPOLYTE MUISHKIN.

A HERO AMONG HEROES.

HYPOLYTE MUISHKIN.

Yes, a Hero among Heroes was the subject of this sketch. Fine looking, stately, and commanding, a magnificently shaped head, a beautiful cultured face with strong and resolute features, fearless and almost faultless in his moral character, fanatically devoted to the cause of the Russian people, full of initiative, resource and ingenuity; an orator, whose natural fiery eloquence kept spellbound even the Czar's senators, police and priests, while many amongst his audiences were sobbing and even fainting—such was the personality of Hypolyte Muishkin, who stands out shoulder high above even the Russian giant heroes who have sacrificed their lives for the salvation of their country. Among still living Russians who knew him personally, or have learned to know the story of his life, his memory is cherished with a special tender affection and reverence that will no doubt go down into the hearts of future generations.

I.

A "Crown Child" against the Crown.

Muishkin's parents were serfs, and his father was forcibly enlisted in the army, which, under Nicholas I., was, as is well known, kept under a terrible régime unknown before or after. A soldier lost all civil and general human rights, and became one of the goods

and chattels of the Czar, of the Crown. Not only was the soldier himself deprived of his human identity, but even his children became the property of the Crown, and were commonly known under the name of " Crown Children," just as there are to this day Crown lands, Crown forests, mines, factories, etc. At the age of seven the children were taken away from their parents and placed in special State institutions, " Cantonments," there to be trained from this tender age as soldiers of the Czar. Their tutors were retired or invalided soldiers, who, having themselves gone through the whole ordeal of the military discipline of the time, through hunger, incarcerations, beating, kicking, flogging ordinary, with the birch, and flogging special with the knout, were bringing up their charges under the same iron rod, meting out punishments at pleasure, and frequently maiming the children for life, or putting them out of the way altogether. The children died like flies, and it was only the strongest of them that lived through the career of training, and from " Crown children " became Crown soldiers.

Hypolyte was placed in one of such cantonments, and, thanks to his iron constitution, successfully went through the whole course of training. The boy having shown extraordinary capacities, he was immediately placed in the Moscow Surveying School, on finishing which he was taken by a general residing in St. Petersburg as orderly and secretary.

This was at the beginning of the reign of Alexander II., when the air was full of reform projects, and the Czar intended to give publicity to official proceedings. The general invented a system of Russian shorthand writing, and made his secretary learn it. Soon the inventor was called upon to demonstrate the advantages of his system before the Czar himself, and he took Muishkin with him to write before the Czar under his dictation. Thus the future deadly enemy of Czarism had the early opportunity of facing its highest incarnation in the Winter Palace, and even of receiving a personal reward from the Czar, who ordered 25 roubles to be given to the young orderly for his capable execution of the work.

Upon Muishkin this incident had a double effect. Seeing the Czar and listening to his talk had dispelled his former veneration for the personality of the great autocrat, who in the eyes of his subjects was surrounded with a halo of almost superhuman power, wisdom and kindness. Just a common mortal in a general's uniform, said to himself Muishkin, even lacking ordinary intelligence, judging from the questions he put and his general talk. The reverence for the Czar disappeared from the " Crown Child's " mind, which became now free to make its own strictures, to think for itself and make plans for the future. On the other hand, the incident led to Muishkin's appointment as Government Stenographer, and in this capacity he fulfilled various commissions and earned a good deal of money, which helped him soon to start a business of his own, namely, a printing office in Moscow, where he already had many connections in Government and other circles.

II.

First Secret Printing Office.

In 1873 there arrived in Moscow four young girls from Archangel in the company of an elderly woman, all in search of some suitable work, such as that connected with printing or publishing, two of the girls having already acted as compositors at home. They all belonged to a family exiled for political reasons to the North, and the young girls were brought up there under the influence of the well-known Russian author, Bervi-Flerovsky, and of Porfiri Woinaralsky, a landowner and Justice of the Peace in the government of Penza, both having been exiled to Archangel for their liberal ideas. The girls accidentally passed Muishkin's printing office, entered it and asked for work, and were all received at once, the young printer particularly sympathising with the aspirations of women for independence, and women compositors being quite a novelty in Russia at that time.

Employer and employees had so many ideas and ideals in common that soon they became one spiritually united family. Before long the women proposed and Muishkin agreed to print not only books authorized by the Censorship, but also other useful publications suppressed by the latter. For this purpose the women compositors were placed in a separate room, and other arrangements were made for the issue of clandestine literature. Muishkin continued to be Government Stenographer, but threw all his best energies into the new dangerous enterprise, which responded so much to the impulses of his nobler nature and his ardent desire to be useful to his country and humanity at large.

At this time, namely, at the beginning of 1874, Woinaralsky returned from Archangel to Saratoff, and opened there a boot factory, which really became the central depot for the literature printed by Muishkin and despatched to Saratoff in boxes labelled as leather, boots, nails, etc. The whole summer the clandestine literature was energetically spread in all the Volga provinces, where local agents were at work, and thus the foundation was laid for that revolutionary propaganda on a wide scale, which continues to our own day.

However, in July of the same year, the "boot factory" in Saratoff was discovered by the police, and its connection with a printing office in Moscow established. The gendarmes paid a visit to Muishkin's premises in his absence, but, not yet suspecting Muishkin himself of any conspiracy, simply asked for him and awaited his return. But the people inside managed to put a sign of warning outside, and Muishkin noticing it turned back and disappeared, thus losing in a moment all his property and being cut off from the enterprise which had become so dear to his heart. The gendarmes, awaiting in vain for the appearance of the master, finally made a search all over the premises, and were dumbfounded to discover the huge bales of clandestine publications ready for dispatch. All workpeople found on the premises were, of course,

immediately arrested, investigations of the whole affair commenced, and a number of the organisers and agents were incarcerated all over the country.

III.

A Self-Sacrificing Mission.

Muishkin remained now without material means and without friends, but, nothing daunted, he resolved to continue the struggle against despotism with even greater energy. Reflecting about the best ways and means of uniting all the scattered revolutionary elements, he perceived that a popular leader must first of all be found in whom all could trust, and whose name alone would inspire enthusiasm for the sacred cause. No one else, in Muishkin's conviction, was better fitted for such an honorable post as the famous novelist and political economist, Nicholas Gavrilovitch Tchernishevsky, who had done so much for the awakening of thought and ideals of liberty in the young Russian generation and whose celebrated novel "Chto Dielat?"—"What is to be done?"—was read and cherished by everyone as a new gospel calculated to regenerate humanity. Tchernishevsky was indeed a prophet universally idolised by the enthusiastic Russian youth, and many would have given up their own lives for his, that he might continue to write for the benefit of all. But the great man was at that time pining in the wilderness of North-Eastern Siberia, where he was exiled for life.

He had been kept in confinement ever since 1862, and it transpired from the official report of the proceedings at the trial that no definite charges whatever were made against the accused author. His arrest was effected *solely* on the strength of an *anonymous* letter received by the famous Third Section of his Imperial Majesty's Bureau, in which letter the writer called Tchernishevsky "konovod

yunoshei " (leader of the youth) and " khitri sozialist " (cunning socialist) and urges the Government to exile Tchernishevsky as soon as possible. The news of the condemnation of the beloved master on the ground of an anonymous letter simply infuriated his numerous admirers, and several unsuccessful attempts were made to rescue him on his way to Siberia. Muishkin now decided on a wild plan of rescuing Tchernishevsky, to be carried out entirely on his own responsibility and at the risk of his own life, and from that moment began his new career, full of indomitable pluck, heroism and dangerous adventure.

Tchernishevsky was kept in the prison of the little town of Villuisk, situated in the wildest part of North-Eastern Asia, and Muishkin's plan was nothing less than to disguise himself as a gendarme and forge Government orders authorising him to transfer the political exile Tchernishevsky to a new place of confinement. The scheme in itself contained nothing extraordinary, as the Government not infrequently shifts important political prisoners to safer places of confinement, and the local authorities are accustomed to hand them over to special envoys sent from St. Petersburg. The difficulties lay more in the details of the enterprise, in the large pecuniary means necessary for the double journey to and from Siberia at a time when no railways were known, and even postal and telegraphic communications were lacking over vast regions. These difficulties will be more fully realised when it is taken into consideration that the province of Yakutsk, where Villuisk is situated, occupies an area about *thirteen* times larger than the whole of Great Britain, and that it is only one of the nine great divisions of the Asiatic possessions of Russia. To venture alone, with limited means, on such a journey, surrounded by enemies on every hand, and with the only object of saving a fellow man, requires certainly greater moral strength than, say, to start on a mission of discovery of the North Pole with all possible human assistance, and having to fight only against the blind elements of nature. Having well matured

N. G. TCHERNISHEVSKY and the VILLUISK PRISON.
In which he was confined about 19 years.

his plan, Muishkin finally set out for Siberia. On the way he achieved many extraordinary things, entering into the life of the peasants through whose villages he passed, and helping them with counsel and deed against official oppression. In one village, for instance, where the Elder and police officer had appropriated communal funds, Muishkin peremptorily summoned a meeting and passed a formal resolution ordering the money to be refunded, which was indeed done, the guilty asking for his mercy so that the matter should not be reported any further. Upon this success the peasants beseeched him for help in their other grievances, looking upon him as one who "spoke as having authority." Many a legend was soon told on the great Siberian Road concerning the doings of the good unknown stranger. Muishkin finally reached Irkutsk. Here he pretended to be in search of work, and made the acquaintance of several gendarmes, whose confidence he soon won over by his charm of manner and speech. So cleverly did he play the part of a most loyal subject that he was soon given the post of a subordinate officer in the corps of gendarmes. Here he gained the confidence of his superiors by a scrupulous discharge of his duties and various little artifices which made him the favourite of all.

In the course of a few months Muishkin obtained a position of trust which gave him access to all the secret documents and seals of the office. Having thus familiarized himself with all the ways of secret official correspondence, he concocted an order to the Governor of Villuisk, Captain Zhirkoff, by which the latter was informed that the Minister of the Interior had decided to transport Tchernishevsky to Blagoveshtchensk on the Amur River, and that he, Muishkin, had been sent to take charge of the prisoner.

What preparations Muishkin had made to hide himself and Tchernishevsky after he got him is not known. Apparently his intention was to reach Vladivostock and embark on a steamer bound for America, a tremendous undertaking, yet less dangerous than the route westward through the whole of Siberia and European

Russia. Muishkin, under some plausible pretext, now resigned his position and left Irkutsk with the best wishes and respects of his official colleagues.

Now began the most dangerous part of the plot. Would he be able to play successfully to the end his assumed role of a gendarme officer entrusted with such an important mission? Would everything pass off smoothly after the prisoner was handed over to him? These anxieties must have been exceedingly tormenting even for such an iron character as our hero. He was quite alive to the dangers in his path, and after leaving Irkutsk lingered on his course for some weeks, and finally set out for Villuisk irrevocably resolved to rescue the master or perish himself in the attempt.

IV.

Failure and Arrest—Two Versions.

Villuisk is situated a few hundred miles westward of Yakutsk, and is a God-forsaken little town, inhabited by semi-savage aborigines, a few Russian settlers, and Government officials. The post reached the place once a month from Yakutsk, and there was no telegraphic communication at that time, that is in 1875, and probably there is none even at present. Muishkin having now disguised himself in the full uniform of a captain of gendarmes, engaged post horses, and, assuming an important official air, drove up to the house of Captain Zhirkoff in Villuisk, introducing himself to the latter and handing him the document directing him to transfer Tchernishevsky.

Captain Zhirkoff received Muishkin with all the respect due to an official envoy of the Imperial Government. The first trying minutes over, Muishkin began to feel encouraged, doing his best to conceal his inner agitation.

Zhirkoff went to the prison, where he apprised Tchernishevsky of the news of his transfer to another place. How the latter received this news is not known, but no doubt he must have been pleased to have any change. Something, however, made Captain Zhirkoff reflect on the whole affair, and he began to feel suspicious about his visitor. Some say Muishkin's uniform was faulty, and Zhirkoff noticed that the accelband was attached on the wrong side. George Kennan, in his "Siberia and the Exile System," explains Zhirkoff's distrust by the fact that Muishkin appeared alone, without soldiers or cossacks in the capacity of body servants A commissioned officer never travels in Siberia without such escort, especially on a mission to take charge of an important political exile. Muishkin, no doubt, was alive to the necessity of bringing with him a couple of accomplices disguised as soldiers, but this meant larger pecuniary means than he possessed. In cases of transporting political offenders from place to place, the Government usually makes preliminary enquiries from the local authorities and instructs them to prepare for the departure of the prisoners on a certain date. Muishkin's sudden appearance with the demand to hand Tchernishevsky over to him at once was almost sure to strike Zhirkoff as something very extraordinary, all the more so as there had already been several other attempts to rescue political prisoners in the same manner.

Zhirkoff, after further reflection, decided not to part with Tchernishevsky so readily, and informed Muishkin that the prisoner would not be ready for the journey till the next day. Muishkin, of course had to submit. It must be understood that Governors of prisons in Russia are not chosen from among the innocent and charitably disposed section of humanity, but, on the contrary, from its vilest and most cunning specimens, and it would have been indeed quite superhuman for anyone to get hold of a victim entrusted to such an iron grasp. During the night Zhirkoff made up his mind to communicate with his immediate chief, Governor Chernyaeff, who resided in Yakutsk, a distance of several hundred miles from Villuisk, and informed Muishkin to that effect.

The latter at once perceived that no eloquent arguments on his part would be of any use, that Captain Zhirkoff was a man who, according to the Russian saying, "Eats his own teeth" in the course of his various experiences. The great question for our conspirator was now to save himself at all events. It was no use, of course, to remain in Villuisk awaiting the reply from Governor Chernyaeff, and Muishkin said he would at once go himself to Yakutsk to see the Governor General. Zhirkoff now offered Muishkin a couple of Cossacks as escort, explaining that it was not customary for an Imperial commissioned officer to travel in those regions alone.

To decline this escort was impossible, it would have meant immediate arrest. So Muishkin had to acquiesce.

Thus he set out for Yakutsk accompanied by two powerful Cossacks. Muishkin was strongly built, but he knew it would have been madness to attempt to get rid of his companions in an open fight. At the same time it was clear that the two Cossacks had received strict orders to watch him, and in no way to allow him to get out of their sight. All the three travellers were armed with swords and revolvers, and Muishkin began to plan his escape, if possible, without a bloody struggle.

They left Villuisk on the 7th (19th) of July, and their way to Yakutsk lay through primeval forests, gigantic mountains, and all the beautiful wild scenery through which the Villui River and the Lena roll their waters to the Arctic Ocean. Nothing like the natural charm of those regions, almost untrodden by human feet, can be witnessed in Europe. The mountains echo more frequently to the howling of bears, wolves, foxes and other animals than to the voices of human beings. Woe to the lonely traveller who has lost his way in this dreary wilderness. Yet it was here that Muishkin planned an escape although the nearest human abode would be hundreds of miles away in the unknown distance. It was clear that his only chance of saving his life was during this journey

while he had to deal only with two guards; that the moment he was handed over to the Governor of Yakutsk his escape would become impossible. There was one ray of hope still left for him, namely, to try to play some game with Governor Tchernyaeff. He might represent himself simply as a Government officer with some mission who, passing through Yakutsk, had deemed it his pleasant duty to pay his respects to the Governor of the province. He would not mention anything about Tchernishevsky, would leave the Governor as quickly as possible, and simply disappear from Yakutsk.

This plan seemed at first quite feasible, all the more so as Governor Tchernyaeff could not know anything of what had happened in Villuisk. To his despair, however, a few hours after he left the town, Muishkin's party was overtaken by another Cossack courier, who stopped only a few minutes to speak to his colleagues, and then hurried off in the direction of Yakutsk. The third Cossack told them in Muishkin's hearing that he had important papers which he was instructed to deliver in Yakutsk, if possible, before their arrival. It was now clear that the game was lost and that a desperate attempt to escape must be made before they reached Yakutsk.

Such is one version of the Villuisk incident. According to another, told by M. S. Alexandroff, who had recently had the opportunity of studying documents in the police archives of Olekminsk, Province of Yakutsk, the local authorities were well informed beforehand that they were to expect the arrival of an alleged gendarme officer passing by the name of Meshtcherinoff, who was to be arrested immediately. It would seem from these police documents that Muishkin met on his journey the Assistant Head of Police of Villuisk, to whom he was unwise enough to tell of his mission to Villuisk. The police officer at once suspected the plot, firstly because "Meshtcherinoff" travelled without a Cossack convoy, secondly, he could tell nothing about the authorities in Olekminsk, through which he said he had passed, and thirdly because the

Villuisk police only shortly before this event had received strict instructions not to allow anyone to approach Tchernishevsky without a special permit from the Governor of Yakutsk, whereas " Meshtcherinoff " had his authorisation signed by the Governor of Irkutsk. On these grounds the head of the police of Villuisk, warned beforehand, arrested Muishkin immediately on his arrival in the place.

Be the circumstances as they may, the fact remains that Muishkin escaped from his convoy on the journey from Villuisk to Yakutsk.

To describe all the details of this escape is now, when the hero is dead, impossible. He naturally chose a moment when they were in the midst of a wood bordering the river Lena. He dashed into the depths of the forest, pursued immediately by the Cossacks, who fired several times at the fugitive, but missed their aim. One Cossack continued the pursuit and was almost upon him when Muishkin turned round, fired, and wounded him, and finally made his escape.

The position of Muishkin after his ecape into the wilderness amidst the howling of all kinds of beasts of prey is easier to imagine than to describe. During the day it was warm enough, but at night the damp and cold were bitter, though it was in the height of the summer season. And yet he withstood for a whole week the indifference and cruelty of nature, but he could not long withstand the vileness of his fellow man. As soon as the Cossacks returned to Villuisk Captain Zhirkoff organised a tremendous *oblava,* or hunting expedition, in which he engaged not only all the soldiers at his command, but also numbers of natives, promising a big reward to anyone who would capture the fugitive and bring him alive or dead. Muishkin was finally found, more dead than alive from hunger, cold and exhaustion, the Central Government was communicated with, and after several months of imprisonment in Irkutsk, he was returned to European Russia and incarcerated in the terrible fortress of Petropavlovsk, there to wait his trial.

V.

A Famous Speech—Attempts to Escape—The Final Tragedy.

The maddening effect of confinement in that fortress is too well known to require description here. Muishkin was frequently put into a strait jacket or chained to his bed, his cries on such occasions reaching the ear of other prisoners kept in cells near him. In this casemate he lay for about three years, when finally he was tried with other political offenders in the famous "Trial of the 193," which lasted from October 18th, 1877, till January 23rd, 1878, and during which more than 900 witnesses were called from all parts of Russia. There were in reality 268 political offenders, who were arrested as belonging to the same organisation, but 75 succumbed to the horrible conditions of their preliminary imprisonment before this trial commenced, among them some, no doubt, quite innocent of any offence. Most of the accused refused to make any defence, as the Court did not allow them to be present at the proceedings all together, also because few of the public were admitted to the trial, and the prisoners felt it was of no use to plead their cause before the agents of the Government, who as a rule settle their verdict beforehand. Muishkin, however, when asked whether he had anything to say, began to deliver a remarkable speech, but was several times ordered by the presiding Judge not to attack the Government. He then shouted:

"If I, tried as a political offender, am not allowed to criticise the Government in this place, then I say you represent not a Court of Justice, but an empty comedy, and something far worse and more shameful."

Here the President ordered the gendarmes to remove him from the dock. But two other prisoners, Rabinovitch and Stopanye, who were sitting beside Muishkin, rose and prevented the officers from getting hold of him. An altercation ensued, during which Muishkin finished his speech in the following fiery words :

"Yes, this Court is worse than a house of ill-fame; there unfortunate women sell their bodies to save themselves from starvation, but here senators and high dignitaries for big salaries and titles prostitute honour, truth, justice and law, selling their own souls and other peoples lives, trafficking in all that is most sacred to the human heart."

An awful scene thereupon ensued in the Court. Numerous gendarmes and policemen threw themselves upon the prisoners, clubbing and beating them in their violent efforts to drag them out of the hall. Judges and counsel rose to their feet. Women fainted, and shouts of "Barbarians! Murderers! They are killing the prisoners!" resounded through the place.

Muishkin was finally sentenced to ten years' penal servitude with deprivation of all civil rights, and was incarcerated in the prison at Kharkoff. Of that prison even an official report presented by the Government Sanitary Inspector, Professor Dobroslavin, says that it was not fit for human habitation. Here the political prisoners simply went out of their minds or succumbed to infectious diseases. Muishkin, with inexhaustible energy, began to plan means of escape, and with his own hands and a piece of board started to dig a tunnel under the prison wall. This he did during the night, leaving a dummy which he somehow managed to make up to lie in his place on the sleeping *nara,* or platform, in case an officer should look into the room during his absence. Pegging away at this work for weeks and months, he finally brought his mining operations nearly to an end, when he remembered that if he escaped in his prison garment he probably would be arrested again by the first

policeman he met. It was therefore necessary to contrive somehow to prepare another dress, which he finally made for himself out of any old cloth he could get hold of.

At last all the preparations were complete, when, as fate would have it, a warder entered the cell while Muishkin was down in the tunnel. He shouted to the dummy to wake up, discovered the trick and raised the alarm. Poor Muishkin was then dragged out of the tunnel and put into a more secure cell. There was now no more hope of escape, and in his utter misery and despair, fearing he would become insane like many of his comrades, he decided to die. But even to commit suicide was not an easy matter. He therefore made up his mind to commit some offence which according to Russian law would be punished with death. With this object he pretended to desire to be taken on a Sunday to the prison church for devotion. This was granted to him, and at a favourable opportunity he struck the Governor of the prison in the face in the middle of the service in the presence of a number of prisoners and officials. But to his dismay he was already regarded somewhat as a madman, and the deliberate offence had no consequence whatever.

Soon after this Muishkin, with a number of other political convicts was sent to the Kara mines in Eastern Siberia. The long march rather did him good, and restored his failing health and energy. In Irkutsk, the scene of his former adventures, he attended the funeral of a fellow convict, Dmokhovsky, who had died on the road from hardships and exposure. Muishkin, approaching the coffin, raised his hand, and, like an inspired prophet, began to deliver a speech that from the first moment hypnotised all present, even jailers and priests listening to him open-mouthed and not daring to interrupt his eloquent condemnation of Russian despotism. He finished his philippic with these pathetic words: "But, comrades, never flinch nor despair. Out of the ashes of this noble and heroic man, and of other men like him, will grow the tree of liberty for Russia." Only after the conclusion of the

speech did the priest seem to awake, and began to utter curses upon the orator, who was then forcibly carried out from the church and taken back to prison.

For this revolutionary speech Muishkin was sentenced to another ten years penal servitude!

The story of the Kara political prison with all its horrors, including the famous "Hunger Strike" of its inmates, flogging to death of women and other brutalities, the reader has already learned in the sketch of Leo Deutsch, who gives the information at first hand, as himself an actor in the tragedies. After having been incarcerated in this prison Muishkin's indomitable courage led him again to meditate plans of escape both for himself and his comrades. Again a tunnel was dug under the walls of the prison, but it soon filled with water owing to the marshy ground, and the work had to be abandoned. Then another desperate enterprise was undertaken and successfully carried through. The prison consisted of several separate buildings, among which there was a small workshop quite close to the stockade, or the wall of high sharpened logs, which formed the outside enclosure surrounding the whole prison. The convicts laboured in this workshop preparing various articles, and could walk freely during the day in the courtyard. After supper they were all shut up in their cells, an officer passing from door to door and looking into the dimly lighted rooms ascertaining whether all the convicts were in their places. The plan of escape consisted in hiding in the workshop after finishing work, then during the night climbing up the roof, from there to reach the stockade and descend on the other side. The difficulties in the way were enormous. Firstly, the sharpened logs of the stockade were far higher than the roof of the workshop. Secondly, at the four corners outside the prison and at the gate there were five sentry boxes occupied each by an armed soldier watching day and night. Thirdly, and this was the most difficult of all obstacles, the absence of the hiding convicts would

KARA POLITICAL PRISON.

immediately be noticed by the officer during his evening verification of the cells. Besides, the sentinels on duty were frequently changed, and there was locomotion in the court yard even during the night. Under all these conditions it would seem hardly conceivable that an escape could be achieved, and yet it is a fact that not only Muishkin but seven others of his fellow prisoners managed to liberate themselves in the way described. Dummies were placed on the sleeping platforms to deceive the eye of the officer, and the greatest precautions were taken to avoid the slightest noise in scaling up and down the walls. By common agreement it was decided that Muishkin and one Khrushtsheff should be the first to make the attempt, and they successfully carried it through. Then, in the course of a couple of weeks, three other couples followed one another. One of the last couples, however, unfortunately fell heavily to the ground outside the prison, or, as some say, into a pool of water, and thus attracted the attention of one of the sentinels. The latter fired at the fugitive, but in the darkness of the night missed his aim. The report of firearms at once gave the alarm, and when it was discovered that no less than eight of the most dangerous political offenders had made good their escape, the excitement and fury of the prison authorities can well be imagined. The intention of the fugitives was to make their way towards the Pacific, and there to embark on some vessel bound for America. It is needless to say that the whole of Eastern Siberia was aroused immediately after the event. Full descriptions of the fugitives were wired, and their photographs sent to the police offices. Searching parties were organised on a tremendous scale. Orders were issued to arrest all travellers, or even inhabitants whose passports or personalities awakened the slightest suspicion. The forests in all parts of the vast Trans-Baikal Province were scoured by numerous native savages, who were stimulated to help the police by promises of big rewards. No wild beast was ever hunted by man with such ferocity as these poor Russians who, in any other

Christian country, would have enjoyed universal esteem and affection. It seemed as if the safety of the whole Russian Empire depended upon the recapture of this handful of university students, and the Government decided that no effort and no expense should be spared in carrying out this object.

The escape of the eight convicts took place during April, 1882, that is at a time when the cold is still intense in that part of the world. Under all the circumstances the marvel is, not that the Government gradually recaptured all the eight fugitives, but that some of them managed to cover hundreds of miles before they were re-arrested. Muishkin and Khrushtsheff, the first escaped couple, made indeed a journey of more than two thousand miles, actually reached the sea coast, and were arrested only in Vladivostok just when they were on the point of starting for other more free and hospitable shores.

An even more severe régime was now established in the Kara prison for all the inmates, and Muishkin was now tortured by the thought that he chiefly had become the cause of the increased suffering of his comrades, who, however, never thought of reproaching him in the slightest degree.

Muishkin, with some other convicts classed as "most dangerous," were soon sent back to European Russia and incarcerated in one of the "stone bags" of the terrible Fortress of Schlusselburg. Here our hero lived till the autumn of 1885, unutterably weary of life and praying in vain to be killed or to be allowed to kill himself. He at last got the opportunity of striking the Governor of the Fortress in his face, an offence which this time finally brought the dread favour he sought, for he was promptly court martialed and shot within the precincts of the gloomy fortress.

SOPHIE PEROVSKAYA.

RUSSIA'S GLORIFIED REGICIDE.

SOPHIE PEROVSKAYA AND THE ASSASSINATION OF ALEXANDER II.

It is no exaggeration to state that of all Russia's martyrs for freedom, the memory of no other is glorified and cherished with such deep and tender veneration, at least amongst the revolutionists, as that of the young aristocratic lady, who was the leading spirit in the assassination of Alexander II., and who expiated with her own life her sanguinary, and patriotic deed, as she herself believed. However, not only Russians pay a tribute of homage to this angel of mercy, turned by force of circumstances into a spirit of vengeance and destruction, but, as we shall presently see, even foreign poets in far away lands have immortalised her in song, struck by the purity of her motive and the sublimity of her self-sacrifice. Others have compared her to the Biblical Jael, whose assassination of Sisera was, too, immortalised and glorified in the sublime hymn by "the mother in Israel," the Prophetess Deborah. Her life story anyhow forms an instructive and stirring page in the history of revolutions.

I.

Like so many other Russian revolutionists and terrorists, Sophie belonged by birth to the highest Russian aristocracy, descending in a line of several generations from those very high placed bureaucrats,

who bask in the sunshine of the throne, and whose direct duty it is to protect their imperial master even at the cost of their own lives. The Perovskys are descendants of the famous Razumovsky, who, according to some statements, secretly married the Empress Elizabeth (1741-1761), daughter of Peter the Great. Several of the Perovskys held high State offices; Sophie's grandfather was at one time Minister of Education; her father's uncle, the famous Count Vasily Perovsky, conquered for Nicholas I. several provinces in Central Asia, and her own father was for a number of years Governor-General of St. Petersburg.

Sophie was born on September 1st, 1853, and was educated solely by her mother, whom she loved passionately, and in whom she found protection from her father, who was of a cruel, despotic nature. Her mother was a highly intellectual and kind-hearted woman. She was anxious to devote all her time to the education of her children, but her position as the wife of a high official imposed upon her the duties of a society lady. She found the indolent life of the fashionable world rather burdensome, and the more so as between her and her husband there were continual quarrels and misunderstandings, which greatly embittered her life.

The father of Sophie, thanks to his position as Governor-General, enjoyed unlimited credit with money-lenders, whom he made use of without any scruples. Sophie was the youngest daughter, and in accordance with her father's wish, she, too, was receiving the worldly training that was to prepare her for her entrance into high society. But the pensive and impressionable little girl proved a rather impatient pupil in this respect, for it took her away from her beloved books.

In 1866 the Revolutionist Karakozoff fired a pistol at Alexander II. in St. Petersburg, and in consequence of this Perovsky lost his post. He was discharged on account of "carelessness." With the loss of his post his credit also collapsed, the family finding itself on the verge of ruin. Of all the former grandeur but a small estate

remained, to which Sophie's mother retired with her children, with whose education she now resolved seriously to occupy herself.

For two years they lived in the country on their estate, where Sophie found a large and excellent library, of which she made the best use. In the summer her brothers arrived, bringing with them all the latest books which were at that time zealously read by the youth of Russia, such as the works of the radical critics Pissareff, Dobroluboff, Tchernishevsky, and others. Together with the books they brought the new ideas with which almost the entire youth of intellectual Russia was then permeated. In 1869 the estate of the Perovsky's had to be sold to cover the father's debts. Her mother gave Sophie permission to sell for her own benefit a few valuables belonging to the richly-equipped manor house, so that she might use the money to attend with her sister the higher courses for the education of women. In the autumn of the same year Sophie's mother went to St. Petersburg, where she settled down with her two daughters, Marie and Sophie, apart from her husband. The freedom-loving Sophie was overjoyed that the father, who at every step insulted and oppressed her dearly beloved mother, and who persecuted Sophie herself, did not come to live with them. The two sisters began to attend the higher classes, and soon formed an intimate acquaintance with a whole circle of girl-students holding advanced views. Many of them (the sisters Korniloff, Sophie Leschern, von Herzfeld and others) subsequently played a considerable *rôle* in the Russian revolutionary movement. After a time, however, her father forbade her to receive her girl friends, whom he called "nihilists," and in other ways began to interfere with her pursuits, making her life miserable.

Then, with her mother's consent, Sophie disappeared from the house. The enraged father applied to the police to find his daughter, and it was only after her brother's intercession that he agreed to give her a passport that she might live separately, but on

condition that she should never "show herself before his eyes." Thus Sophie was only able to see her relations when she knew her father was not at home. From that time she devoted herself to the popular movement, and became one of the most active members of the "Tchaykovsky Circle." Here she made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mme. Sinegub, the hero and heroine of our Nihilistic marriage story, and went to live with them in a manufacturing suburb of St. Petersburg, helping them to teach the workmen, who mostly belonged to the factory of the well-known English firm of the Thornton's. Already at that time (1873) many arrests were made every day, and the prisons were crowded. Sophie's activity did not fail to attract the notice of the police, and in the summer of 1875 she was arrested, but thanks to her mother's efforts on her behalf, was soon released, after which she went to live on their estate in the Crimea, which her mother had managed after all to prevent from being sold for debts.

After a short time Sophie took up the study of medicine, with a view of bringing immediate assistance to the peasants. She entered the School for Nurses, which she passed through in one year. Here she succeeded in winning the love and respect of the physicians, who entrusted all the difficult cases to her, knowing with what care and attention she treated the patients. In the winter of 1877 she was once more arrested, and was one of the accused in the great political "trial of 193," who were charged with having occupied themselves with Socialistic propaganda. She was acquitted, however, by the court, and on her release at once proceeded to arrange the escape from prison of some of her comrades who had been put on their trial together with her. This escape failed, notwithstanding Sophie's superhuman efforts; and this was a terrible moral blow to her, and for whole nights she sobbed, thinking of the hapless fate of her comrades in prison.

The Government in the meantime became more and more enraged. Soon after the first great political trials, at which the

accused were almost in a body sentenced to hard labour, the judges, under pressure from above, began to pass sentences of death for Socialistic propaganda. Many of the peaceful propagandists, in their turn, became more and more embittered, and formed themselves into the famous terroristic party of the " Narodnaya Volya " (The People's Will).

Perovskaya, after a good deal of hesitation, joined the new party, being carried away principally by the untiring energy and devotion of its members.

About that time friends invited her to join them abroad, but her characteristic reply was : " I would rather be hanged in Russia than vegetate uselessly abroad." Her subsequent fate proved that these were no idle words.

II.

Sophie now developed an immense activity, placing herself in the front rank of the fray, and astonishing even the most hardened revolutionists with her bravery and *sangfroid*. The most responsible tasks were entrusted to her, and she played a leading part in the undermining of the railway near Moscow in 1879 with the object of blowing up the imperial train. She was appointed to watch the approach of the train and signal to a comrade who was to join the fatal chain connecting the battery in the house with the mines under the line. It was she who had the charge of exploding a bottle filled with nitro-glycerine so as to blow up all the conspirators in the event of the police coming to arrest them during the preparations. When this attempt failed the terrorists resolved upon a double and simultaneous attempt, which at last resulted in the assassination of Alexander II., and this time Perovskaya was practically the chief organizer and leader of the conspiracy.

The desperate plan was to undermine a street in St. Petersburg through which the Czar usually passed on his way to the Military Riding School, and to throw also several bombs at him, should he escape the explosion of the mine. With this object a house was rented in the Malo-Sadovaia Street, in which the conspirators opened a little grocer's shop to mislead the police, whilst making the tunnel to the middle of the street. At the same time several terrorists were armed with small but most powerful bombs awaiting for the Czar at other points on his return to the Winter Palace. All these arrangements were entirely in the hands of Sophie, who mapped out the locality and the exact spots at which the conspirators were to await their victim. On the 1st (13) of March, 1881, Alexander did visit the riding school, but on his return did not pass the Malo-Sadovaia. Sophie, who was watching the movements of the imperial cortège, then gave a signal with her handkerchief to the conspirators to occupy their positions along the Catherine Canal. A few minutes later one of them, Rysakoff, threw a bomb at the Czar's carriage, smashing its bottom and killing and wounding fourteen Cossacks of the convoy, the Czar himself, however, remaining unhurt. He then left the carriage and hurried to the wounded, when another conspirator, Grinevetsky, threw a second bomb, which wounded the Czar and destroyed on the spot the bomb-thrower himself. Alexander died in an hour or so after his being brought to the Winter Palace.

The saddest part of this tragedy lies in the fact, now well established, that in the forenoon of the same day Alexander signed the so-called "Constitution of Loris Melikoff," containing a programme of vast reforms and of a National Advisory Assembly to express opinions on legislative and administrative measures. Little as this "Constitution" meant, it still was the first step in the direction of limiting to a certain extent the Autocracy of the Czar, and perhaps had the conspirators known of the Czar's decision to enter again on the path of liberal reform, Alexander might not have met with such

a violent end. As it is, the practical results of the assassination of Alexander II. were only to increase the reactionary and despotic *régime* of the Autocracy during the whole reign of his successor, Alexander III. (1881-1894), and part of the reign of Nicholas II., until the Russo-Japanese War stirred up and strengthened again the Russian liberal and revolutionary elements, and a new and larger terroristic campaign compelled the latter Czar to proclaim in 1905 a new " Constitution " hitherto remaining but a dead letter.

What the capital and the whole of Russia was immediately after the above event will for ever remain memorable to contemporaries. The Government was raving with revenge, and the whole country was panic-stricken, nobody being safe from arrest on the slightest suspicion of any connection with the revolutionists. During the first two days after the assassination some eight hundred " suspects " were arrested in St. Petersburg alone. People literally feared to leave their houses, as numerous police agents, gendarmes, spies, Cossacks, swarmed in the streets, watching every passer-by and catching people seeming in any way suspicious to them. The only ones who fearlessly roamed about the town agitating with even greater zeal than before, holding consultations and writing and issuing proclamations clandestinely, were the conspirators who participated in the regicide. In their fanatical belief that the assassination of the Czar would bring about a general revolution, or that the new Czar would hasten to make immediate concessions, they considered themselves unjustified to leave the capital and hide themselves in safety at such a critical moment. Sophie was most urgently pressed by her friends to leave at once for abroad, and everything was ready for her departure, but she obstinately declined to do so. Meanwhile the police gradually arrested all the participators in the assassination. Zheliaboff, the leader of the terroristic party, as far as the terrorists acknowledged any leader at all, had been already arrested a few days before the first of March,

and within a month all the others—Kibaltchitch, Mikhailoff, Rysakoff, and Jessie Helfman—were already in the hands of the police. Sophie was hunted for everywhere, as the woman "Voinova," under which name she kept house for Zheliaboff, and disappeared immediately after his arrest. The police engaged the woman of the milk shop in the same house who knew "Voinova" well as her customer, and who, together with a police agent, now walked and drove about the town in the hope of somewhere meeting with the fugitive. And so reckless was Sophie's courage that in spite of the greatest danger in these terrible days she continued to drive about the town on her various errands in open drozhkis, until one day the milk-woman recognised her in the most busy thoroughfare, the famous Nevski Prospect, and she was arrested there and then, on the 10th of March,

III.

A special court was constituted to try the regicides, but their death sentence was settled beforehand, and the proceedings were only an official formality. All the accused conducted themselves with dignity, acknowledging the fact of their belonging to "The People's Will Party" and holding terroristic convictions, as no peaceable propaganda was allowed in Russia. The Government prosecutor unconsciously paid a high compliment to Sophie in one of his most effective accusations against her, for in his flight of eloquence he exclaimed:

"In the crime of Perovskaya there is a feature which must be specially noticed. We can imagine a political conspiracy, we can imagine that the conspirators resort to the most cruel and revolting measures, and we can also imagine a woman participating in such a conspiracy. But that a woman should stand at the head of a conspiracy, that she should have in her hands all the arrangements

for murder, that she should with cynical coolness point out to the bomb-throwers their parts, herself draw the plan of the locality, and mark on it the exact spots where they should stand, that a woman, having become the soul of the conspiracy, should run to see its consequences, and come within several steps from the tragic spot to glory in the sight of her handiwork—that such a part should be played by a woman the ordinary moral sentiment refuses to understand."

The prosecutor one may say had only to look just a little back into Russian history to find a woman, as for instance Catherine II., murdering her own husband in order to usurp his throne, or indeed other Russian empresses who have committed murders and endless other atrocities not in the cause of patriotism, but from love intrigues and lust of power. Russian official moral sentiment, however, never revolted against these murders by women on the throne, who continue to this very day to be styled by the State Church " blagochestiveishiya-gosudarini "—Most Pious Majesties.

The Counsel for the defence, the barrister Kedrin, could not of course, enter into the real causes which turn the noblest, kindliest, and most unselfish men and women into political assassins. His defence was of necessity frail. Some of his statements about the personality of Sophie, however, are important. He said :

" When you heard that a woman was implicated in this crime, you probably thought that she must be a moral monster, an unheard-of miscreant. But when you have met her in this hall, your first impression, I believe, must have changed in a diametrically opposite direction. At least my own impression of her is now altogether different from that I formed before I met her personally. I beheld a modest girl, with manners which did not suggest anything atrocious and horrible. Perhaps it may be said she is affected and wishes to show herself off in a better light than what she really is? I cannot admit that. I think that the frank confession she made

before you without the slightest effort to protect herself, and the way she met the charges against her, clearly show that there is not a shadow of hypocrisy in her."

Here the Counsel tried to trace simply the psychological process of Sophie's development and the outside revolutionary influence exercised on her. After she was arrested, simply by administrative methods, and had run away, she became an outlaw, and was compelled to seek the company and protection of the revolutionists, under whose influence she finally became what she now is. On these grounds he asked for a lenient sentence.

Sophie, asked whether she wanted to say something as her last word, replied:

"The prosecutor has heaped upon us a number of charges. As to the plain facts of the case I will now say nothing, as I have admitted them all during the preliminary depositions. But against the charge of myself and of my comrades with immorality, cruelty, and defiance of public opinion, against such a charge I must protest! They who are familiar with our lives and the conditions under which our work is carried on, will not reproach us either with immorality or with cruelty."

The Court passed a death sentence upon all the accused, and they were all executed by hanging on April 15th, 1881, with the exception of Jessie Helfman, in whose case the execution was postponed on account of her pregnancy, and afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life. Strong rumours were current in St. Petersburg that during the six days between the sentence and the execution all the condemned were subjected to torture in order to force them to reveal the names of other conspirators. Several facts point out that such tortures did take place. It is an ancient custom in Russia to allow those condemned to death to see their relatives and friends to take leave of them, to make their last arrangements in regard to property, family matters, etc. In the case of three men, Nikitento, Naumoff, and

Siniavsky, who were executed in September, 1907, for an alleged plot against Nicholas II., Siniavsky was even allowed to go through a ceremony of marriage on the eve of his execution in order to legitimise his child. In the case, however, of the regicides of Alexander II. no such privileges were allowed to the condemned, and their voices were silenced for ever after the sentence was pronounced. All the entreaties of relatives for a last interview were refused. The broken-hearted mother of Sophie hurried to St. Petersburg from the Crimea immediately on hearing of her daughter's arrest, and she saw her for the last time on the day the sentence was pronounced. Afterwards, under various pretexts, she was not admitted to see her daughter until the 15th of April, the day of the execution, but even then she could only see her at some distance, as Sophie was already on the fatal carriage leading her and her comrades to their doom.

What other reasons could there have been for not allowing the condemned to be seen and spoken to by anyone if not the fear of revelations of gruesome tortures perpetrated *after* the trial upon already condemned men and women?

Sophie's striking moral courage did not leave her to the very last moment. On the way to the scaffold her glance was clear and self-possessed, her whole expression calm and firm, without the slightest trace of affectation. Of the very last scene of the execution, the correspondent of the "Cologne Gazette," who had the sad privilege of witnessing it, reported:

"I have been present at a dozen executions in the East, but never have I witnessed such a butchery."

Sophie perished in the flower of her youth, namely at the age of 27, as one of the assassins of an emperor, but herself a voluntary sacrifice on the altar of duty and patriotism such as she understood them. What would this remarkable woman have become had she lived in a free country, where the abundant energies of her rich and affectionate nature would not have been checked outwardly with such fatal results?

REMINISCENCES OF PEROVSKAYA.

Those who knew Sophie intimately describe her as combining in an astonishing manner an iron will with a rare tenderness and kindness of heart. She was a model nurse at the bedside of her sick friends, though at the same time she could be mercilessly cruel towards those members of the party who failed to carry out the duties they had undertaken. She had a profound tenderness for her comrades who were in prison, and was thoughtfully solicitous about their food and warm clothing, and other small but important details. She displayed extraordinary patience when conducting her propaganda among working men, and she was also most energetic in her work among the youth of the universities. Every minute of her time was filled in serving the party to which she belonged.

Prince Peter Kropotkin, who belonged to the same " Tchaykovsky Circle " as Perovskaya, speaks of her in the following terms in his " Memoirs of a Revolutionist " :

" We used to meet then in a suburban part of St. Petersburg, in a small house of which Sophie Perovskaya, under the assumed name and with the fabricated passport of an artisan's wife, was the supposed tenant.

" Now, in the capacity of an artisan's wife, in her cotton dress and men's boots, her head covered with a cotton kerchief, as she carried on her shoulders two pails of water from the Neva, no one would have recognised in her the girl who a few years before shone in one of the most fashionable drawing-rooms of the Capital.

" She was a general favourite, and every one of us, on entering the house, had a specially friendly smile for her—even when she, making a point of honour of keeping the house relatively clean, quarrelled with us about the dirt which we, dressed in peasant top-boots and sheep skins, brought in after walking through the

muddy streets of the suburbs. She tried to give her girlish, innocent, and very intelligent little face the most severe expression possible to it.

"In her moral conceptions she was a 'rigorist,' but not in the least of the sermon-preaching type. When she was dissatisfied with someone's conduct she would cast a severe glance at him from beneath her brows, but in that glance one saw her open-minded, generous nature, which understood all that is human. On one point only she was inexorable. 'A woman's man' she once said, speaking of someone, and the expression and the manner in which she said it, without interrupting her work, is engraved for ever on my memory.

"Perovskaya was a 'popularist' to the very bottom of her heart, and at the same time a revolutionist, a fighter of the truest steel. She had no need to embellish the workers, the peasants, with imaginary virtues in order to love them and to work for them. She took them as they were, and said to me once: 'We have begun a great thing. Two generations, perhaps, will succumb in the task, and yet it must be done.'

"None of the women of our circle would have given way before the certainty of death on the scaffold. Each would have looked death straight in the face. But none of them, at that stage in our propaganda, thought of such a fate. Perovskaya's well-known portrait is exceptionally good; it records so well her earnest courage, her bright intelligence, and loving nature.

"The letter she wrote to her mother a few hours before she went to the scaffold is one of the best expressions of a loving soul that a woman's heart has ever dictated."

This letter, according to Sergius Stepniak, was written not a few hours before the execution, but on the eve before the death sentence was declared. It ran as follows:

"My dearest, darling mother," she writes, "all the time I am oppressed and tortured by the thought of how you are. My dearest, I implore you, calm yourself, do not torture yourself on my account; take care of yourself, for the sake of all those around, and also for my sake. I do not in the least grieve over my fate, but am meeting it quite calmly, for I knew and expected long ago that sooner or later it would come to this. And really, my darling little mother, it is not so very sad after all. I have lived up to my convictions; to act contrary to them was impossible for me. Therefore I am now awaiting with a quiet conscience what is before me. The only thing that lies heavily on my heart is your sorrow, my priceless one; this alone torments me, and I do not know what I would not give in order to relieve it.

"Dearest, darling *mámotshka,* remember that around you there is still a large family, both big and small, who are all in need of you as a great moral force. I always regretted with all my heart that I was unable to reach that moral height on which you stand, but in all moments of weakness your image was ever a support to me. I need not assure you of my profound devotion to you, for you know that ever since my childhood you have had my constant and supreme love. My anxiety about you was always my greatest sorrow. I hope, my own, darling mother, that you will calm yourself, that you will forgive, at least partly, all the sorrow that I have caused you and that you will not scold me very much; your reproach is the only one that is painful to me.

"In thought I ardently, ardently kiss your dear little hands and on my knees I beg you not to be angry with me.

"My warmest farewell greetings to all. Good-bye, then, my dearest; again I repeat: pray, do not torment yourself on my account, my fate is by no means so pitiful and you need not grieve over me.—Your Sonya."

THE EXECUTION OF SOPHIE PEROVSKAYA.

CARTOON ISSUED BY RUSSIAN WOMEN SUFFRAGISTS.

"If my sex does not disqualify me from mounting the Scaffold, why should it disqualify me from entering Parliament?"

IN MEMORIAM.

SOPHIE PEROVSKAYA.

Down from her high estate she stept,
  A maiden gently born,
And by the icy Volga kept
  Sad watch and waited morn;
And peasants say that where she slept
  The new moon dipped her horn.
    Yet on and on, through shoreless snows
      Far toward the bleak North Pole,
    The foulest wrong the good God knows
      Rolled as dark rivers roll;
    While never once for all these woes
      Upspake one human soul.

She toiled, she taught the peasant, taught
  The dark-eyed Tartar. He,
Illumined with her lofty thought,
  Rose up and sought to be,
What God at the creation wrought,
  A man—Godlike and free.
    Yet still before him yawned the black
      Siberian mines! And oh!
    The knout upon the bare white back:
      The blood upon the snow!
    The gaunt wolves, close upon the track,
      Fought o'er the fallen so!

And this that one might wear a crown
  Snatched from a strangled sire!
And this that two might mock or frown
  From high thrones climbing higher,—

To where the Parricide looks down
With harlot in desire!
Yet on, beneath the great north star,
Like some lost living thing,
That line of exiles stretches far,
Till buried by Death's wing!
And great men praise the goodly Czar—
But God sits pitying.

A storm burst forth! From out the storm
That clean, red lightning leapt!
And lo: a prostrate form . . .
And Alexander slept!
Down through the snow, all smoking warm,
Like any blood, his crept.
Yea, one lay dead, for millions dead!
One red spot in the snow
For that long damning line of red
Where endless exiles go—
The babe at breast, the mother's head
Bowed down and dying so!

And did a woman do this deed?
Then build her scaffold high,
That all may on her forehead read
The Martyr's right to die!
Ring Cossack round on royal steed!
Now lift her to the sky!
But see! from out the black hood shines
A light few look upon!
Lorn exiles, see, from dark, deep mines,
Your Star at burst of dawn . . .
A thud—a creak of hangman's lines—
A frail shape jerked and drawn!

The Czar is dead; the woman dead,
  About her neck a cord.
In God's house rests his royal head,—
  Hers in a place abhorr'd;
Yet I had rather have her bed
  Than thine, most royal lord!

Yea, rather be that woman dead
  Than this new living Czar,
To hide in dread, with both hands red,
  Behind great bolt and bar—
While like the dead, still endless tread
  Sad exiles toward their Star.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

SEVASTOPOL IN 1905.

LIEUTENANT PETER PETROVITCH SCHMIDT.

I.

PUBLIC REJOICINGS AND A PUBLIC FUNERAL

On October 31st, 1905, the day after the promulgation of the Czar's "Constitutional" Manifesto granting political and religious liberty, the inhabitants of Sevastopol, as in fact the whole of Russia, celebrated with great jubilation the beginning of the new era. Their first natural impulse was to demand the liberation of political prisoners who were suffering punishment for what the Czar himself had now solemnly granted the people. A demonstration was made before the local prison, the crowd consisting of several thousand men, women, and even children, the peaceful and unharmed demonstrators demanding from the governor the liberation of their friends. The governor replied that he was expecting in a very few minutes the arrival of the Colonel of Gendarmes, who would give the official order for the release of the prisoners. The crowd waited patiently, but their excitement increased as hour after hour passed and still no colonel appeared. At nine o'clock in the evening, according to the official version, some of the demonstrators began to break the prison gates, when a detachment of soldiers from inside the prison yard, without any preliminary warning, commenced firing at the people. The crowd immediately ran away, but several volleys were discharged into their backs, with the result that there were some forty killed and wounded.

SEVASTOPOL.

In this bloody way the new era of liberty and security of life commenced, as is well known, practically all over Russia. The Town Council of Sevastopol decided to give the victims a public funeral, and all public institutions, schools, etc., were closed on that occasion, nearly the whole population of the town and many from the surrounding districts joining the mournful cortège, the procession thus forming a gigantic protest against the terrible bloodshed.

At the grave several eloquent speeches were made, the most stirring being that of Lieutenant Schmidt, who concluded his oration with the following words:

"The souls of these victims and of innumerable other victims of despotism, appeal to us from their graves and ask: What are you going to do with the newly-promised liberty, of which we have been deprived for ever? Will you know how to profit by that liberty? Shall we be the last victims of oppression?

"Fellow citizens, it is for us to calm the anxious souls of the departed, and give them the desired promise. Let us swear that never again shall we yield voluntarily even the least of the human rights we have now conquered after so long a struggle and so many sacrifices. For myself, I do swear."

The crowd, deeply affected, unanimously replied:

"We swear!"

This took place on November the 5th (18th), and the same evening Schmidt was arrested for his speech at the cemetery, a quick and striking illustration of the "freedom of speech" granted by the Czar only a few days before.

Before we pass to the subsequent stirring and bloody events, just a word about the personality of our hero.

Lieutenant Peter Petrovitch Schmidt served several years in the Russian Voluntary Fleet, and the last few years was commander of the ocean steamer "Diana." He was prominent in the Service as a highly cultured, capable, and humane officer, and by his personal

kindness, generosity, and unimpeachable honesty enjoyed the sympathy and respect of all around him, except, of course, those who looked on him as a hindrance to their own nefarious deeds. To his subordinates his attitude was one of an equal, and the crews were devoted to him with a touching loyalty. His intimate friends tell how in conversation he spoke with deep grief of the arbitrariness of the existing *régime,* and expressed his longings for the reign of civil liberty.

At the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War Schmidt was appointed commander of one of the transports that accompanied the fleet of Admiral Rozhdestvensky, but on the way to the Far East he became seriously ill and had to return to European Russia. From that time he lived in Sevastopol, and on recovering took a prominent part in the political movement for emancipation.

II.

Mutiny in the Fleet, and the Bombardment.

The agitation in Sevastopol after Schmidt's arrest became intense, and both the naval and military revolutionary organizations decided now to break out in open rebellion. This they did on November 11th (24th), their first act being the liberation of Schmidt, who now took the leadership of the mutiny. The cruiser " Otchakoff " was seized, a revolutionary flag hoisted, and a signal made " Lieutenant Schmidt commands the fleet." A torpedo catcher and two torpedo boats joined the " Otchakoff " and also hoisted revolutionary flags. On other warships in the harbour there were officers and sailors sympathising with the mutineers, but not in sufficient strength to become the masters of their vessels.

Whilst the mutiny thus broke out openly in the fleet, in the town itself various demonstrations took place by military detachments and civilians, the population as a whole siding with the revolutionaries, but, as usual, taking up an expectant attitude, the active rebels remaining in the minority. Schmidt issued proclamations to the people, ordered supplies to be sent to him, and for several days was practically the master of the fleet and of Sevastopol. The final tragedy took place on November 15th (28th), 1905. The weather on that day was warm and spring-like, the sea calm, and masses of people assembled on the boulevard overlooking the port, encouraging the mutineers by frequent hurrahs, the movements of the latter being quite easily observable from the shore. Schmidt took with him an armed force on a torpedo boat and went round the warships, approaching close to each of them, and appealing to the officers and men to join him. From the historical battleship "Pantelemon," a name substituted for the famous " Prince Potemkin," which had mutinied in July of the same year and finally surrendered in Roumania, the sailors and some of the officers replied to Schmidt's appeal with enthusiastic hurrahs, and decided to join him. Next Schmidt went to the transport vessel " Proot," on board which were kept as prisoners the mutineers of the " Prince Potemkin." He liberated them all, and brought them to the " Otchakoff." This was performed in the sight of the whole squadron and of the crowds on the shore, who all the time were enthusiastically blending their cheers with those from the rebel ships.

Schmidt then started again for the " Pantelemon " with some 50 armed men, who boarded the warship unopposed, and quickly arrested the captain and the officers who remained loyal. They were all transferred to the " Otchakoff " with the object of keeping them as hostages, so that the vessel might not be fired upon by the squadron or by the land batteries. There were in all about a hundred made prisoners, amongst them Antonoff, the senior doctor of the " Pantelemon." According to his account, which is, of course, not

favourable to Schmidt, the latter addressed his prisoners, trying to convert them to the revolutionary cause, and developing before them his own plans. These consisted in taking possession of the whole Black Sea Fleet, and in constructing batteries on the Perekop Isthmus, thus cutting off the whole of the Crimea and establishing there a kind of a republic. Schmidt told them, according to Dr. Antonoff's account, that he relied on being supported by a general strike all over Russia, and that he had received about 700 letters and telegrams from all parts of the empire, congratulating and encouraging him in his patriotic enterprise, and promising support.

Meanwhile the authorities in the town were preparing for a real battle, evidently having received final and decisive instructions from St. Petersburg. Schmidt had hitherto freely kept up communications with the town, but on that day three of his messengers were arrested there in the morning, and the gun-boat " Teretz " had sunk a port launch containing mutineers. Schmidt received further information, and could see himself, that field guns to the number of ten had been brought and placed in position in front of the Michael Battery, and directed against the " Otchakoff," the distance from the shore being only about 400 yards. About three o'clock in the afternoon the battle on the shore against the insurgents in the town commenced, the commander of the Government troops using guns, rifles, and machine-guns. Schmidt, noticing the preparations on the shore to fire at the " Otchakoff " signalled that he had many prisoners on board. The latter, too, seeing the imminent danger, sent an emissary to the commander of the battery on the shore corroborating Schmidt's signal. But instead of an answer a terrible cannonade was opened on the " Otchakoff " from the forts, batteries, and the loyal warships. The " Otchakoff " answered with shots from guns of large calibre, and what followed we reproduce in Dr. Antonoff's words, who, with the other imprisoned officers, was locked up in a cabin on the side of the vessel exposed to the fire of the squadron.

"Fearful moments now began. The "Otchakoff" literally shook from blows of shell falling on it on all sides. What went on in our cabin beggars description. Some clung to the stanchions, some lay down flat, others stood as if petrified, but all were in an agony of expectation of what appeared to be imminent destruction. With missiles falling in all directions, and with sentries at the door ready to shoot us if we broke it open, it seemed to us that nothing but a miracle could save us. The stillness of death reigned, interrupted only by shots or the whispering of a prayer which some of us uttered with suppressed voices. Engineer Jouraskin was killed at the beginning of the firing by a sentry for attempting to rush through the door when accidentally opened. Our captain of the "Pantelemon" was wounded in the arm, and we now heard the groans of another engineer who was wounded by a splinter in the shoulder. Seeing the great flow of blood, I started knocking at the door, begging that it might be opened. This was done, and I was allowed to go to the hospital ward to bandage the wounded there, accompanied by a guard. All of a sudden a quantity of water rushed in through a hole in the ship, and cries were raised: 'A leak! We shall all be drowned!' The sentries left us. I then went up on deck, and there saw a frightful scene. Men badly wounded were lying about in various postures calling in vain for help. The remainder of the crew were rushing about not knowing what to do. Panic reigned supreme. Many under the rain of shell seized life-belts and threw themselves overboard. To complete the horror, at the beginning of the fight a large mortar-shell fell into the engine room and now fire and clouds of smoke proceeded from the hatch above it. The sentries now threw down their arms and left their posts. The officers seeing themselves free took a tablecloth, rushed up to the bridge, pulled down the red flag and hoisted a white one instead. The firing from the batteries ceased. We all began to breathe freely and thought ourselves saved. I, with another young doctor, attended to the wounded, though there were no proper bandages in the hospital ward. Suddenly I observed that the fire was already

near the powder hatch, and that an explosion must follow shortly. I then lowered myself by means of a rope on to a barge which by some chance was alongside the warship, and on which there were already many of our officers and a number of the sailors from the 'Otchakoff.' There was, however, nothing with which to tow the barge, so having shoved off from the burning ship we began to move with the wind. We had scarcely moved away when two shots were fired from guns on the 'Otchakoff,' which caused a second bombardment from the shore. Our barge being in the line of fire some projectiles shaved our heads and fell under our very eyes on our boat. The officers and crew at first lay down flat, and then started to throw themselves into the water.'

Many of them, including Dr. Antonoff, reached the port boat "Vodolaz," which was also on the side of the mutineers. From there they were taken over by a launch to the warship "Rostislavl."

By this time it was already dark. The "Otchakoff" was furiously ablaze, having been struck by more than fifty projectiles. Many of the mutineers had thrown themselves overboard and were either saved, or drowned, or killed by shots. Schmidt and his son, a lad of 16, swam to a friendly warship, which, however, was afterwards overwhelmed, and both father and son were arrested and transferred to the warship "Rostislavl."

How savagely the officers of the "Rostislavl" treated their captives became known afterwards, when Schmidt, already confined in the fortress, was visited there by a lady, who reported her interview in a private letter to Professor Milinkoff, the leader of the Russian liberals. From this letter we quote the following:

"He only remembers how the officers of the 'Rostislavl' posted him naked, with a broken leg, between two sentries in their mess-room, and approached him in turns, shaking their fists in his face and abusing him in the vilest terms.

LIEUT. PETER PETROVITCH SCHMIDT.

"Schmidt's son, who for some unaccountable reason had been kept in fortress for two months, said to me, 'I cannot tell you how they abused my father; the terms are unpronouncable.'

"Schmidt himself spoke to me sobbingly of the painful treatment meted out to him by the officers. . . . For twenty-four hours the two of them, father and son, were kept stark naked and without food, under a fierce electric light on the open deck. They lay together, pressing against each other to warm themselves, and everyone that passed looked at them, and those who wanted, abused them. When Schmidt, being wounded, asked for a drop of water, the senior officer shouted at him: 'Silence, or I'll stop your gullet with my fist!'"

III.

Dying the Death of a Hero.

Schmidt and three sailors, Tchastnik, Gladskoff, and Antonenko, were tried by Court Martial and condemned to death. The other mutineers were divided into several categories and condemned to various terms of punishment. The appeal of Schmidt and the three sailors was not submitted to the proper tribunal by Admiral Tchouknin, Commander of the Black Sea Fleet, who on his own authority confirmed the sentence of his subordinates.

The execution took place on the 19th of March, 1906, at Berezan, an absolutely desert islet about 16 miles from Otchakoff on the Black Sea.

At two o'clock the day before the execution, the gunboat "Teretz" arrived from Sevastopol with the decision of Admiral Tchouknin. The only favour that the Admiral would grant to Schmidt and his comrades was that they should be shot instead of being hanged, but the real reason of this was that nobody could be

found willing to do the work of the hangman. At three o'clock, the sentence of the Admiral was read to Schmidt, who turned pale, but listened with perfect calmness. The sailors showed themselves quite resigned.

This took place on the vessel "Proot." M. Winberg, one of Schmidt's advocates, who had been waiting the result of the appeal at Otchakoff, immediately went on board. He was the last of Schmidt's friends who could see him and stay with him for four hours. The lieutenant, with tears in his eyes, spoke to his counsel at length concerning the seamen condemned with him; he saying that he had firmly hoped for their pardon. "They are so young and so devoted; their part in it was a mere nothing. I should have been happy if I could have died alone."

M. Winberg, feeling deeply moved himself, sought to calm the lieutenant, but the latter continued: "Another thought which renders me uneasy is that the calumny will be believed which attributes to me the order to fire from the cruiser 'Otchakoff.' I could not die without protesting against this calumny. I beg you to declare on my authority that I have not killed a single man."

The condemned man passed his last hours in writing numerous letters, amongst others to his sister and to his son. Meantime the sacks with which the men were to be covered at the moment of their execution, and the biers were being prepared. About three o'clock in the morning the four men were placed in a boat and taken over to the islet of Berezan. The sea was calm. Dawn was just breaking and promised a warm, clear day. Squads of men of various regiments had been brought over to the island beforehand, miners, infantry, and artillery. The condemned men were to be shot by sixty sailors, who were posted at fifty paces from their victims and had three squads of soldiery behind them.

Schmidt approached the place of execution rapidly. First of all he asked pardon of the sailors who were to die with him. Then addressing the soldiers he asked them not to forget Lieut. Schmidt,

" who gives his life for the Russian people, for his beloved country, for you, my brothers! Men like me are numerous; and there will be still many more!" He said adieu to his comrades, the officers of the " Proot," and embraced the commander of that vessel. Finally he asked that he should not be bound, nor have his head covered for the final ordeal. The sailor Tchastnick called out, " Farewell, comrades! Here is death! May my sins be pardoned!" The two others wept and refused to confess. Schmidt only had his face uncovered, and held his head erect. The drums sounded. " Adieu! Shoot!" cried Schmidt, with his eyes wide open. " Fire!" cried the commander. One round and the two sailors fell as if mowed down. Two other volleys were required for the third. Schmidt meantime stood erect with haggard eyes. Another volley, and he too fell, riddled with bullets and inundated with blood.

At sunrise the miners placed the bodies, still warm, in their coffins. They were then lowered into the ditches dug near, and rapidly covered in. The rays of the sun rested on their graves as if to deck them in gold.

At mid-day the " Proot " weighed anchor at Otchakoff and carried off the students and sailors condemned to penal servitude.

The execution of Schmidt produced a most painful impression all over Russia, and a number of demonstrations took place everywhere. Numerous wreaths and flowers were brought to the resting place of the martyred patriots, to which people flocked as to a shrine to pay their last respects. When Admiral Tchouknin learned this, he ordered the four bodies of the buried to be dug up and thrown into the sea.

Poor Admiral! He was evidently unable to realise that the souls of martyrs for truth and humanity continue to deliver their divine and immortal message, whether their bodies were burned at the stake, or cast to the bottom of the sea.

Such is one of the numerous tragedies which signalised the inauguration of the new era of Constitutional liberty as granted by Czar Nicholas II. himself. The Battle of Sevastopol, 1905—and a bloody battle to all practical purposes it was—reminds one forcibly of the great battles in the same place of just half a century before, when three Christian nations found it to their material advantage to shed the blood of their sons in order to uphold and protect the Mahommedan despot of Turkey against the Christian despot of Russia. Sevastopol of 1854-5 and Sevastopol of 1905 had seen heroes laying down their lives on the altars of patriotism and duty, but it is not difficult to perceive whose sacrifices were for a higher and nobler ideal, and whose devotion and faithfulness even unto death have greater claims upon the gratitude of future generations.

ZINAIDA VASILIEVNA KONOPLIANNIKOVA.

THE CAREER OF A RUSSIAN SCHOOLMISTRESS.

WHY SHE KILLED GENERAL MIN.

ZINAIDA VASILIEVNA KONOPLIANNIKOVA.

On the 13th of August, 1906, Major-General Min, Commander of the famous regiment of the Semenoff Guards, was shot dead at the Peterhof Railway Station by a young woman, Zinaida Vasilievna Konopliannikova. Arrested on the spot, she refused to reveal her name, or give any information about her accomplices. Her identity, however, was soon established by a gendarme officer, who recognised her as having been interrogated by him on the occasions of her previous arrests. On the 26th of August (September 7th,) a Court Martial was held in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, consisting of six Colonels, a General as president, besides the military prosecutor, gendarme witnesses, etc. Before this brilliant assembly the young modest girl, of small stature, but with exceedingly gentle and sympathetic features, was brought up to give an account of her deed. When the Court entered, the accused was requested to stand up in the dock, but this she refused to do, as she could not conscientiously show any sign of respect to a tribunal, which in her conviction was only a mockery of an independent and impartial court of justice. On being asked for an explanation of her crime, Mdlle. Konopliannikova made the following remarkable statement, which will remain one of the most notable " human documents " in the history of revolutions generally, and of the Russian revolution in particular :

The Right to Kill.

"I, a member of the Socialist Revolutionary Party, at present member of the fighting detachment of the North, killed Min. The reasons which induced me to do it are the following: I believe you all remmeber the December days in Moscow, where Min and Riman acted as if they fought in an enemy's country. The killed had been counted by hundreds. Why, then, I ask, have the Moscow people been killed? The answer is, because the working people, exhausted in ignorance and poverty, and deceived by the provoking manifesto of Nicholas II. and the policy of the Government, dared to raise the banner of revolt against their eternal persecutors and oppressors. I killed Min because he murdered the pioneers of freedom; I killed him because he flooded the Moscow streets with the blood of the innocents.

"After my arrest I was asked: Who gave you the right to kill? As a member of the party of the Revolutionary Socialists I will answer as my comrades before me answered: The party resolved to meet the white but bloody terror of the Government by a red terror. It is not our choice. It is the Government that compels us to fight in this way. But as an 'upstart' from the people (my father was a soldier, my mother a peasant woman), I will ask you in the name of this people: Who gave you the right to keep us during centuries in darkness, in poverty, in prisons, to exile us, to send us to penal servitude, to hang and shoot us by tens and hundreds? Who gave you this right? You seized it by might; you legalised it by laws of your own invention; and the priests sanctified it. But now a new right is coming, the right of the people, which is far more just than your inhuman right. You declared a war of life and death to this coming right.

The Career of a Russian Schoolmistress.

"I will say a few words concerning my life. Having finished my course at the training college for teachers I was sent to a remote little village in the province of Lifland to teach the children of Estonians in a ministerial (Government) school. The Government worked, as it works now, to Russify the Baltic provinces, and it built the ministerial schools and sent Russian teachers, male and female, so that the teaching should be conducted only in the Russian language. The locality where I had to work was a dull one. On three sides were forests, and on the fourth the Lake Peipus. The poverty among the local inhabitants was awful. They had no land. They had been liberated without the land, which wholly remained in the hands of the local barons and of the Government. The people lived by what they could get out of the lake—that is, by fishing. I have myself been brought up in poverty, and know what it is. It did not frighten me. But I wondered how the people could live without trying to ameliorate their position, without a ray of hope in the future, without any light on the dark horizon. But not knowing their language I could not do much. My work was wholly confined to the school, but it was extremely distasteful to me. I had to teach only in Russian, and I pitied the little mites, who were compelled to listen to a foreign tongue, and who looked on me with sad eyes as if inquiring, 'Why are we not allowed to speak here our own mother tongue?' It was hard to hear boys telling me about the Olegs and the Ruriks of Russian history, and knowing nothing of their own national history—so rich in facts and events.

"After having worked a year in this school, I removed to a Russian village in the Peterhof district of the St. Petersburg province, where I was appointed teacher in a school kept by the Zemstvo. The position here was like this: In front of the school lived a gendarme; on the back, the 'uriadnik' (village constable);

on the neighbouring hill, the priest, and near him the 'psalmist' (or lay reader); and all of them sent information to the authorities about me. If I tried to speak to the people, or to arrange a most innocent lecture for them, the psalm-reader informed the school inspector that 'the teacher is busy with conversations not concerning her school work'; and the priest informed his superiors that 'the teacher is spreading sectarianism and the teaching of Tolstoy.' If I tried to arrange some dramatic performance, the gendarme and 'uriadnik' sent information to their superiors. All this took place about five years ago. On the strength of these informers I was summoned sometimes by the school inspector, sometimes by the school council, sometimes by the governor of the province. Two and a half years I continued to act as teacher at this 'pious' village, and at last was dismissed. I left the profession without much sorrow. Through experience I became convinced that it was impossible for me to share with the people even the scanty knowledge which I possess; I was not allowed to open the peasant's eyes to his position and to point out the real reasons of his misery. Under these conditions there was no possibility of an 'harmonious development of mind' (which we had been taught in the college ought to be the aim of a teacher), and I came to the conclusion that first of all it was necessary to create fresh conditions. So I became a Revolutionist.

The one Thought of the Dying Martyr.

"Soon I was arrested. About a year I was kept in prison and in the fortress. Then I was liberated; but in about a fortnight I was again arrested. I was kept eight months this second time, and when liberated I ran away abroad. After a while I returned to Russia. The prisons and persecutions finally hardened my revolutionary spirit. I clearly saw that if the Czar is not himself a tyrant, he is of

necessity a tool for the enslavement of his people. To rule means in Russia to rob, to burn, to murder. I clearly saw that the autocratic and bureaucratic government is kept alive only by its acts of violence, only thanks to the perpetual terror exercised by the rulers. And life itself taught me that nothing new can be erected unless the old order is destroyed. If one cannot fight against ideas with bayonets, on the other hand, one cannot remove bayonets with ideas alone. I became a Terrorist.

"The autocratic and bureaucratic régime is breathing its last. Already the defeats in a senseless Japanese War showed the approaching of the end. The workmen's strike in October frightened the Government very much. To appease the country, the Government declared that it was ready to give freedom. But in giving freedom with one hand, it sent punitive expeditions into the villages and arranged massacres in towns with the other hand. Again persecutions covered the country like a dark cloud. But the people continued to be clamorous, and the Government tried to prop up the rotten machine by summoning the Duma, hoping by every brutal and lawless means to manipulate the elections in its favour. This hope has been falsified. The Duma proved to be a Liberal one. At first the Government tolerated the accusations hurled against it from the benches of the Duma, but when the Deputies tried to appeal to the people and to affirm the principle of compulsory selling of private lands, then the Duma was dismissed. And now we are going again through a period of persecutions. But in vain are the efforts of the Government. Nothing, neither arrests nor prisons, neither exile nor penal servitude, neither gallows nor shooting, nor punitive expeditions, nor 'pogroms,' will stop the people's movement.

"You may sentence me to death. Wherever I have to die —on the gallows, in the mines, or torture-chambers—I shall die with one thought: Pardon me, my people! I could give so little to you. I have only one life. And I shall die with full faith that days will come when the throne will be demolished, and on the vast plains of Russia the sun of freedom will shine brilliantly."

Zinaida was condemned to death by hanging, this being the first death sentence upon a woman since the execution of Sophie Perovskaya in 1881.

The Government strictly forbade any mention in the Press of the names of the judges of the Court Martial, or of any particulars of the execution. Nevertheless a member of the commission to whom Konopliannikova was handed over after the sentence, and who was present at the last scene, told in a private circle of friends some details showing how resolute and fearless the heroine remained till her last dying moment.

The commission, consisting of several military and law officers, and a doctor, accompanied the condemned on a torpedo-boat which conveyed them all from the fortress of Peter and Paul to that of Schlusselburg, the place of execution. On the journey all were oppressed and silent, and avoided meeting one another's glances. The doctor, whose duty it was to approach the corpse to certify that life was extinct, was so miserable all the way that, fearing he might collapse, he took a large dose of vodka so as to fortify his own wavering spirit.

Arriving on the spot, and when everything was ready for the final scene, one of the Commission suddenly discovered that some legal formality had not been attended to, and insisted that the execution should be postponed. But the other members opposed him, one of them exclaiming:

"Are we savage beasts indeed? She is already prepared to die, and do you now want to condemn her to new tortures of waiting?"

What a sudden inrush of humaneness in a member of an execution commission!

It was resolved that the execution should not be postponed.

The military prosecutor asked Konopliannikova whether she desired to send a last written message to her relatives, and gave his word of honour that it should be duly delivered and its contents kept in strict privacy. She declined the offer.

With firm steps quite unaided she mounted the scaffold, and the executioner at once asked her to take off her collar. She began to do so, but the stud somehow would not give way, and she forcibly tore off the collar and threw it on the ground. The executioner then wanted to pinion her hands, but she begged him not to touch her, and only to explain how the noose is to be tightened. His explanation was brief, and without further waiting she mounted the wooden seat, tightened the rope around her neck, and pushed away the seat underneath her feet. . . All this was done so quickly that the secretary, who had begun to read the death sentence, had no time to finish it. The gruesome scene so affected him that his breath became short, his hands were trembling, and he could not continue the reading. A more callous neighbour then took the paper from his hands and finished the reading.

A young soldier of the guard, who had never before seen the execution of a woman, could not hold out, and fainted on the spot.

The execution took place at dawn on September 11th, 1906.

The proclamation of the Revolutionary Committee issued on this occasion contains the following passages:

"The Government of Nicholas II. has proclaimed a universal fusilade under the form of Courts Martial, but has not the courage of killing its victims openly, as did our comrade who executed the executioner of the people, General Min, in full daylight in the presence of numerous witnesses. Having heroically executed the servant of the Czar, she met her own death with no less heroism.

"To die so simply and so courageously as did Zinaida Vasilievna, is reserved only for heroes and heroines to whom the well-being and happiness of the people are dearer than their own lives. Only apostles and martyrs for truth can face the scaffold with such sublime calm and bravery."

THE CAUSE CÉLÈBRE OF MARIE SPIRIDONOVA.

TORTURE AND OUTRAGE BY OFFICIALS.

I.

A Political Assassination and Inquisition up-to-date.

In the autumn of 1905 a series of agrarian disorders took place in various districts of the Government of Tamboff. The Vice-Governor Lujenovsky undertook a punitive expedition amongst the villages, flogging to death numerous peasants, guilty and innocent alike, and giving his Cossacks full liberty not only to pillage the poor hovels, but also to violate the young girls and women. The horrors committed upon women filled everyone with raving but helpless indignation, and the revolutionary committee of Tamboff resolved to put an end to the outrages by killing the tyrant Lujenovsky.

Marie Spiridonova, a girl of 21, and a member of the revolutionary party, offered to undertake the execution. She was a pupil of the local gymnasia, and already at the age of 15 had been arrested and thrown into prison in March, 1900, for participating in the meetings of the Society for the Protection of School Children! She was soon liberated, but since then had been under police supervision as a " politically untrustworthy " subject of the Czar.

MARIE SPIRIDONOVA.

In the beginning of January, 1906, the police somehow learned that Spiridonova had taken upon herself the execution of the death sentence upon Lujenovsky, and tried to arrest her, but without success. The girl revolutionist was already living under an assumed name and using false passports, and now devoted all her time and energies to the task of meeting Lujenovsky at close quarters, which was no easy matter as he was always surrounded by a strong guard of Cossacks and gendarmes. Marie therefore decided to follow him on his journey, so as to get a better chance of meeting him.

For several days she thus travelled between Tamboff and Borisogliebsk, the route most frequently used by Lujenovsky, she herself stopping for the night at intermediate stations. On January 16th, 1906, she was at the station Zherdevka and there, despairing of meeting with the enemy, she took a third class ticket intending to return to Borisogliebsk.

About noon a train arrived at Zherdevka, and the number of Cossacks and gendarmes accompanying it made Marie think at once that the "Governor" himself must be in this train. She immediately changed her third class ticket for a second class one, so as to be nearer the carriage where it seemed to her most likely Lujenovsky was.

When the train approached Borisogliebsk Marie left her compartment and took up a position above the steps outside the carriage so as to watch everyone getting out from the train. In a minute or so a number of Cossacks and gendarmes alighted and began at once to disperse with violence all those present on the platform, passengers and others. It was then evident that they were clearing the platform and making it safe for the appearance of their chief. They only overlooked the slender young girl in the uniform of a gymnasia pupil, who was standing on the steps of the railway carriage with her hands in her muff clutching a revolver, all the chambers of which were loaded.

When all the people had been driven off the platform and the place seemed quite safe, his excellency Lujenovsky himself came out from his carriage and walked on the platform. But scarcely had he made a few steps when there was a loud report, followed in a few seconds by three other reports. Marie fired her first shot from the steps of the carriage, then running down on to the platform she discharged at Lujenovsky three more shots before his crowd of protectors, dazed by the fire and smoke, realized the direction and the person from whom the shots came.

All four shots struck Lujenovsky in the chest and stomach. Marie then directed her pistol against her own head, not wanting to surrender herself alive, but her intention was frustrated. Terrible blows now began to fall upon her, whilst she begged in vain to be shot on the spot. The Cossack officer Abramoff seized her by the hair, and with a swing in the air threw her on the stony platform as if wanting to smash her to pieces. Next, Marie was dragged by her legs down the station exit, her head all the time bumping upon the steps. She was brought to the police station in a delirious state, and, not being able to answer any questions, she was thrown upon the stony and frozen floor of a cell.

Here Marie was soon subjected to a series of tortures that would do credit to any Inquisition chamber. Abramoff and the police officer Zhdanoff took off all her clothing, and in an absolutely nude state began to kick and throw her about from one to another as in a football game. Next they began to belabour her with the *nahaika* (Cossack whip) and to burn her skin with lighted cigarettes. With their nails they tore away from her body portions of skin and tufts of her hair. All this was done with the object of making Marie tell the names of her accomplices, but bruised and wounded and mutilated as she was, with one eye nearly knocked out and the whole face swollen and bleeding, she did not utter a word, which still more enraged her tormentors. They began to tread on her toes with their boots and again tear out her hair, but nothing could make her speak.

Meanwhile Lujenovsky was examined by a doctor, who found his wounds fatal, and he indeed shortly after succumbed to them. The same doctor suggested to the head of police the necessity of rendering medical aid to Spiridonova, who had been taken away from the station only half alive, but he was not allowed to see her.

In a precarious state Marie was subsequently taken from the police cell and sent by railway to Tamboff in charge of the same Cossack officer Abramoff. So weak and mutilated was Marie that the authorities, fearing she might die on the journey, found it necessary to send with her a man nurse, Zimin, of the railway medical staff. But after midnight Abramoff, on reaching the station Ternovka, sent Zimin away, and then took Marie to a compartment, where he committed the cruellest atrocity upon his helpless victim, an atrocity all the more revolting and unspeakable as he contaminated her with a certain disease from which the profligate brute suffered himself.

In Tamboff, Spiridonova lay in prison for seventeen days, with intervals of lucidity, without her mother being allowed to visit her. At last on February 17th, such permission was given, and when the iron door opened into the cold, damp cell, the mother beheld a terrible picture. Upon the floor in a corner of the room lay her darling daughter, Marussia. Her head, motionless upon the pillow, was bound up with compresses. Her eyes were covered with poultices. She did not stir when the gendarme officer, accompanied by the prison inspector, entered the cell. The mother stood motionless on the threshold, not daring to break the silence, terrible, deathly, like that of the grave.

The poor mother finally approached her child, sank down on the floor near her, looking for a long time at her, while the tears ran down her cheeks. The officer likewise knelt down in order to catch the slightest word that passed between the stricken girl and her mother. The latter did not ask a single question as to the manner in which her strong, healthy daughter had been brought to such a pitiful plight, and the girl did not speak of it either.

The face of the invalid was deathly white, and there were traces upon it of terrible suffering. Her eyes were swollen and surrounded with livid bruises, silent witnesses of physical agony.

Marie managed to say a few words to her mother, and these were:

"I shall die with joy, and only regret that they prevented me from killing myself and my having thus fallen alive into the hands of these brutes."

To what degree Marie was mutilated and disfigured when she was brought to Tamboff one can judge from the following fact. The police invited a clerk of the Noblemen's Union to identify her, as she was employed in the same office, and he knew her intimately. When she, in an unconscious state, with a swollen face, covered with red and blue patches and with only one eye visible, was shown to him, he, scrutinising her carefully, could not recognise her, and said: "No, she cannot be Marie Spiridonova. She must be someone else."

II.

Remarkable Speeches at the Trial.

Marie was tried by Court Martial with closed doors. By that time she had improved enough to be brought into Court and to reply to questions. Her counsel demanded that she should be medically examined, and the Court having agreed to this, a real consternation was produced by the depositions of the two doctors. The details surpass in horror what one fondly hoped was only sensational exaggerations.

Marie's iron will helped her to attentively follow the proceedings, and when the president asked her whether she wished and was able to say something as her last word, she made quite a little speech, expounding her revolutionary views, and concluding with the following remarkable words:

"Gentlemen, look around in every direction, and where will you see cheerful faces of contented and happy people? Nowhere! Even those who for the moment are victorious are sad, their triumph being marred by the knowledge that it is only temporary and passing, that soon all the oppressed and martyred people will cease to content themselves with groans and moans, and will undertake something else for their self defence. As to myself, I know that I am doomed, but though you may condemn me to death, though you may inflict the most terrible tortures, you cannot add anything to what I have already suffered. Kill me, but you can never kill my faith that the time will come when the people will be free and happy, when justice and righteousness will triumph, and when the ideas of brotherhood. equality, and liberty will no longer remain idle sounds, but will become incorporated in real life. For such a future is it not truly a happiness to sacrifice one's individual life? I have nothing more to say."

These words were uttered with the very heart's blood in the literal sense of the word, for Marie was all the time coughing, and now and again spitting blood into her handkerchief, as was quite visible to everyone present.

M. Teslenko, one of Marie's counsel, made such a powerful and stirring appeal to the court on her behalf, that it deserves to be reproduced verbatim as one of the finest specimens of Russian eloquence, which will probably remain a classic of its kind. We, however, can quote here only a few passages:

"Gentlemen of the Court. You are requested by the prosecution to pass a death sentence upon the accused. But look deeply and attentively into your hearts and consciences. Can you find there that degree of supreme indignation and horror at the crime of the accused without which you could not hand her over to the executioner? We Russians have not in our conceptions of justice the principle of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." The sentiment of justice amongst the Russian people makes them revolt from the very depth of their souls against any death sentence.

"The atrocious work of executions has been entrusted to Military Courts, who are compelled to pronounce death sentences, and nothing but death sentences. I know that everything has been done to work upon you and to make you send the accused to the scaffold. But is a tribunal like a business firm, where all orders received are immediately executed? Is a Court of Justice simply a stamping machine to put the seal of approval upon the demands of the prosecution?

"If you examine in the light of your consciences the act committed by the accused, you will no longer see in her an isolated individual, no longer a Spiridonova who has killed a Lujenovsky, but the whole of suffering Russia. You will perceive hundreds of Spiridonovas and thousands of Lujenovskys; you will perceive the whole terror that oppresses and crushes us. Alas! for years already we have been living in the midst of bloodshed and destruction. All the great discoveries of humanity—steam power, electricity, the telegraph, the telephone—seem to have united with the object of torturing us every day by collecting and bringing to us news from all corners of our unfortunate country. Glance at the newspapers you have been reading this morning. Truly they have been printed not in printers' ink, but in the blood of the killed, of those who fell dead under the *nahaikas*, or were shot, hanged or tortured in various ways. And is not every printed line a groan, a cry, an appeal for help? Every one of us is filled with the bitterest indignation against all these massacres and tortures, and must those noble souls who have given their lives to the people, must they alone die because they have only translated into action the feelings that agitate us all?

"Spiridonova was personally in the very villages through which Lujenovsky passed with the force of an all-devastating hurricane. She has given you the names of the villages, the names of the peasants shot, flogged to death, or what is perhaps still worse, tortured, and maimed and crippled for life. She has told you of the innumerable arrests, of pillage, robbery, and the outrages upon women by the Cossacks. Lujenovsky indeed became the incarnation of all the terrorism that reigned in the province of Tamboff.

"For the rest who did not know Lujenovsky? His name was familiar to all Russians able to read, as it was seldom absent from the columns of the periodical Press. But the general feeling of indignation could find no legal redress, and the peasant could find protection nowhere. It was then that the soul of Spiridonova was stirred, and you heard what she had to tell us in this hall. 'My heart was bleeding,' she told us, 'I was simply ashamed to be alive when such things went on around me. And when I saw a peasant becoming mad from the tortures inflicted on him, and a mother whose young daughter had drowned herself rather than survive the shame suffered by her at the hands of the Cossacks, then I said to myself: "I will kill Lujenovsky, if even it costs me my own life.'"

"A deed like that of Spiridonova, I repeat, is not an isolated incident. The French Revolution had its young and noble heroine, Charlotte Corday, who is the object of admiration and respect. The destinies of Lujenovsky and Spiridonova are the destinies of the Russian Revolution. One is apt to forget that when blood is shed it usually runs on both sides. It is one of the world's tragedies which for the moment is being enacted on the Russian stage, and it is unjust to kill an individual, making him responsible for a whole people.

"You have heard here the terrifying tale of the tortures inflicted upon Spiridonova, and you could not have doubted the veracity of any of her statements. For every blow, every torture inflicted upon her, are inscribed on her very body. After such tortures, what would be the meaning of a death sentence upon her? It would only mean finishing her off. When in a circus of ancient Rome the gladiator fell wounded and prostrated, the excited and hardened spectators shouted: 'Finish him off!' But you, can you find it in your heart to subscribe to this kind of justice, and act as the Romans did?

"The Russian Government has had many victories over its enemies. Is it really in need of another victory over this enemy, this defenceless, sick woman who can do no more harm to anyone?

"Gentlemen, arise and hasten to defend Marie Spiridonova. Don't give up the honour of saving her to anyone else. You must rescue her yourselves from the grip of death.

"It is not Spiridonova alone who stands before you outraged, sick, and scoffed at, but Russia as a whole which is outraged and sick. Every day news of more death-sentences shock us as if by electric current, adding new wounds to the old ones not yet healed. If you execute Spiridonova the whole country will shudder with horror.

"Sooner or later it will become necessary to put an end to this rage of hatred, and to say the word of pacification. You can now have the privilege of being the first to say this pacifying word. Retire then into your council chamber, and return thence with the olive branch of peace and not with sword unsheathed."

The counsel might as well have addressed his eloquent oration to the walls, for Spiridonova's death sentence had been settled upon beforehand by the Czar's own camarilla, as indeed is the case in all important political trials. This fact was confirmed recently by a curious incident, when the Court secretary read out by mistake a sentence in a case which was yet to be heard by the Court later on in the day. The official, who was most likely drunk on the occasion, simply blundered and mixed up the ready-made sentences kept in his portfolio.

In Spiridonova's case the Court retired for consultation, and returned in five minutes with a verdict of death by hanging, giving the accused the right of appeal.

III.

A Reprieve, and Extraordinary Demonstrations.

The case of Spiridonova caused the greatest indignation all over Russia. Numerous protests appeared in the Press demanding the punishment of all concerned in the tortures and outrages upon Marie and the commutation of the death sentence. An appeal was made to the women of France and other countries, and under the initiative of the well-known *litterateurs,* M. Victor Margueritte, President of the Societé des gens des lettres, Anatole France, of the French Academy, and Paul Margueritte, of the Goncourt Academy, a petition of protest was organized and influentially signed by senators, professors, and numerous distinguished personages. Under the influence of this agitation the death sentence was commuted to one of penal servitude for life. However, at the time it seemed that the " mercy " came too late, and that all the agitation was of no avail, as Marie's health was completely shattered, rapid consumption seemed to have developed, and she was practically in a dying condition. Nevertheless her young organism has withstood all the shocks, and medical skill and care have restored her gradually to health, so that finally they were able to deport her to Siberia, where she was incarcerated in the Akatui Prison.

Her journey to Siberia was marked by an extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm on the part of numerous people who had become interested in her fate. At nearly all the stations where the party of convicts and exiles, with Marie amongst them, made a halt, local inhabitants assembled on the platform to cheer them, singing revolutionary songs, and offering gifts to the prisoners. At Akatui Prison the day of the arrival of Marie and the other women political convicts of the same party was made a real festival, the men convicts incarcerated there having previously organized a grand reception of the new

comers, with flowers, decorations, revolutionary banners, and choral songs. How all these things could have been done in a Siberian prison by " political " convicts truly surpasses one's understanding. But it is just Russian rule and officialism as they are, arbitrary, irresponsible, now more cruel and savage than a beast of prey, now in a mood of emotionalism, pity, and sympathy, defying law, instructions, and established regulations, and even paternally allowing " criminals " to come out of prison with banners and songs to welcome at a distance their fellow prisoners, and to be even photographed on the occasion all together—prisoners, soldiers and jailers!

The fact is that the prison authorities in Russia are often largely and instinctively under the moral influence of the political "criminals" entrusted to their charge. The latter are practically all men and women of iron will, of high intellect, and certainly of unimpeachable moral character, frequently also of personal charm and gentleness of manner, all of which features inevitably and unconsciously act upon and influence the officers and men in charge of the prisons.

The Governor of Chita, however, soon found that the " politicals " in the Akatui Prisons enjoyed too many liberties, and ordered them to be distributed in other prisons, so as to break up the force of their frequent united protests and insubordination. The order was especially hard in the case of the six women convicts—Bitzenko, Fialka, Shkolnik, Ismailovitch, Ieserskaia, and Spiridonova—who in February, 1907, in intense frost, were transferred in sledges to the Malzeff Prison, a distance of ten days' journey from Akatui. To introduce a more severe régime in Akatui Prison, a new governor was appointed there, M. Borodulin, who had distinguished himself as the organizer of the torture chambers in the prisons of Riga and of other Baltic towns. The commencement of the new régime was at once signalised by scenes of terrible bloodshed. On the appearance of Borodulin the " politicals " refused to pay him the respect of rising from their seats, having been well informed of his bloodthirsty atrocities in Riga, whereupon they were all mercilessly

attacked by the soldiers with the butt ends of their rifles, and then, maimed and mutilated, were put into chains.

This tragedy took place in March, 1907, showing once more how political prisoners in Russia are entirely at the mercy of the changing moods of the petty local officials!

Borodulin has had finally to pay with his own life for all his crimes. For even as these lines are being written in September, 1907, the telegraph brings the news of his assassination in Pskoff, European Russia, where he was staying on leave of absence!

The Cossack officer Abramoff and the police officer Zhdanoff, the tormentors of Marie, have also since been assassinated by revolutionists.

Thus "the word of pacification" for which Spiridonova's counsel so passionately appealed in his speech before the Court, has not yet been said on either side in Russia. What fate awaits our heroine in the future, and how many more victims will be sacrificed to the Moloch of Czarism before the idol is finally crushed and demolished for ever, alas! no human being can tell.

MORE ANGELS OF VENGEANCE.

The reader has no doubt been particularly struck by the number of women who have taken and are continuously taking part in the Russian revolutionary movement, frequently being even at the head of the most dangerous conspiracies. This fact is indeed unparalleled in the history of other revolutions, in which woman only now and again appears as an avenging angel, but seldom becomes, so to say, an integral part of a revolutionary organization. "The Women of the Russian Revolution" would in fact form the subject of a formidable volume by itself, but here we will only add some particulars of the young women, almost schoolgirls, already mentioned, who were incarcerated with Spiridonova in the Akatui Prison, and then transferred to the Malzeff Prison in February, 1907. They all figure in the photographic group we reproduce, taken in the Akatui Prison :

1.—K. FIALKA was a member of the Odessa Branch of "The Fighting Organization" of the party of Socialists-Revoutionists. A stock of bombs was found in her possession, and she was condemned to ten years' hard labour.

2.—A. IZMAILOVITCH killed the Chief of Police of Minsk, and was condemned to death, the sentence being commuted to one of hard labour for life.

3.—MARIE SPIRIDONOVA, in the centre of the group, shot Governor Lujenovsky, as already described.

4.—A. BITZENKO killed General Sakharoff, Governor of Saratoff. She was condemned to death, the sentence being commuted to one of hard labour for life.

GIRL REVOLUTIONISTS
IN THE AKATUI PRISON, SIBERIA

From left to right: K. Fialka, A. Izmailovitch, M Spiridonova, A. Bitzenko, A. Ezersky, M. Shkolnik.

Inscription on Banner in the back ground: "Glory to the martyred, Freedom to the living."

From a photo taken in the prison.

5.—A. EZERSKY killed the Govenor of Mohileff, and was sentenced to 13½ years of hard labour.

6.—M. SHKOLNIK killed the Governor of Tchernigoff. Death sentence commuted to hard labour for life.

It will thus be seen that for the same political crime different punishments are inflicted by the "Courts," evidently each case being dealt with according to the mood of the Court itself, or to instructions received from "higher spheres." Whereas in all the above cases the death sentences were commuted to various terms of convict labour, in the case of Konopliannikova, as we have seen, the sentence was carried out. Two other young women, Mamaeva and Philipova, were even executed for an alleged attempt only to kill the Judges of a Court Martial.

This is but one of the innumerable cases of the arbitrariness of the administration of justice in Russia, and no wonder that this contempt for law in the law-makers themselves naturally breeds even greater contempt for law in those whom it intends to keep in subjection. As long as Russia continues to be governed by an irresponsible despotism, there will always be those who maintain that it can be "tempered only by assassination," and those willing to commit these assassinations even at the sacrifice of their own lives.

THE LEADER OF THE "BOEVAIA ORGANIZATSIA."

GREGORY ANDREIEVITCH GERSHUNI.

I.

"A MAN INDEED," AND HIS PATHETIC FAREWELL LETTER ON THE EVE OF EXECUTION.

Like nearly all other Russian revolutionary extremists, Gregory Andreievitch Gershuni, now the most dreaded of all the implacable enemies of Czarism, began his career as a peaceable reformer, devoting his life to the spread of elementary education among the people. A chemist by profession, he took an active part in the organization of popular lectures with the permission of the authorities, and gave all his leisure and pecuniary means to this labour of love, doing his best not to infringe in any way the regulations prescribed by law. Soon, however, he realised that he could not conscientiously obey the law blindly, as it forbade the very discussion of the causes of the people's ignorance and poverty, and accordingly he commenced to express his opinions freely. This eventually brought our reformer into conflict with the authorities, with the result that he had soon to flee, change his name, and begin the life of an outlaw, hunted everywhere by hosts of police, gendarmes, and spies.

For some time we hear nothing of him, but in the beginning of 1904 the name of Gershuni, hitherto unknown, being lost among thousands of other political fugitives, suddenly became famous all over Russia, and surrounded with a halo of heroism and martyrdom in the eyes of all progressive and freedom-loving Russians.

GREGORY GERSHUNI.

In February of that year a Court Martial held in St. Petersburg sentenced to death three political prisoners for belonging to a secret society called " Boevaia Organizatsia " (The Fighting Organisation), which carried out the assassination of the Minister of the Interior, Sipiagin, and of the Governor of Ufa, Bogdanovitch, and organized attempts on the lives of the Procureur of the Holy Synod, Pobiedonostseff, and the Governor of Kharkoff, Prince Obolensky. Several other prisoners implicated in the same affair and tried by the same Court were sentenoed to various terms of convict labour.

Those condemned to death were : Gregory Gershuni, Eugeni Grigorieff, and Michael Melnikoff.

From the preliminary investigations, as well as during the proceedings at the trial, it became clear that Gershuni was the moving and leading spirit in the whole conspiracy, that it was he who found the material means for the undertakings, directed the movements of his confederates, and generally exercised an enormous moral influence upon all active revolutionary elements. Even at the trial his dignified conduct and powerful, statesmanlike speech produced an extraordinary impression upon all present, who could not help feeling involuntarily a certain amount of respect for his striking personality. In fact, after the death verdict one of the judges, talking with a colleague and pointing to Gershuni, quite loudly said :

" Da, vot etot deistvitelno tcheloviek !"—Yes, this one is indeed a man !

And no wonder that even the judges should have formed such an opinion of Gershuni. For in his speech before the Court he calmly, but none the less with great force and eloquence, reviewed the situation in Russia in such a way that even the judges could not help agreeing inwardly with his statements of fact, and admiring his defiance of the punishment that awaited him.

"In my activity," said Gershuni, "I was guided only by my sense of duty and the interest of the labouring classes, and I believe that I have fulfilled my duty honestly. I cannot reproach myself with anything, and firmly believe that when the people have properly understood my activity they, too, will not blame me. But you, my judges, you will be made responsible for sending men who sacrifice their lives for the general good, to prison, to Siberia, and even to the scaffold. I know very well that the way from this Court leads to the place of execution, but I do not plead for any mercy or leniency."

In so fearless a spirit did Gershuni face his military judges, and in the same spirit, preparing to die, he wrote his farewell letter to his friends. As this letter reflects so vividly the whole moral and intellectual personality of our hero, we reproduce it here verbatim as "a human document" typical generally of the character of the men and women who are waging war against Russian absolutism.

"My dear and never-to-be-forgotten Friends and Comrades, how I have been longing to take my last leave of you and to express my feelings of unbounded affection and gratitude towards you! I am sure you fully realise to what a degree it is painful to me to be torn away from the field of battle at a period of such stormy agitation. However, I have all along felt calm and endured this forced inactivity without anxiety, for I believed, and still believe, that the cause for which we are struggling rests on a solid basis, and that the places of those who no longer respond to the roll-call will not remain unoccupied. Nevertheless, fate has brought down upon me blows which I did not expect, and which I certainly have not deserved. You know that the issue of our affair was as clear to me as daylight even before my arrest, and all doubt disappeared when at Kief they chained me hand and foot. I experienced, however, a feeling of true happiness, and I went to my doom in St. Petersburg as to a fête. I imagined that I was going with our other comrades to appear in a great trial, which would stir and wake up Society from its deep slumber. Alas! They separated me from those with

whom I had all along laboured, and gave me as associates, traitors—and even worse, shameless calumniators. The gendarmery having all the time failed to find anyone to implicate in the affair of our 'Fighting Organization' got up calumnies through the medium of Grigorief; they broke down and deceived Katchur and constructed upon their depositions a whole case. I thus found myself forced, rather to refute insinuations and calumnies through the medium of the exposition and defence of our principles. What anguish, what torture was it to have to speak before those indifferent men who understood nothing, and in that hall crowded with gendarmes! In the whole course of the trial one thing only came out clearly, that the government is prepared to treat with other parties, but is firmly resolved to crush by all means the party of the Socialists-Revolutionists. In his address to the Court the Public Prosecutor demanded the death-penalty for the simple fact of belonging to this party.

"Friends! You will yet have to bear painful losses in the carrying on of a desperate struggle, but most certainly the fear of death will not make Russian revolutionists draw back! This firm conviction made us hear with calmness the death sentence passed upon us. I must say, friends, I have never thought that one can meet death so easily.

"The gendarmes are now beginning to make use of an entirely new weapon against us, the internal dissensions between the various sections of the opposition party. When one sees their great delight and joy at these differences amongst us, the sad conviction is forced upon one of the immeasurable harm produced by these internal quarrels. My comrades and I entreat you to do your very utmost to deprive the enemy of this poisonous weapon, and at this great turning point of our history to refrain from sowing discord not only amidst the ranks of the active revolutionists, but also amongst those of the opposition generally.

"I have been all along quite easy in my mind and happy. I have thought much of you, my friends, and can assure you that your good feelings towards me, your confidence in me have afforded me many a happy moment. Do not reproach me for having refused to follow your advice—communicated to me in May by comrade O—to leave Russia. My flight would have given a bad example to others. I know that my death will be a sad blow to you, but I have a firm conviction that it will not be useless to our cause.

"It was a hard thing for the revolutionists of the years 1870-1880 to have to die, isolated and practically standing alone as they were. But now we breathe in common and clasp hands with the prolétariat and the peasants, and in our time it is more easy to face death. Perhaps I may be mistaken, but I firmly believe in the approaching triumph of liberty in Russia and of the cause of the people. It is they alone who will accomplish great things for right and justice! And in view of the great and glorious future, could one really maintain that the life of a man is too great a sacrifice? As to myself, I feel that my life has been happy, and that I have nothing to reproach fate for.

"Farewell, all my comrades in the great struggle! Your success is my last and most ardent wish. I embrace with all my heart my friends B., G., T., L., V., and N. I loved you all and I love you infinitely! My contact with you was always a source of strength to me, from which I still continue to draw comfort in these last hours.

"With all my soul and heart am I with you and with the cause.

Your Gregory."

Gershuni, however, was not executed.

The fact that the accused themselves have not personally committed any murder, and probably also the general public sympathy with the revolutionary extremists, led to the death

sentences being commuted to one of penal servitude for life. Gershuni was then incarcerated in the dreaded Schlusselburg Fortress from which no prisoner has ever yet escaped, and whence information generally seldom reaches the outer world. After the publication of the Czar's " Constitutional " Manifesto in October, 1905, there was a national outcry for a political amnesty, and the older prisoners kept at Schlusselburg were indeed shortly liberated. Gershuni was kept there yet for some time, and finally in February, 1906, he was transported to the Akatui Prison, Eastern Siberia.

II.

An Unparalleled Plan of Escape.

Needless to say, the thoughts of every political convict are always concentrated upon the possibility of making good his escape, and from the moment of his arrival at Akatui Gershuni began to study for that purpose his new surroundings, the prison regulations, the characters of his jailers, etc., etc. For a time, however, escape seemed utterly impossible. Several previous attempts at digging tunnels under the prison walls had been discovered, and led only to increased vigilance, the outside watch alone having been augmented from four sentinels to twenty. Nevertheless the political prisoners decided that Gershuni at least should escape if even most desperate means were employed, and the plan settled upon was to utilise for that purpose the very houses of the prison governor and officials, which stand quite outside the prison at some distance from it!

To understand better all the events that followed this decision, it is necessary to point out the extraordinary inner life prevailing in all large Siberian prisons. The convicts there, whether common or political criminals, form quite a little republic with their elected *Starosta,* or Elder, and other " deputies," who are the representatives

of all the prisoners before the authorities in matters concerning the whole community. The prisoners have themselves to cook or bake their food, to do all the washing, cleaning, and every other necessary work. The Starosta receives the money allowance for all, orders everything, and has to give an account both to the authorities and to his fellow prisoners. The prisoner librarian deals with receiving and distributing books, the prisoner hospital manager attends to the sick; another prisoner is made overseer of the workshop, etc., etc. It must be understood that whatever the horrros of Siberian prisons are, they at least have the one redeeming feature of solitary confinement being quite unknown there, except as a punishment for insubordination, riot, etc. The prisoners live a free communal life within the prison walls, and are left to carry on their domestic work with as little interference as possible. The provisioning of hundreds of the inmates is practically in their own hands, the kitchen is in their own possession, and they can arrange their " menus " as they like. All this implies a tremendous work for the prisoners, especially during the autumn season, when it is necessary to prepare a supply of provisions for the whole long winter, as the roads frequently become impassable, and " shops " are at a distance of hundreds of miles.

Now, the favourite Russian national dish, preparcd practically every day in the Moujik's hovel, as well as in the Czar's Palace, is the famous Shtchi, or Borshtch, consisting of pickled cabbage boiled into a thick soup with linseed or sunflower seed oil, or ordinary fat and meat, according to one's worldly possessions. To prepare this pickled cabbage for the whole prison for the whole winter, enormous barrels are, of course, wanted, and these at Akàtui were stored in a cellar situated in the courtyard of the houses of the Governor and other officials standing, as already mentioned, outside the prison. To this cellar the prisoners now and again carry various other provisions, under the escort of warders or soldiers, everything passing through the prison gates being, of course, carefully examined.

The possibility of a prisoner being carried out through the gates as "provisions" occurred to many, but was given up as utterly hopeless. If even such a contraband succeeded, it would only have been placed in the locked up cellar outside, which is in itself even a worse prison than that from which the escape was to be made. Nevertheless, in the absence of any other means of escape, it was decided to venture upon this most desperate attempt, in which Gershuni stood the most serious risk of being simply suffocated even before the barrel with the pickled cabbage left the prison gate, or after it had been deposited in the cellar outside. The preparations and the whole organization of the escape were simply marvellous, even to perfection, for consider all the circumstances and conditions which were necessary to more or less ensure a successful issue.

First of all it was necessary to procure a barrel large enough to contain a man supplied with a change of clothing to put on after he left it, then to partition off about a third of the barrel for the cabbage and the liquid, so as to deceive any official likley to inspect the provisions. Then it was necessary to arrange some breathing apparatus, and let into the barrel the outside air. All this being successful, it was necessary to dig a tunnel from the cellar outside, and also arrange a system of signalization from the outside, so as to give the fugitive warning in case there were passers by at the moment of his leaving the tunnel. Should all these processes succeed, it was necessary to have horses and a vehicle in readiness at some distance to meet the fugitive, and at the same time to arrange something and somehow within the prison to conceal the absence of Gershuni, and give him a chance of gaining some distance and finding a safe place of hiding.

To accomplish all these preparations, both inside and outside the prison, under the lynx-eyed, constant vigilance of warders, soldiers, and officials, seemed indeed a superhuman task, possible only in a work of fiction. Yet it was accomplished, and the fact is the best answer to all incredulous questions.

A suitable barrel was procured, as well as two gutta percha tubes, which were fixed in holes made in the bottom, one tube to breathe in the air, the other for breathing it out. The date fixed for the escape had several times to be changed owing to unfavourable circumstances. The best time for carrying out the plan was an early morning hour, for during the night all prisoners are locked up in their cells. Then the digging of the tunnel had to be completed just during the night before the escape, as it was dangerous to have the exit stand open too long. Thus it was necessary that all the operations of putting Gershuni into the barrel, taking it into the cellar, and his leaving the tunnel should be carried out in as little time as possible, as during the day his absence might be noticed at any moment.

After the details inside and outside the prison were arranged, the date for the escape was finally fixed for the morning of the 13th (26th) of October. The arrangements outside were in the hands of prisoners who after a term of confinement are transferred to what is called " the free colony," which is a settlement outside the prison, where the convicts enjoy more freedom of movement within several miles from the colony. At the appointed date and hour a signal from outside was received that everything was all right, and with feverish activity the filling of the barrel commenced. Just a few minutes before, Gershuni, who was the prison librarian, went to the chief warder offering him " an absorbingly interesting " book to read, and asking him to send the tailor " to-morrow " to measure him for a new coat. Gershuni also went to the day overseer and arranged with him about men to help him to bring in later in the day logs of wood for the ovens. All these tricks were performed simply in order that they may see him, and not think of him much during the rest of the day.

III.

Gershuni in the Cabbage Barrel.—Incidents in the Tunnel.

What followed we will now give partly in Gershuni's words :

" Stealthily I reached the room where my comrades were already waiting for me, and in a moment I was already in the barrel, bending my body as much as possible. Over my head they began to fasten a leather, and it became pitch dark, when suddenly one shouted : ' The plate, the plate ! You devils, you have forgotten the plate !' As the officer examining the barrel when passing through the gate might have poked with his sword through the cabbages and pierced the leather, it was arranged to protect my head with an iron plate, which, however, was forgotten at the moment.

" The plate was immediately brought, someone gives me a last pressing of the hand, another kisses me on the head, and I hear the comforting words : ' Farewell, dear comrade, everything is all right; be calm.' The leather is once more stretched and knocked with nails to the sides. I hear the cabbages falling above, and soon I am soaked with the liquor, which penetrates around the leather cover. All my attention is, however, concentrated upon regulating my breathing through the tubes and holding them so that they should not become somehow entangled or broken. It was important to check a little the action of the heart, and to prevent fainting, for which purpose I was supplied with ether, wine, and ice water. The noise of the falling cabbages continued, and for a moment I wondered whether I was really being buried alive, and shall never rise again.

" The next act now commenced. I absolutely did not feel how they carried out the barrel from the room down several steps on to the sledge. I heard only the words : ' Hei, open the gates !' and felt that the sledge was stopped, and some negotiations were

proceeding. Then I heard a voice: 'Hei, my children, now quick!' and I feel how the sledge slides swiftly down the hill outside the prison. . . Thank Providence, we have passed through!

"It is remarkable that during all the time I was sitting cringing in the barrel I felt no excitement, no anxiety, no hope, no doubt, no fear, no joy, no expectation—nothing at all. Past and future were totally obliterated, and my mood, if any, was, so to say, a practical, businesslike one, concentrated on the necessities of the immediate moment. A similar mood I experienced when after my trial I was taken out of my cell at night and conducted to the office to hear there my death sentence."

The cellar in the courtyard of the governor's house consisted of a large room practically even with the ground, and another room at the end deeper in the ground, very dirty and quite dark. It was decided to put down the barrel in the second room, as in the first it would be dangerous, the wives of the officials frequently coming there, when they might just alight upon the scene of Gershuni emerging from the barrel. To the convoy which accompanied the conspirators it was explained that the first room was not warm enough, and the fresh cabbage would soon become frozen.

The operation of letting down the very heavy barrel was no easy matter, and two soldiers of the convoy helped in it. The barrel once on the ground rolled several times over, and with it, of course, Gershuni, who still managed to keep safely the two breathing tubes.

In a few minutes three knocks at the barrel announced to Gershuni that everything was right. The cover to the entrance into the second room was put back in its place, and then with great banging and noise the outside door of the upper room was locked, all this noise and banging having been made purposely as signals to Gershuni that everything was all right.

In case something untoward might happen to Gershuni, and he might not be able to free himself from the barrel, it was arranged

that a comrade from outside should hide himself in the tunnel near the wall of the upper cellar, and as soon as he heard the doors locked again he was to enter the cellar and render the prisoner every assistance. As he did not appear, Gershuni made efforts to get out of the barrel himself. He had a knife with which to cut through the leather cover, but in his cramped up position and lack of space, also having to hold the breathing tubes, he could not free his hand enough to make the cut across the whole of the leather. He only made a hole through which a mass of cabbage and liquor poured down, tearing away the tubes he held with the other hand, which had already become weakened and almost paralyzed.

The moment was a dangerous one, as in a few minutes, of course, he would be suffocated. Fighting now for a breath of life in the literal sense of the word, he strained his last strength to the uttermost, and finally succeeded in knocking out with his head the whole leather cover, which was not nailed round the barrel very firmly, but which was neverthless very difficult to remove on account of the weight of the cabbage above it.

"I do not remember," Gershuni tells us, "how I laboured at my first appearance in the world. But at this my second birth I had to work strenuously indeed; at the same time, unlike other new born babes, I did my best not to utter a sound, but, on the contrary, to keep as quiet as possible. I eagerly breathed in the damp, cold air, and drank the wine with the ether I had with me. I tried to look around, with the curiosity of a new-born, but could see absolutely nothing, the darkness being intense. Suddenly I heard steps, and saw the cover of the entrance being opened, and someone's legs protruding down. For a moment I thought to hide myself again in the barrel, not being certain who was the visitor. Whilst thus hesitating, and not being able in the dim light penetrating through the opening to see whose legs they were, I heard suddenly a whisper: 'It is me!'

"This was the voice of a friend, of my doctor-accoucheur coming to help my deliverance, and I, the new-born one, greeting him with a knife in one hånd and a bottle of wine in the other. What a progressive birth scene indeed!

"'Is everything all right, friend?' I asked him.

"'Yes, yes; come quick now, and follow me,' he replied.

"We took out from the barrel my new costume, which was quite soaked in the pickle liquor, and tied the barrel around with a cloth prepared beforehand, so that in case someone came in he should not notice the half empty barrel at once. A few steps and we are both in the upper cellar, shutting up the lower cellar behind us. We come to the spot where the boards were cut through, I in front and my accoucheur behind, he putting back the boards in their place as if nothing had happened. To the left, he tells me, and I see a narrow hole through the foundation, and for a moment I shudder, and then I begin to crawl. Unfortunately I made a mistake by creeping in on my stomach, whereas crawling on my back would have been the better way. The tunnel was about twenty steps long, and when about in the middle I suddenly could not move neither ahead nor back. I struggled on, however, turning myself on all sides, and finally we reached a point a few yards from the exit.

"Here we made a halt, and looking at my watch I saw it was just nine o'clock, that is about half an hour since the journey from the prison commenced. It was, of course, necessary to make the exit without any delay, as any moment my absence might be noticed in the prison. From our position we could see the corner of the houses of all the officials. We hear voices of passers-by, who could easily notice us if only their attention was attracted to the mouth of the tunnel. We lie and wait for the pre-arranged signals. First signal: 'The road is occupied.' Another signal to the same effect. I began to turn about a little trying to adjust my clothes. I had taken with me even a pocket looking-glass, as all the ladies know well enough that without it it is impossible to arrange one's

toilet properly, but alas! during the creeping process it was broken into pieces. Fortunately I had several handkerchiefs, and with them I wiped away the blood from my hands and face, caused by the nails in the barrel. We hear steps, and see leather boots, by which we recognise a warder in the passer-by. If only he accidentally bent to look at this feet, what a reward he would have received for his discovery. But he passed on, and another signal bade us to continue lying where we were.

"Ten minutes pass fearfully slow. Everything around seems quiet, why, then, are we not allowed to go out? My comrade, whispers to me:

"'The signals cannot be misleading. Keep quiet.'

"Again steps, from the opposite direction than those before.

"Two soldiers of the prison convoy pass by without noticing anything, thank God.

"I lie and think of the preacher's dictum: 'Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.' Suddenly we hear children's voices shouting: 'Catch him! Catch him!' In a few seconds the little dog, which we recognised as that of the superintendent's children, came running and stopped just at the hole, looking at us with bewilderment. A very nasty incident indeed. Either he will commence at once barking, or the children will come to the spot of their own accord. We fixed our eyes upon the dog with intense expression, as we had heard stories of the possibility of silencing animals by such fixed looks. And, indeed, the dog stared for some seconds, smelt, and drew a breath of relief, as if to say: 'This is your business, gentlemen; it does not concern me at all,' then turned and ran back to the children.

"I always love the ringing voices and laughter of children, but on this occasion was only too glad to hear how they gradually died away in the distance.

"Again quiet, but in a few minutes again steps are heard. A water-carrier with his yoke and two empty pails passed by, and suddenly I shuddered from a thought that on his return he will have his head lowered under his burden, with his eyes downwards, and is sure to notice the hole in the ground. A thousand similar thoughts flashed through my mind, the one prevailing thought being, how could it be otherwise? Was it not madness to believe that all the various circumstances would shape themselves favourably, and that even after we had left the tunnel in broad daylight, no one would notice us from one direction or from another?

IV.

Freedom at Last!

"But evidently this time the gods themselves willed it that nothing should happen to us. The water carrier did not notice us on his way back. We felt relieved, everything became quiet again, but the signals continued mercilessly: 'Don't move.'

"I looked at my watch. We were lying and awaiting only about twenty to twenty-five minutes, which, however, seemed quite an eternity.

"Suddenly the signal changed. We could scarcely believe our eyes! Is it really possible? Yes, the signal unmistakably spoke: 'Everything is all right. Come out!'

"Like a shot we jumped out of the tunnel; then with slow steps in an innocent manner we walked away to a spot where a comrade was to meet us, and hand me over money, a passport, and a revolver. I did not want to have these things with me beforehand, as in case of failure they would, of course, have fallen into the hands of the authorities."

Gershuni was now free, but, of course, far from being safe from a recapture at any moment. He had to pass a couple of miles over a snow-covered plain exposed in all directions and overlooked by the prison buildings on the hill, as well as by some twenty front windows of the houses of the governor and the overseers. But nothing happened. Crossing soon the hills in front, the two conspirators disappeared from sight, and now walked some distance until they met the sledge and driver who had been waiting for them at an appointed spot from an early hour in the morning. During the last two months the same faithful driver had been awaiting at the same spot four times, as the escape was fixed for previous dates, and had each time to be given up on account of various unfavourable circumstances. Now Gershuni took the warmest farewell from the "accoucheur," who had to return to Akatui, and started on the still unsafe journey by roundabout ways until he reached a town where friends were expecting him, having prepared beforehand a safe place for his hiding until the heat of the pursuit should be over.

Gershuni now prepared to leave by train for an Eastern port, and thence to depart for Japan.

"I found it best," he says, "to dress myself as a typical beggar, and when I looked at myself in the mirror I was simply delighted. A perfectly *natural* tramp, with the bundle of clothes at the back, etc., etc. At the station I was punched by a gendarme, who shouted at me: 'Out of the way, you dirty thing!' And, oh! who would believe it, that there are circumstances in which a punch in your side gives you only pleasure, and raises your spirit with enthusiasm? During the journey whenever someone swore at me as at the 'dirty beggar' his words rang in my ears like heavenly music."

The journey by railway lasted some five days, and except for the peculiar "heavenly music" now and again bestowed upon the fugitive, everthing went off smoothly. A dangerous moment was that of the embarkation on a Russian vessel for Nagasaki. For at the port special vigilance is kept over all passengers sailing for Japan,

and, as the reader may remember, it was here that Muishkin and Khrushtsheff were recaptured after they had covered about 2,000 miles since their escape from the Kara Prison in April, 1882. Indeed, the danger had not passed for Gershuni even when aboard the steamer, and only when actually standing on Japanese soil could he at last breathe freely.

V.

Akatui after the Escape.

What happened at Akatui Prison after this unparalleled escape, is not less exciting reading. Gershuni's strategy of purposely showing himself to the chief warders just a few minutes before entering the barrel and making arrangements for "to-morrow" proved successful, as they thought of him no more the whole day. Meanwhile preparations already begun previously were now completed for deceiving, if possible, the officer who was to make the evening verification of the cells. If Gershuni's absence could be somehow concealed at the evening roll-call, the fugitive would have at his disposal one whole night for his flight, and probably also the next day, as the morning verification is less severe than the evening one, and the concealment then was far easier.

To attain this object a Dutch cheese was procured, and one of the prisoners, evidently a born artist-sculptor, succeeded in making a bust of it shaped well enough into a resemblance of the head and face of our hero. This was attached to a dummy and properly placed in the fugitive's bed. It has been already stated that Gershuni was kept in one cell with several other political prisoners, who as a rule are wont to spend their leisure in loud and heated debates on various topics of politics, philosophy, science, and literature, gesticulating with their hands, and frequently getting into

AKATUI PRISON, EASTERN SIBERIA.

This historical Russian prison, situated in a picturesque and wild part of the Trans-Baikal, is next in importance to the Schlusselburg Fortress from the number of "politicals" confined in it. In the mines around it laboured and ended their lives many martyrs of the Military Revolt of the "Decembrists" in 1826. The above new building was erected in 1889 to accommodate 85 prisoners, but is at present over crowded, containing nearly double that number. The poor village Akatui lies about a mile-and-a-half from the prison, and the bare mountains and woods around are sparsely inhabited by Cossacks and Buriats. These are paid 35 roubles for the capture of an escaped common convict and 75 roubles for a "political"!

Within the prison walls there is a blacksmith and a carpentry workshop. The house to the right contains the kitchen and a bath room; that to the left is the hospital. The house outside in the back ground to the left is the residence of the governor, and near by is the cellar whence Gershuni made his escape.

a real passion and shouting at the top of their voices. The prison authorities are quite accustomed to these noisy debates, do not interfere with them, and even now and again listen to them attentively themselves, being but human, and many prisoners being indeed most fascinating orators.

Thus just before the officer opened the door of the cell for the verification, a comrade arranged quite a ventriloquist scene beside Gershuni's bed, addressing the dummy in vehement debating tones :

" Don't you see, my dear Gregory Andreievitch, an eclipse of the sun affects the upper nebula in such a way that . . "

One or two of the other comrades stood at the bed pretending to listen attentively to this astronomical argument, but the officer had no taste or time for discussions, and standing at the door he only noticed that all the inmates were present. He then made the formal roll-call every one by his name, to which it was duly replied, Gershuni's voice being more or less imitated by the improvized ventriloquist. The officer locked the door, and a sigh of relief was made by those present. A whole night gained at least, and probably the next day, too—this was very important. However, in about an hour another officer, who was simply fond of having now and again a conversation with Gershuni came into the cell with the most innocent object of spending a little time with his favourite prisoner. It was impossible to prevent him from approaching the bed and making the awful discovery.

What followed in the prison is impossible to adequately describe. Gershuni was considered as the most talented, energetic, enterprising, daring, and therefore " the most dangerous " of all the members of " The Fighting Organization," and his escape, of all others, meant the utter disgrace of the new governor of the Akatui Prison, who only just shortly before this event had introduced new stringent measures, and had even expelled the few private people living in the settlement close by, so that the prisoners could find no

assistance from the outside. The whole night the prison was turned upside down, every cottage of the adjacent " free colony " was searched, but not the slightest trace of the escape and how it was effected could be found. To search the cellar in the courtyard of the house of the governor himself, of course, could not occur to anyone. It was impossible to wire at once to the governor of the province, as for that purpose it was necessary to send a courier on horseback to Alexandrovsky, the nearest telegraph station, and the prison authorities still hoped that the fugitive might be found before long close by. Thus they lost time, which was Gershuni's gain.

When later on the half empty barrel with the pickled cabbage, gutta percha tubes, and the two round holes in the bottom were discovered, the general belief of the prison authorities was that this was arranged only with the object of diverting attention from the real means of the escape, which remained a mystery yet for a long time, until the broken foundation of the cellar and the tunnel were at last accidentally discovered.

The Central Police Department in St. Petersburg, on learning of this escape, immediately wired all over Russia to governors of provinces, heads of gendarmerie, rural chiefs, frontier guards, etc., giving a full description of the fugitive, with his characteristic slight lameness, and enjoining his immediate arrest. The result was that four Gershunis were at once simultaneously captured and arrested in four different places, the real Gershuni being at that time already comfortably ensconced in a house in Nagasaki with Dr. Russell, a famous Russian Revolutionist, one time Senator and President of the Hawaiian Parliament, and afterwards for several years Editor in Japan of the Russian revolutionary journal, " Volia " —Liberty.

A noteworthy feature of the whole story of the escape is the fact that the preparations were well known to all the inmates of the Akatui Prison, including the depraved, common criminals Yet none of them betrayed the secret, for which no doubt a big reward would have been given.

And what is one to think or say of the " accoucheur " and the other " politicals " who now having their punishment considerably reduced and being allowed to settle in the " free colony " outside the prison, have once more voluntarily risked their very lives in digging the tunnel to the cellar, and even passing through it twice, as the " accoucheur " did on the very day of the escape, with but too great a likelihood of being killed themselves along with the comrade they wanted to save for the good of " the cause."

Gershuni is now free, and more active in the revolutionary cause than ever before. Who can say what part he may still play in the future destinies of his native Russia, seeing that he is just in the very prime of life and full of that heroic spirit and fanatical faith which lead either to laurels or to thorns.

THE SONG OF THE WAVES

ON THE DEMOLITION OF THE BREAKWATER.

A Fantasy

BY GREGORY GERSHUNI.

To conclude a work of so much melancholy interest with a note of more cheerfulness, we give here a translation of a prophetic fantasy by Gregory Gershuni, who possesses a literary talent not less remarkable than his other capacities, and thus fights his enemy with sword and pen alike. "The Song of the Waves," a poem in prose, is written in peculiarly idiomatic Russian style, appealing with special force to the Russian ear, and its authorship was at one time attributed to Maxim Gorky, who wrote a similar poem, "The Song of the Storm Petrel." Gershuni makes allusions to the disheartened members of the old "Narodnaia Volia" (People's Will Party) living in exile and inactivity abroad, and to the members of the young party of "The Fighting Organization," which is responsible for the renewed campaign of active resistance. We reproduce the fantasy in a condensed form.

In the wild and sombre North, where the cold wind with its icy breath threatens the existence of every living being, where the fir and pine trees, clad in their wintry shroud, are only seldom cheered by the smile and caress of springtide—there, once upon a time, a granite breakwater built by man stretched out far into the endless sea.

Rising high and proudly over the surface of the waters, the giant black wall stood and laughed at the onslaught of the impetuous waves.

For centuries the waves struck their stony foe, and long and obstinate was their struggle, until at last the mighty structure was demolished by the untamable element.

And behold, in the spring days of May, as soon as the sunbeams illumine the ocean's face, the waves, like emeralds bright, dance and play, and sing the song of victory over the granite foe.

* * * *

Like birds in the skies, so were the sea waves happy and free.

The storm caressed them with its magic lullaby, and gaily and carelessly they rolled on into the hazy distance. But mean and wicked tyrant man, envious of the waves' joyous destiny, decided to end their glorious course, that no longer may they over the deep dance and play and the azure heavens smilingly greet.

He gathered and sent his obedient slaves. From the bosom of mother earth giant stones they bring, and into the deep of the sea they cast them.

The waves look on in wonder, and with friendly greetings the newcomers meet.

More stones into the deep are falling, and ever thicker and higher their lines grow towards the surface.

Impeded is the course of the waves, in confusion they circle and leap.

Timidly they move upon the stony wall. Now their breast is broken, and with a groan they are flung back.

The wall is cold and impregnable. The ocean shivers helplessly.

"Treachery! Treachery!" shout the indignant waves. "We have received them like friends, and they stole our freedom!"

The tempest rages and weeps. The storm roars and to the breakwater makes appeal:

"Oh, ye corner stones of the massive building! Once ye, too, were proud and independent. Why have you now the children deprived of their freedom?"

"We cannot help it," the rocks make answer. "Our voice counted for nothing."

The tempest passed by with sinister howling. Wave to wave the news bring: "We are ruined. Our freedom is gone, and now slavery is our lot."

Calm and peaceful now looks the sea. The old powerful waves sunk in the deep, away from storm's reach and call. . . . Only the younger waves roll on cheerlessly, without laughter or song to glorious freedom. Dimly shines the sun, and sombre clouds make all look dull and grey.

Only at times the young waves joining forces the breakwater once more would attack, but only to be repelled, broken up, and disheartened. . . .

The sea sighed, the sea wept. Many years passed, and many braves waves were dispersed and perished.

Now they were subdued, but new waves came in their trail and said:

"We must again gather strength and patiently await."

And again many years passed. The young waves became stronger, and sent messengers in all directions to wake up slumbering comrades, and call all waves to a new battle against the rocks.

The old waves replied:

"We have no longer strength or passion to wage battle against our ancient foe."

Then the wave-messengers went to the storm and tempest asking for their help.

The hearts of the old warriors grew warm, and their blood inflamed as if with fire as they listened to the young messengers and remembered the glorious years gone by.

Now the battle-cry resounded on all sides, like a thunderstorm waking all those who slumbered, rejuvenating the old and inspiring everyone with courage and daring.

And the waves rose. From East and West, North and South they gathered in successive lines. The tempest is raging and groaning, the sea is boiling. One after another the waves roll on. How terrible they are, how indomitable! Whistling, roaring, and foaming they strike the wall, rush back, and again fling themselves upon their foe, followed by ever increasing forces behind.

Now for a moment the sea retreated; all the waves together assembled that with one united onslaught they may their last attack deliver.

The tyrant that the breakwater has built now saw his end approaching, and, panic-stricken, was willing some stones to remove that with more freedom the waves their onward march could continue. But it is too late for you, tyrant!

No longer do the waves weep, no longer do they entreat. Too many have perished, too sweet is the vengeance for those who have fallen.

Reconciliation is impossible!

Now the old waves the young join. Like lions' manes, their white hair flutters. The earth trembles, and the sun in the heavens is darkening.

The tempest increases its fury, all is confusion and madness.

And behold the wall shakes and falls into the deep where so many waves have fallen before.

"Away from here, you infamous corpses!" The sea the fallen rocks commands: "This is the grave of the noble warriors for freedom, here lie the young and intrepid waves."

And the abyss opened her mouth and swallowed the corner-stones of the massive building.

Joyous and triumphant is now the sea, glorying in her victory over the foe.

Gaily and freely again roll the waves, praising the young warriors fallen in the strife.

Glory to the martyred! Freedom to the living!

JAAKOFF PRELOOKER.

Russian, German and English Works

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IN RUSSIAN.

"Hebrew Reformers: New Israel, and The Spiritual Biblican Brotherhood.

Exposition of Judaic, Social and Religious Reformation, and a possible solution of the Jewish Question in Russia."

St. Petersburg, 1882.

Contents:—

I.—Anti-Judaic movements historically surveyed. Their causes in Modern Russia. Extremes of Philo and Anti-Semites.

II.—The Russo-Jewish Press on the solution of the question. The Palestine Colonization Scheme, its theoretic undesirabilities and practical infeasibility. Jewish Communities and Sects in Modern Palestine. The necessity of radical, social and religious reform.

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X.—Professor Leontovitch and M. Yuzhakoff on the Jewish Question. Its religious and economic aspects.

OPINIONS OF THE RUSSIAN PRESS.

The Historical Messenger, St. Petersburg, 1822, N. 12.—"The Book 'New Israel,' is a novelty because of the originality of the author's views on the Jewish question. . . . . He advocates a radical reformation of Judaism, which would revive Israel and reconcile it with the Christian world. . . . The author having fulfilled his task conscientiously, and with complete knowledge of the subject, refutes all the attacks of the Orthodox against the new reforms. . . . The book deserves the attention of Jews as well as Christians, who often express their opinions on the question with great emphasis, but without the fundamental knowledge of the subject treated here by a competent and high-minded man. . . . Such books are rare, and their appearance is epoch-making."

The Odessa Listok, No. 264, 1882.—"The new work, 'New Israel,' radically solves the entangled Jewish question, and this solution is irresistible as fate itself. . . . The author appears to us a man enlightened and cultured in the highest sense of the word. . . . He loves the unfortunate nation as a tender mother her sick child; but he sees the wounds covering the body of the sufferer, he perceives the offensive odour of these wounds, and asks for a salutary expedient. . . . His words are sacred truth."

Extensive reviews of the above book appeared also in the following Russian publications: "*The European Messenger*" (1883, N2); "*The Week*" (1882, N.43); "*The Church and Social Messenger*" (1882, November, 7 Articles); "*The Dawn*" (Voskhod) (1882, N.N. 7 and 8, 1883 N.N. 5 and 6); "*New Russian Telegraph*," Odessa (1882, N.N. 2303, 2306, 2321, 2329); "*Razsviet*," "*Russki Evrei*," "*Novoe Vremya*," "*Golos*," "*Intelligenzia i Narod*," by I. Yusoff, and "Judaism and its Opponents: The Voice of an Israelite, in reply to the book 'Hebrew Reformers'," by Rabbi Joseph Vilkover Kherson, 1884.

"Principles of Altruism in the Ethical System of Judaism and Christianity, and the future prospects of both Religions."

Two Public Lectures delivered at the Maryinski Theatre, Odessa, 1885.

CONTENTS:—Review of the various historical phases of Judeo-Christian relations. The philosophic *raison d'être* of the Jewish question. A fundamental standpoint for the appreciation of the cultural importance of various religio-ethical systems. The highest ethical principle of Judaism in comparison with the Christian. Salvation by truth, and the Commandment to spread the Gospel. Analogical doctrine of Buddhism, and the fundamental principles of its ethical system. The pathetic story of a young Buddhist preacher. Mahommedanism, and its attitude towards the propaganda of the Faith. The causes of the world-wide extension of the three religions. Judaism and its attitude towards the question of proselytism. Evidences from the New Testament. The causes of Judaic stagnation and the small numbers of its adherents. Talmudic poetical reveries of the life to come. Opinions of Rabbi Emden upon the rightfulness of the origin and existence of Christianity and Mahommedanism. European rational Theology and the universal religion of the future. The task before all real friends of the Jews.

"To my Persecutors," Odessa, 1882.

IN GERMAN.

"Zwischen Judenthum, Christenthum, und allen anderen Religionen."

First Vienna Edition, 1890, *CONFISCATED.*
Second Edition, Hamburg, 1890.

IN ENGLISH.

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